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WANDERINGS

PEASE

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To Mary Anne Hartley,
dear & true friend of a
life time, with the love of the
Author

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A. PER LEE PEASE, M. D.

Yours most truly
A. Per Lee Pease

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WINTER WANDERINGS

Being an Account of Travels in
Abyssinia, Samoa, Java, Japan, The Philippines,
Australia, South America and Other
Interesting Countries

BY

A. PER LEE PEASE, M.D.

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1910

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DEDICATION

To my wife, congenial companion of journeys other than the great one of life, these notes are affectionately dedicated.

A. P. L. P.

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PREFACE

WINTER WANDERINGS is a narrative of four consecutive winter journeys, most of which was written for and published in the Sunday editions of *The Pittsburgh Dispatch.* The Abyssinian part has never been published, and is a story in very condensed form of one of the most interesting journeys of my life, by reason of the caravan mode of travel, the constantly shifting environment, and the semi-comic nature of each day's experiences. It was a journey taken under the most favorable auspices, with the greatest government on earth for sponsor and backer, make in all the comfort of which conditions could allow, and the only thing approaching hardship being the few occasions when we were without water for a day or more. Physical danger was practically eliminated by the presence of about twenty U. S. marines and jacky boys, fairly disciplined, armed with repeating rifles and a willingness to use them should occasion require. I became the medical officer of the commission through the necessity for the captain of the warship, which bore us from Naples to French Somaliland, to recall or neutralize the permission for the U. S. surgeon to accompany us. It was a sad disappointment both to him and to us, the more so that we had incurred considerable expense in preparations for taking numerous photographs, and for performing the duties of a naturalist in collecting and preparing orinthological and entomological specimens in a land swarming with both.

Having become rusty in my profession by reason of taking several months out of each year for travel, forced upon me the conviction that I was entirely unfit to look after the physical well-being of one hundred men of many nationalities and tribes, forty odd camels and about as many mules and donkeys. Almost all the officers and men at different times came under my care, to say nothing of many camels, mules, two half-grown lions and a young civet cat.

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A few months after my return home, my wife, nephew and myself started in October for a journey around the world, reaching home the following May, and it was in the course of that long ramble that my first communications were sent to the Pittsburg paper, which conscientiously published them all, good, bad and indifferent.

My next venture was with two valued friends (man and wife), tried and true, to say nothing of being well seasoned travelers, who roamed with me in the Hawaiian and Samoan Islands, New Zealand and Australia, they returning by way of the Philippines and Japan, and by British Columbia. The last outing was undertaken alone, going to South America via Southampton, French and Spanish ports, the Madeira and Canary Islands, and the principal cities of the East Coast of Spanish America, crossing the Andes and coming up the west coast, a sufficiently dull and tedious experience upon the very worst steamer that ever sailed. But Guayaquil (Ecuador) and Lima (Peru) were very interesting, and later on Panama was simply absorbing on account of the collossal dimensions of the work going on there and the beaver-like industry and activity of the thousands of laborers. The return from there was via Jamaica and Fortune Island.

A. Pey. Lee Pease, M.D.

Cherry Hill, Massillon, Ohio.

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Winter Wanderings

ABYSSINIA.

DIRE-DAOUAH, Abyssinia, Nov. 29.—We have had an eventful journey since leaving Naples. When we entered the harbor there we saw the U. S. S. Machias, and, shortly after we anchored, Ensign Cook came on board to present the compliments of Captain Scott of that warship to Mr. Skinner, and to take us over in the cutter. We accompanied him, called on the Captain, and a salute of thirteen guns was fired in honor of Commissioner Skinner, when he reached the quarter deck.

Finding that we were not to leave Naples until the following day, we were taken to the arsenal landing by the cutter, and went to my hotel for the night. The following afternoon Mr. Cook called for us with a carriage; we went on board about five o'clock. Next day we ran into a gale across the mouth of the Adriatic sea, in the course of which Neptune exacted tribute of me just once, after which I remained in my hammock, slung from the ceiling of a gunroom, and was quite comfortable, although I occasionally bumped against a six-inch gun without any injury to the latter; resulting later in a slight shifting of a hammock-rope at one end, which obviated the inconvenience.

We had orders to go first to Beyrut, Syria, where our Mediterranean squadron had been anchored for some time, by reason of an attempted assassination there of our Vice-Consul. As we came near the Brooklyn and San Francisco, the former being the flagship of Admiral Cotton, we saluted it with thirteen guns, its band played lively airs, the marines of both warships stood at a salute, and it was most a inspiring sight. Mr. Skinner turned to me with a gleam in his eye and remarked it made a man feel

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proud of his country. This was early in the morning, and soon after anchoring Captain Scott and officers of the Machias, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Wales and myself, received invitations for a reception to be given by the U. S. Consul that afternoon in honor of Admiral Cotton, Captains Knox, Walker, and many other officers of the squadron. We went and met them all, and I had the pleasure of renewing an acquaintance with Rev. Dr. Bliss and Lady, with whom I had crossed from Gibraltar to New York in 1899.

There Captain George Thorpe and about twenty-five marines and jackey boys joined us for the expedition. We partially coaled and took on a large quantity of marine supplies, which were furnished by the warships, then went to Port Said, finished coaling and laid in additional supplies. We entered the Suez Canal, and that night the captain told us he would not retire because he could not trust the canal pilot, but we ran into a bank and stuck in the mud before daybreak. It caused only a short delay, and no injury was sustained by the Machias. At Suez soon after we took on many tons of fresh water, passed through the Red Sea into the Gulf of Aden, anchored at Djibouti, French Somaliland, and went ashore accompanied by Lieut. C. L. Hussey, who had been sent down there several weeks before to make preparations for the journey, and who had come on board to greet us.

At Beirut Admiral Cotton had given Surgeon Balch of the Machias permission to accompany us into the interior, but before we reached the coast conditions had supervened which made it obligatory for Captain Scott to retain him for the warship, being only able to part with the hospital steward, Mr. Furnleigh, so I suddenly found myself the logical and unofficial surgeon of the American Commission to Ethiopia much against my will. The French Governor gave a banquet and ball at his palace, in honor of Mr. Skinner and Captain Scott and officers, which we all attended, and had a most enjoyable time. We stayed a few days in Djibouti, to obtain money for our journey. Letters of credit, drafts, and personal cheques do not go in this part of Africa, so we were obliged to lay in a supply of coin of the realm in the

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shape of a job lot of Austrian Thaelers of 1780, worth about one-half dollar each of our currancy. The supply of money we needed was packed in long wooden boxes, heavy enough to require two men to load them on camels. When we insisted upon having them in the car with us to come here, the officials tried to hold us up for 100 francs extra for them and our hand baggage, but were unsuccessful.

This town is the inland terminus of the railroad which was recently built across French Somaliland, and it is the intention to extend it to the capital. We left Djibouti early in the morning, Captain Scott being there to see us off, and reached here in a little more than fourteen hours, soon after dark. We were met at the station by a crowd of citizens and soldiers, the latter acting the role of porters in carrying our hand baggage to the hotel. The effect of a bare-legged and bare-footed son of Mars carrying a suitcase in one hand and a repeating rifle in the other is bizarre if not unique. Our rooms at the hotel, though not luxurious, were at least clean. We transacted some very important business early in our sojourn here by hiring servants. I contracted with two likely appearing young men each in the early twenties, who were the first to apply, and thus far have had no reason to regret my choice. My tent servant, Gabro Mariam, has the complexion of Baker's chocolate, features of a Caucasian, and can speak French fairly well, all things considered. Oualdo Gorgos is my mule expert, with jetty skin, and knowledge of two words of French, those signifying affirmation and negation.

Harar is thirty-four miles from here, and we went there to call on Ras Makonnen, Governor of the province of Harar and nephew of Menelik II. We learned he was about to start out with a large force after the Mad Mullah, who was campaigning in the country, so we hastened there to see him before leaving and to pay our respects. Lieut. Hussey had purchased mules and contracted with camel men for the carrying of our supplies and impedimenta. The camels started the evening before we did, as they moved slowly, and it was thought desirable to have our

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baggage as soon as we should reach Harar. We started early in the morning, and were hardly out of sight of the town when we saw some monkeys and a number of native women who were carrying upon their backs large bundles of grass toward the town. A few miles out we found waiting for us the leading merchant of Dire-Daouah, M. De Bertois, wife and companion, who accompanied us a few miles and took a kodak negative of us just before parting. We crossed a dry river bed and soon found ourselves approaching a mountain range over which we passed, seeing a few native villages of small circular huts of wattle and daub. These rudimentary dwellings were unprovided with windows or chimneys, and we could tell which ones had fires in them by seeing smoke emerge not only from the entrances but from interstices in the sides. This was in the country of the Gallas, of which tribes my tent servant was a member. The people regarded us curiously and with a friendly demeanor. They had small cultivated areas of land, the prevailing crops being dourra or Kaffir corn, wheat and sugar cane.

The mountain path was often at the edge of a precipitous descent, and our mules seemed to have what we considered a morbid penchant for walking nearer the edges than there was any necessity for. At one place we saw a large colony of monkeys and apes a few hundred yards away. One large patriarch was seated upon a high rock on sentinel duty. Our appearance caused a great commotion and an exodus to some other location, in the course of which some of the mothers ran upon all fours with their infants on their backs. We saw many of the giant euphorbia trees in this part of the journey, the cactus which, outgrowing the status as bush or plant, becomes a woody tree of great size. At one point several of our marines made a short cut through a valley and small village, and came out ahead of us farther along. Each white man in the procession and Mr. Skinner's servant Hubert was provided with a mule for a mount, and all the rest trudged along on foot.

About noon we approached a small body of water which we called Mud Lake, in which hundreds of cattle stood,

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and upon and over which thousands of water-fowl disported. We met some native women coming from it, having slung upon their backs earthenware vessels of large size containing water. I handed a coin of small value to Gabro and told him to buy a drink of water for me. It proved to be not only short of the standard as to purity of appearance but contained suggestive flavors of cattle and birds, and was not quaffed with a keen relish. We concluded the shore of the lake would be a good location for lunch and rest, being about half way to our objective point.

Here, reclining on the ground, we disposed of canned corned beef; native women brought eggs and dourra bread for sale; and my servants, having observed that the water of the lake was not appreciated by me, gathered sugar cane near by, cut it into sections and removed the cortex, a very pleasant and refreshing substitute. A few indulged in the luxury of a short nap, or at least made the attempt.

Resuming our journey we passed over a large area marked with chasms and abysses which have given the name to the country, water-worn fissures in the deep red soil of disintegrated granite. We often rode in these waterways and noticed the walls on either side looking like granite, but so soft that a stick could easily be thrust into them, with the original stratification undisturbed. We were in a hilly and mountainous country all the afternoon.

Lieut. Hussey's mule got away, and he and servants stayed back to catch it. They had an active experience, but the animal was finally caught by a Galla tiller of the soil. Later we waited for him at a high altitude and could see him approaching from a distance. We met a messenger carrying a communication in the shape of a piece of paper folded and held in the end of a split stick, going on foot at a rapid gait in the direction whence we had come. About four o'clock we were met by one of Ras Makonnen's generals and a large number of his officers and soldiers, all the latter on foot. We halted, dismounted, and Mr. Skinner's interpreter, Oualdo Michiel, introduced the general and our party, the former with child-like pride calling our attention to the fact that he had on his best military cloak.

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Resuming our way we met a few miles further on Ras Makonnen, with several hundred soldiers, and the ceremony of presentation was gone through again; the Abyssinians being very punctilious about all the forms, and bowing lower than any people we had seen. The Ras (prince) was tall and somewhat slender, quite black, but with features more of the Caucasian than the Hamitic type, an amiable expression of countenance and the polished manner of the courtier or diplomat, apparently about the meridan of life. We came in sight of the ancient walled city of Harar, capital of the province of that name, and once that of Ethiopia, the Cush of the Bible. Just before entering the gate we were saluted by a small battery on a hill to the left, consisting of one old muzzle-loading cannon, which fired right over our heads with considerable concussion. Ras Makonnen conducted us to his dwelling, a two story structure of rough stone with a thatched roof. We entered a compound or walled area, dismounted, and were conducted upstairs to a room where a long table was covered with immaculate linen and decorated with things solid and liquid to cheer and restore the weary traveler. We directed our attention to the new tedj, a native liquor, upon being assured it was not strong, and partook with the free abandon of the thirsty and tired. After courteous interchanges between our host and Mr. Skinner through the latter's interpreter we withdrew and descended to the compound, where for some mysterious reason we experienced great difficulty in mounting our mules.

We were conducted through narrow and tortuous streets, which were really more like bridle paths, to the palace of The Ras, which he does not occupy himself because he thinks Satan dwells therein; but he was willing to let us occupy it should we prefer it to a new hotel which had been just opened by an enterprising Italian. It was a large barn-like structure with wide divans for couches, and after looking it over we decided in favor of the hotel before seeing the latter. We were the first guests at the hotel, and we did not regret our choice, as everything was clean and in good order. The marines camped outside the walls.

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Harar is said to contain 30,000 people, but does not impress the newcomer as being of that size. The dwellings are mostly small ones of rough stone and mud, one story high and many of them thatched with straw and grass. There are no smooth streets nor straight ones, stones and boulders are in the way, and we saw only one wheeled vehicle, a huge clumsy cart which had the appearance of having been out of commission some time, standing in the grounds of the Ras's palace. There is a market place, simply a wide area surrounded with more or less dilapidated buildings.

One day when sauntering about to see the sights I stopped to examine the smallest meat market ever seen, consisting of a small box for a counter and the carcass of a goat for stock, both plentifully decorated with flies. The proprietor had a snuff-box of bamboo suspended from his girdle and I examined it. He signified that in addition to inhaling it he rubbed it on his teeth and gums. While I was making the motions of doing the same thing he caught sight of some large deposits of gold in my teeth and stared at them with astonishment, calling the attention of passers-by and showing them the wonder. Next day one of my servants and myself were walking in the market-place when we met one of these men, who told his friends about the freak of nature, and had me show my teeth to an audience larger than the first. If remembered at all in Harar, it is as the man with the gold teeth. Soon after a dignified old patriarch came along carrying in his hand a long staff which was forked at the upper end. Gabro, seeing I was interested in it took it unceremoniously out of his hand and handed it to me for inspection, whereupon the owner waxed exceeding wroth, seized it from my hand and poured the phials of his wrath upon us, scolding and gesticulating with an anger which augmented rapidly. Finally he began an impromptu war dance around us and at one stage of it caught Gabro's neck in the prongs of the staff and gave it a fierce shove. Finding he was becoming wild with rage we considered it prudent to withdraw from the battlefield, stood not upon the order of our going, but went. Prisoners for mild offences and on their good behavior were walking contentedly about the

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town with shackles on, apparently enjoying life as well as anyone in sight.

VISITING A HUNTRESS.

A famous huntress, Madame Michel, lives at Harar, housekeeper for the superintendent of the only telegraph and telephone line in the country. One evening after dinner the navy officers, Mr. Wales and myself went to call on them, preceded by our servants carrying lights, the streets being such that walking in the dark without them would have been a process of difficulty and inconvenience. Upon reaching the compound we beat lustily upon the gate, dogs barked within and we were shortly admitted. Mr. Michel appeared, light in hand, and showed us the animals before conducting us into the house. One was a huge lion called Sultan, which had been presented by Ras Makonnen in its cubhood, and it grew up in the liberty of the compound. One day his mistress patted him on the head as usual, and he resented the familiarity by growling, whereupon he was instantly and permanently caged.

Upon entering the house coffee and cigarettes were served, the former wild, and we had seen some of the trees in the course of our journey. Madame Michel is a rather small French woman with keen black eyes who came to Harar from Paris a few years ago with a circus and stayed. She has killed all kinds of big game, and showed us her collection of guns and hunting-knives. Abyssinia is said by zoologists to be the only country in Africa which contains within its boundaries all the large fauna of the continent, from the elephant, giraffe, rhinoceros and hippopotamus down the scale.

Mr. Skinner and I called there next day, and while our host was operating the graphophone for our benefit Madam was regaling us with coffee and showing us photographs taken by herself.

The Abyssinian criminal code exacts a hand or foot, or both, for certain crimes, such as theft or murder. One of the Michel servants killed a man and was obliged to part with his right hand and foot. Mr. Michel photographed the performance and showed us the result. The foot, already

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removed, was lying on the ground upon its plantar surface as if meditating departure. They were cutting off the hand, which was done with a dull knife, so that twisting and pulling were necessary in effecting the separation. The stumps were then dipped in boiling oil to stop the hemorrhage and the man was allowed to go whither he willed and as best he could. They have a zereba or walled enclosure a few miles from there and pointed it out to us. They often take a sheep or goat there at night and leave it inside the enclosure. In the stillness of the night a leopard comes attracted by the bleating or scent of the bait, and impelled by the imperious command of hunger leaps the wall surmounted by the thorny limbs of the mimosa, and is unable to get out again after consuming the unfortunate animal within.

When we left M. Michel accompanied us to the gate. Just then we heard an unusual sound, and looking up the street, saw a small crowd of men, a few on horse or mule back, and the others following on foot. Occasionally the pedestrains would form in small groups of four or five and dance in a circle, singing meanwhile an air lacking in melody, very brief and requiring numerous repetitions.

Mr. Michel informed us that a bloody trophy which they were brandishing in the air was an elephant's tail recently amputated, and gave us some interesting information about the manner in which Abyssinians sometimes kill an elephant when conditions are favorable. They surround the pachyderm and blaze away from all directions, so that when the animal has succumbed there are often dead men to be buried and wounded to be attended to. A gateway near the Ras' domains is decorated with elephant tails, and the one just mentioned may have been on the way to be added to the collection. We followed after them quite a distance on our way to the hotel, they moving slowly and filling up the narrow street so that it was impossible to get past them. The Ras gave us a bullock for our men, but they were so well fed that they made it furnish its own transportation to this place and slaughtered it the day after reaching here. The second day that we were the guests of the Ras he visited

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the camp of the marines who fired salutes in his honor, which pleased him not a little.

We left Harar early one morning after breakfast, and before reaching the gate rode past many sleeping natives lying on the ground, although it was very cold. Most of them had only the clothing worn through the day, scant in quantity and light in quality. We halted at the camp, and as things were not moving rapidly there concluded we would ride on ahead and allow the rest to catch up with us, which they did in the course of the morning. Late in the afternoon when approaching our objective point we were grouped closely together to make a dash into the town, when Captain Thorpe's mule suddenly stumbled, threw him over its head and actually rolled over him. It was a rude shock to man and beast and came near being worse, as some of the marines who were following closely after had difficulty to avoid riding over them. The Captain gathered himself together, and we were all pleased to find his worst injury was a badly strained wrist, which discommoded him for several days. We were glad enough to reach our hotel, indulge in such baths as the accommodations afforded, and seat ourselves upon folded blankets or pillows.

Many of the mules had sore backs, and I allowed mine to be "fired" after the manner of the country. The animal is thrown down, and parallel striæ are burned down the sides from the spine, after which the Abyssinians believe the animal can be ridden at once without any ill effects. It is a cruel thing to see and looked to me as if the red hot iron was burning clear through the skin.

My first duty upon reaching here was to see the patients visited before the journey to Harar, and was pleased to find them all convalescent. One presented me with a handsome leopard skin after I had refused compensation. It was necessary to visit the drug-store, which was found locked; but my enterprising attendant burst in the door, and I laid in necessary supplies free of charge, the superintendent of the railway being my voucher. We saw a caravan laden with ivory come in, and a large quantity of it in the freight yard. The superintendent gave the officers

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a banquet at the hotel and, in the course of the repast, caused the head of a large serpent, which had just been killed, to be brought in on a plate and passed around for inspection, after which it was placed upon the sideboard. At our meals we were annoyed by flying insects with bodies like ants and at least an inch long. They were addicted to alighting upon or near our plates, falling clumsily upon their backs, then bending their bodies over forward until the weight would assist them to recover equilibrium and position. We were hospitably entertained by the leading merchant, M. Le Bertois, who also sold us extra mules, each officer requiring two. He showed us his geological collection, having obtained from the Emperor a concession for exploiting all the mineralogical possibilities of Abyssinia. He had coal, gold- and silver-bearing quartz, and, most interesting of all, a ruby of fair size in situ on its matrix of conglomerate rock. We told him he had the best thing in the country, and he said he thought so too, but all the citizens regarded his researches as so many evidences of a mild form of lunacy.

INTO THE INTERIOR.

ADDIS-ABEBA, ABYSSINIA, Dec. 19.—We spent a few days at Dire-Daouah before starting for the interior, thinking each day would be the one to leave; but the contracting for more camels, purchasing of mules, and additional supplies were processes involving negotiations and time, so that it was Sunday, the last of November, when we finally got away. We started in the middle of the day after lunch.

We advanced only a few miles beyond where our escort turned back, when our camels laid down, and this seemed to determine the location of the first camp, although the one originally selected was several miles farther along. We had 44 camels to carry our impedimenta, comprised in three groups, one belonging to Arabs and the others to Danakils. The latter had with them two women, who performed the same tasks as the men in feeding, loading, and unloading the animals. We had about 50 mules and an

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old white mare to lead the procession, as mules prefer a horse as leader rather than one of their own race. There were 100 men in the caravan, of whom 30 were whites and the others Arabs, Somalis, and Abyssinians.

We had a restful night and, if we chanced to awaken, would sometimes hear the guards call out the hour, mentioning that all was well, each being on two hours and four off. We were in a lion, leopard, and elephant country all the way here, and the knowledge that well-drilled men, with repeating rifles, were watching around us added not a little to the feeling of security with which we dropped into slumber. We had an old Somali, one of a triumvirate of guides furnished us at Harar by Ras Makonnen, who told them to answer for us with their lives. This Somali we finally concluded had solved the problem of living without sleep, for no matter at what time of night any one would step out of camp there would be the old chap with his rifle to accompany the individual and return with him.

We arose early next morning, partly because the camels could not be loaded until we did, and partly to travel as far as possible before the hottest part of the day. On that occasion we came very near to having a tragedy, when the camel-women got into an altercation over loading the animals, and one of them flew into a rage, seized a spear, and made a lunge at the other, which was fortunately arrested by one of the men; after which the aggressor sat down on the ground and wept copiously and long. Later in the day we caught up with them seated on opposite sides of the track, with a camel standing between them, quarreling lingually while glaring at each other under the animal's body. Next day all was peaceful, and at the end of the march they were examining each other's heads in the friendliest manner.

Several days later one of them was overcome by heat and fatigue and was revived by ammonia obtained from a handful of camel dung. The only covering either of them had was a piece of muslin about the hips, with nothing on heads nor feet, and they walked every mile of the way.

About the middle of the afternoon in the next day's

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march found us at a small village perched upon an eminence, where we sought the shade of a projecting thatch of a small building, while our servants tried to obtain eggs for our supper. Hubert came back with a few ears of roasted green corn, which were fully appreciated. We were unsuccessful as far as the eggs were concerned, and moved farther along to a lower plane near water and camped. A local ruler named Hadji Mohammed visited us while the tents were being pitched, brought us a goat for a gift, and watched the preparations for the night with much interest. Before supper he disappeared, and after I had retired Mr. Skinner came to say the Hadji had returned wishing to consult me professionally. I told him it would be all right if he would come to the tent and not object to pajamas. After an examination I ascertained that the only thing the matter with him was that he had observed the requirements of the Ramadan (the Mohamedan analogue of Lent), so closely as to alimentation that he had not quite enough blood to run his machinery, prescribed a more suitable diet, and gave him a blood-making remedy.

Next morning he called again with his nephew to say he felt much stronger, and to watch the loading of the camels and other prepartions for departure. He held in his hand a fine riding whip or kourbash of rhinoceros hide. I had a dilapidated one of hippopotamus hide and gazed with covetous eyes upon his. His nephew had been to France, could speak the language, and I told him to mention to his uncle that I would like to exchange whips with him in token of friendship, upon which great stress is laid by many African tribes. The Hadji turned to me with a smile and bow when the proposition was made to him, gave me his kourbash, and received mine in return. Nothing short of the most colossal nerve could have obtained this fine whip for me, and I appreciated it fully.

A few days later we parted with an old Somali named Sali, who lost his mule and sandals the second day out and was not the slightest use to us. He went hungry because he would not eat meat unless killed by Mohammedans or other foods not prepared by them.

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IN DANGEROUS QUARTERS.

Early in the journey we approached the Danakil country, inhabited by tribes of which all the rest of the Abyssinians are afraid. So fierce are they that the Emperor has issued a dictum by which they are not allowed to own firearms of any kind; but my servants say that all the same each one who can afford it has a rifle concealed in some convenient spot ready to come into active use in stress of circumstances. We concluded to pass as much of their territory that night as possible. Consequently we did not have our tents put up at the end of that day's journey, but had our cots opened out and, after supper, laid down for a preparatory nap, intending to start at midnight. Strangely enough, I could not sleep, though tired from the day's journey and not at all nervous about anything. We started at midnight, and no sooner was I in the saddle than, as if to show the perversity of human nature, I was almost overcome for want of sleep, having to cling to the pommel of my saddle and brace myself in the stirrups to avoid falling in the course of involuntary naps. I frequently pitched to one side, but always awakened just in time to catch myself.

It was bitter cold, and we were clad in khaki suits not affording much warmth. In that forced march we covered something like thirty miles.

Farther along at the end of a long march we came to a large hole in the ground, about 12 feet deep and 20 in diameter. In the bottom of it two naked savages stood in dirty water, which was covered with a green scum, which they were dipping up in vessels of pottery and tossing them up to others along the rim, who emptied them into a large trough of sun-baked mud, near which about 100 cattle were waiting for a drink.

We passed on half a furlong, and Mr. Skinner and I laid down in the shade of some bushes on our saddle-cloths for a nap. In a short time I was sound asleep, but was suddenly awakened by Mr. Skinner, who seized me by the shoulder, saying there was a fight on and I should follow

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him. Before lying down I had taken off leggins and shoes, put on the latter without tying them, and so rushed after him, thinking what a condensed ass I had been for coming down there with a popgun of a revolver instead of a repeating rifle.

We had not advanced many rods when we saw Mr. Wales coming toward us, telling us to go back, as it was a false alarm and there was nothing doing. He then explained to us what had happened. After we had left the well some of our marines tried to get some water for their mules; the natives objected, and when one of our men insisted one of them produced a long knife, and was promptly knocked down by a blow over the head with the butt of a rifle. Seeing that we were not going to stand any nonsense, the savages became friendly and allowed our men to get water. Captain Thorpe was there, and one of the natives expressed some curiosity about his revolver. It was one of the automatic repeaters, which would keep firing as long as the trigger was pressed and the magazine held out. The Captain thought it would be no disadvantage to show them what he could do, so he turned the weapon upward, and it went off with rapid detonations, like a gatling gun, the noise of it causing the alarm which ended my nap so unceremoniously.

We had with us that day a young chief who had come to exact payment at our last camp for passing through his country. He was a slender youth of fifteen, six feet tall, son of a chief who had been imprisoned at Addis-Abeba by Menelik for interfering with caravans in a similar manner. While awaiting trial he sickened and died, and it was evident his fate contained no warning for his son, who was endeavoring to pursue a similar policy. He finally received about twelve thaleri, stayed all night with our servants, and proposed to take that day's march with us if a mule were furnished him, which was done.

While passing over this district Mr. Skinner's servant, Hubert, suddenly exclaimed he saw an elephant, describing by moving his arms how its ears were flapping. I looked where he pointed, but could see nothing of the kind. My

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servants saw it, and Gabro pointed to it while I sighted over his arm without success. I was about to regard it as a harmless hallucination on the part of the men, when what I had regarded as a huge blackened rock began to move away, and I felt a thrill very like the one with which I had looked upon Jerusalem the first time. It moved in the same direction we were going and, although less than an eighth of a mile away, did not seem to notice us. I watched it as long as it was in sight, and soon after saw another standing between two large mimosa trees, as if enjoying what little shade they afforded, weaving sidewise, as seen when chained by a hind foot to a stake in a menagerie. It was farther away than the first had been; its head was turned toward us, but it did not seem to notice us. We were the last in the caravan, as my mules were the slowest walkers, and I would not have seen them at all but for the faithful and keen-eyed servants.

At a camp called Fantalla our water was some filthy stuff in a large fissure in the rocks, into which our animals waded as soon as we reached there. Next morning, when the time came to load, only one habane (chief of camel men) and three camels were to be seen, the rest having mysteriously disappeared in the night. Lieutenant Hussey sent our guides and his servants to hunt for them and bring them back in the shortest possible time.

We came to the Ouash River (haw-wash), largest in Abyssinia, except the Blue Nile farther west. We had been cautioned to be very watchful in fording it, as it swarmed with crocodiles. There was a bridge below the ford, but it was considered unsafe. Where we crossed the river was perhaps a furlong wide, only three or four feet deep, with a very swift current. It was full of large rocks, hundreds of which projected above the water. My mule stumbled twice in crossing, and I came near going over his head. If there were any crocodiles near, they showed us the courtesy of keeping out of sight, as not the swish of a tail was seen. We crossed first and waited for the rest to come over. This river runs eastward, almost to the west boundary of French Somaliland, where it disappears in the sand.

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Not long after this we came to the telephone line from Djibouti to Addis-Abeba, via Harar, and felt we were in touch with civilization, although we saw only one station, a circular hut of wattle and daub, with a thatched roof. The line is subjected to contingencies not encountered in civilized countries. Monkeys run up the poles and do acrobatic performances from the wires, which occasionally break. Elephants and other pachydermata rub against the poles and break or bring them to the ground, interrupting the continuity of the wires.

One day we camped at a spot where there had been water, but the supply was exhausted before we reached it. Our camels were pretty well used up, and we did not attempt to move on any farther. Next morning we did not have enough water to brush our teeth. Late that morning we approached a small village, and I handed a piastre to Oualdo, telling him to run on ahead and buy me some water for the mule which was carrying me. Soon he appeared with a native, who carried an earthenware vessel full of the precious liquid. After the mule had disposed of it he handed back the piastre, saying the man could not use it and must have a cartridge, which was handed him without delay. Wood was sometimes scarce, and on one or two occasions our servants in buying a supply for cooking paid for it with cartridges, which appeared to be legal tender whether they fitted a man's gun or not. On one day's march we carried on our camels wood for cooking, knowing it was not to be obtained at the next stop.

VISIT TO THE EMPEROR.

About the nineteenth day out we were met at Achaki by the boniface of the Hotel de Paris, of Addis-Abeba, who brought us some fresh vegetables and broke bread with us before setting out on his return, bearing our thanks for the vegetables and a message from Mr. Skinner to the Emperor. The following day my servants pointed to a mountain in the distance and said that was our objective point. The last day out at noon we were met by M. Chefneux,

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member of the French legation and confidential adviser of Menelik II. in the absence of M. Ilg. He rode a beautifully-groomed and caparisoned mule, alighted, introduced himself to Mr. Skinner, and took lunch with us, champagne being furnished from our stores. He told Mr. Skinner that the Emperor had consented to receive us at once, a mark of special favor, as he had been known to keep deputations in waiting weeks or even months before consenting to receive them. Our tents were put up at once, we shaved and made ourselves as presentable as conditions would admit, and came out in evening dress, top hats, and patent leather shoes, producing upon our minds the impression of assuming a role in some burlesque opera.

Thus attired we mounted our dusty mules and had not gone far when we were met by a few hundred troops, to the officers of which we were introduced. Advancing a few miles farther, we met a large body of troops, perhaps a thousand. We halted, dismounted, and were introduced to the principal officers, then made a final dash for the capital, followed by the motley crowd of military, some with mantles of lion or leopard skin, others in gorgeous ones of silk or satin, profusely embroidered, making a scene of barbaric splendor not soon to be forgotten. Each warrior carried a repeating rifle, and all were barelegged and barefooted. It was a study in color equal to the one in Cairo when the sacred carpet starts for Mecca. Though we knew they were good soldiers, having shown their prowess in the late war with Italy, they appeared like an armed mob, discipline being absent to unaccustomed eyes. They had musicians, who made more or less discordant noises on native and European instruments.

About half-past four we reached the royal domains, passed into a compound, and heard to the right a battery of captured Italian guns firing a salute and a band playing what was intended for American airs. We passed into another square area and saw before us the facade of the great audience hall, faced with white tile. Entering, we found ourselves in a vast building, in the shape of a parallelogram, with a raised platform at the far end, with a throne, upon

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LEAVING ACHAKI, ABYSSINIA

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which was seated, tailor-fashion, Menelik II., greatest and most powerful black potentiate in the world.

We advanced in line to within a few feet of the throne, bowed low according to previous instructions, and looked with great interest upon the famous lineal descendant of the many-wived and more wise Solomon and Queen of Sheba, which he believes himself to be. A man of large frame, quite black, with a face pitted with smallpox. Upon his head was tightly bound, turban fashion, a spotlessly clean white towel as a substitute for the hair with which he had parted long before, and his short, thin beard was turning gray. The features did not show any Caucasian characteristics nor suggest the presence of Jewish blood, there being infusions of both in the land according to historians sacred and profane. The expression of his face is benignant, indicating a mingling of good will toward men, with sufficient shrewdness not to be imposed upon by them. He has numbered 62 years and looks considerably younger.

Mr. Skinner and all of us were introduced in regular form, after which he indicated that we might be seated, slender French chairs being placed at one side for that purpose. Mr. Skinner and the interpreter remained standing before him, and he proceeded to ask questions about our health—how we liked his country; whether we had any rivers in our country as large as the Ouash; what had been the nature of my service in the civil war, interesting to him, because I was the only member of the Grand Army who had ever been there; how far was New York above the level of the sea, etc. Mr. Skinner handed him an invitation from President Roosevelt to attend the St. Louis Exposition, engraved on the bottom of a large silver platter, which pleased him not a little. He said that, although he could not go himself, he would send some of his people with the products of his country. Permission was then asked to retire and was accorded, so we bowed low again and withdrew.

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A PROTESTANT COMMUNITY.

CAMP ROOSEVELT, ADDIS-ABEBA, Dec. 27.—That evening the first of the Emperor's gifts were brought into camp by a procession of both sexes. The first was a fine bullock on the hoof, sheep, goats, chickens, eggs, breads (given the plural because they are like huge buckwheat cakes), barley and hay for our mules, and tedj in royal prodigality, contained in large pottery vessels borne on women's backs. All were placed in front of the tent beside our quarters, this being a regular function, as we discovered later; then Mr. Skinner looked it over and pronounced it good, after which the bearers departed with a few thaleri for their trouble.

Next day Mr. Skinner called on the Emperor and had a satisfactory interview. A photograph of the Machias was given him, and he talked about the Spanish war. When told only one of our men was killed at Manila and that a shot had gone through the smokestack of the armored cruiser "Brooklyn," he was shown by the picture what the smokestack was. When Mr. Ellis was here, he talked to him a great deal about Abraham Lincoln and his emancipation of the slaves. We left our cards that day at the Italian legation and rode a long distance to call on the Abuna, chief dignitary of the Coptic church and an ecclesiastic of great power.

Several centuries ago Portuguese monks came down here and made so many converts to the true faith that Abyssinia is considered a Christian country, although half of its inhabitants are said to be Mohammedans. The church is the Greek Catholic, and the Abuna is accountable to the Patriarch of Alexandria for his stewardship. As we approached his dwelling we saw the old gentleman hastening toward it from his garden and moved slowly to give him time. He wore a wide-brimmed white felt hat and had a red silk umbrella over his head. When we entered we found him seated on a dais and were presented to him. A conversation ensued between him and Mr. Skinner through the interpreter, and was principally on the status of the church in

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our country. He is an Egyptian by nativity and has not seen his country for thirty years. Permission was asked to retire, as we had other visits to make, and he said certainly, but we must have coffee first, which was produced forthwith. He is very proud of his garden and told us to walk through it before leaving. He said God had let him go to Europe once, and Mr. Skinner said he hoped He would allow him to come to our country also.

We started for the British agency to leave cards; at a deep ravine met a number of white men and ladies riding toward us and saluted them as we passed. While crossing a creek in the ravine my mule became balky, and I struck two heavy blows at his flank, missing him and hitting Mr. Wales across the legs. We came to the Russian legation and saw a number of men in a large tent near by, dismounted, and entered to pay our respects. They were doing honor to some saint. We were introduced all around and joined upon their invitation in the conviviality and speech-making, which latter was all in French. Mr. George R. Clark, charge d'affairs at our destination, was there, and it was so late when we left he said he would receive our cards there and credit us with a visit. Coming away we passed by the camp of Menelik's army of 30,000 men. Smoke was issuing from the tents, and they were having their evening repast.

The Emperor gave a banquet a few days after we reached the capital, and we had been anticipating it with considerable interest, knowing of some of the peculiarities of the Abyssinians as to their diet, as well as their technique in disposing of it. We were indulging in visions of strips of raw beef with more curiosity than pleasure, with red pepper prominent in the bill of fare, they being addicted to that condiment. What would appear to an American like the flames of Hades passing down his œsophagus would be but a gentle and pleasant warmth to the Caucasian of Cush, the latter being the ancient name of Ethiopia. We were first shown into the small audience hall adjoining the great one, or Adernach. The members of the French, Italian, and Russian legations were there, and Mr. Clark, of the

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British agency. All of them, as well as our navy officers, were in full uniform, while the rest of the Americans were in frock coats and top hats. French was the only language all present could speak, and it suffered much in the mouths of the Americans. Shortly we were shown into the rear of the Adernach upon the wide platform which extended clear across the building and was cut off from the rest of the interior by an immense curtain. Menelik II. was there in royal red and fine linen, with a huge diamond in the lobe of his left ear, which jewel was not above suspicion of having what the sporting fraternity would call a "yellow streak."

A few yards to the left of the throne was a long table upholstered with immaculate linen and plentifully embellished with fine porcelain, cut glass, sterling silver, and all the adjuncts, dispelling into thin air all thoughts of uncooked meat being amputated at the level of the lips with keen knives. Beside each plate was something which looked like a coarse crash towel folded twice or thrice, held in position by a small loaf of French bread, but which proved to be the dourra bread with which we were already acquainted. There were place cards, which a functionary gathered in as soon as we were seated, excepting two, which disappeared in as many pockets. Five wine glasses stood before each trencher, all of which were occupied in the course of the banquet save one.

Upon entering we shook hands with our royal host and were immediately seated at table, at the head of which a chair gorgeously hung in crimson for the Emperor, which he did not occupy. The napkins were large, fine, well laundered, and had embroidered upon them in red the crowned lion of Judea. The first course was rice soup, followed by small roasted potatoes and meat cut into small cubes. The third was meat and vegetables, with capsicum rolled or folded in native bread, this having been sent from the Emperor's serving-table, close to the throne. The next was small fried fish, which he selected with his fingers and sent to us, and they were excellent. One course we suspected to be of incendiary origin—of Hamburg steak, mutton chop, and a hash of some kind, with a thick reddish brown dress-

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ing which descended into the depths like a red hot shot. The rest of the thirteen courses were patterned closely after the table d'hote of Europe, and everything was excellent. We were told the royal chef is a Greek. Champagne flowed, also speeches in all kinds of French, which latter were translated for the Emperor by the interpreters.

While we were regaling ourselves, our host was receiving viands which were brought before him, taking them in his fingers and scorning such modern innovations as knives, forks, or spoons. A large tray with cubes of bread was on the table beside him, and he helped himself frequently from it, quaffing tedj occasionally from a small carafe. The law of the land is that the people are not allowed to see their ruler eat, so only a few of his courtiers were present, squatted upon the floor and partaking of the good things of the occasion, eating with their fingers.

When all had finished the curtain was withdrawn, and we saw that the floor of the building was plentifully decorated with small drum-like circular stands, with a central constriction, which caused them to resemble overgrown hourglasses. As we looked in came hundreds of warriors, who squatted around the stands and were served with refreshments, solid and liquid, the latter in large flagons of galvanized iron. There were rude receptacles for tedj, which looked like bullock hides hanging over sawbucks, in the depressions of which many black Venuses emptied the liquor from large vessels of pottery, borne on their backs suspended by thongs. Meantime outlandish music mauled the air. When surfeited they went out, and their places were instantly taken by hundreds of others. I asked M. Crefneaux how many men were seated on the floor at one time, and he said about 4,000.

Before leaving the royal presence each guest shook hands with the Negus Negusti (King of kings), each expressing through the interpreter of the British agency his thanks for the entertainment. He was not indifferent to adulation and bowed his head with a lateral inflection each time something complimentary was mentioned to him, looking as pleased as a boy with a new red wagon or a better sled than

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his fellows. An artist awaited us outside and took a photograph of the group.

M. Crefneaux and Mr. Clark dined with us next evening and had the best our supplies could furnish, which is not saying much. As a prelude, and before being seated, each took a whisky soda with a relish, as our banquet hall was cold, with no way of warming it beside setting the building on fire. Mr. Clark had accompanied Mr. McMillan on his Nile expedition, which came to grief through the overloading and loss of boats which had been carried there in sections, their intention having been to follow the Blue Nile to the main river. They had all sorts of experiences before turning back. One of their servants was seized by a crocodile when asleep, which was dragging him toward the water, when another servant pounded it on the head with a rock until it relinquished its prey with a badly lacerated neck, which finally was healed.

One day a white man shot at a lion and missed, whereupon the beast knocked him down and began to eat one of his arms. A Somali bestrode its neck and forced its jaws apart, while another shot it in the ear, killing it instantly. At another time a white man shot at a rhinoceros which was charging him in the narrow path of a jungle. He missed, when a Somali, who had already shot at it, thrust him to one side and stood in the path with an empty gun. Fortunately, just before it reached him, another white man shot it in the head, and it fell dead at the feet of the brave Somali.

He narrated a sad affair which occurred in the course of that journey. A Frenchman was of the party who was not ready to start one morning with the caravan, later starting out and soon losing the trail on stony ground. While wandering about he came across a Danakil seated under a tree and, knowing a little of the language, asked him to show him the way the caravan had gone and to accompany him. The savage declined at first and told him to go his way and not to tempt him, but finally went and soon after buried his spear in the unfortunate man's back. He then removed the genitals of his victim and returned to his village. This

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trophy is to the Danakil what the scalp of any enemy is to the American Indian; and a young man of that tribe cannot marry until he has killed his man and proved it in this way. Mr. Clark said no self-respecting Danakil maiden would consider any overture toward matrimony until the prope. evidence and requisite should be forthcoming. The murderer made no secret of his crime, and the Negus came to hear of it, sent for him to be brought to the capital, and had him hanged on a tree near his palace. We saw a photograph of the man, taken some days after the execution, still suspended by the neck.

The Abuna was not long about returning our call. He came with a large retinue and a servant holding a large red velvet umbrella over his head. He was mounted upon a gorgeously-caparisoned mule and made a decidedly patriarchal appearance. He stayed about an hour, was shown an illustrated pamphlet of the St. Louis exposition, and was much interested in the pictures. Mr. Skinner presented it to him; also a varity of garden seeds with which to experiment. When he left after a light collation the marines presented arms, which pleased the old ecclesiastic hugely.

The Russians entertained us one evening at dinner, where we met all our former convives, with whom we were rapidly becoming well acquainted. Upon entering the dining-room we were first conducted to a large sideboard, where we stood and helped ourselves to radishes, onions, caviaire, smoked and dried fish, and vodka, the latter being a strong alcoholic beverage. All this was intended to quicken into activity our appetites, which really needed no spurs of any kind.

The Emperor visited us one morning, and knowing he was coming we donned evening garb upon arising. We had heard of his having criticised severely deputations which had appeared before him in fatigue or khaki suits and were determined he should cast no reflections upon us on that score at least. To be sure, we felt as if we were playing a role in some burleque opera, but that signified nothing. About nine o'clock we heard music from the direction of the Guebi, or royal grounds, and knew our guest was coming. He appeared in about half an hour, and Captain

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Thorpe had a salute of 21 guns fired in his honor. Lieutenant Hussey and Mr. Wales walked forward to meet him. He was mounted on a mule, a red velvet umbrella was held over his head, and he was followed by his court and a few hundred of his soldiers. Mr. Skinner and I received him at our quarters, and after shaking hands he was conducted to Captain Thorpe's tent, close at hand, and seated. The Captain had his marines and jackies go through several evolutions before him, and they did them very well indeed, making an impression upon the individual for whose benefit they were intended.

Later he inspected Camp Roosevelt and seemed much interested in all he saw. He examined the hospital tent, and Mr. Fernleigh showed him our medicinal and emergency equipment, including our portable medicine chest. He was then escorted to our quarters and seated near the head of our table. Corporal Roussell brought in a service rifle, the one which had won a prize at London last year: explained the action, and took it apart to show the mechanism. It was then filled with blank cartridges, which His Majesty fired off in quick succession. Mr. Skinner presented him with one just like it, the one with which Mr. Wales had kept us supplied with game while coming here. He asked for a supply of blank cartridges with which to test the courage of his courtiers and soldiers, and 200 were given him.

We then had champagne, and Mr. Skinner proposed a toast to His Royal Highness and the success of the commercial treaty between the two countries. Small cakes and sweet crackers were passed around. All the nobles took to the champagne and soon became almost hilarious, especially the son-in-law of royalty. The grandson, who was 12 years old and a general in the Abyssinian army, stood at the left hand of the Negus slightly to the rear, and had champagne also. Some of the courtiers dipped their cakes in it before eating them. The last toast was proposed by the Negus and was to the health of President Roosevelt.

On Christmas day the Emperor remembered our President and us handsomely, although the Abyssinian celebra-

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tion of that anniversary occurs something like two weeks later. He sent for President Roosevelt two enormous elephant tusks, each 9 feet long and weighing together over 300 pounds, also two young lions, with attendants to accompany them to the coast. For Mr. Skinner and the other officers he sent two superb spears of native make, with the heads cased in leather sheaths for the journey home; a sword the blade of which was made in Europe, with handle of bullock horn, sheath and belt of red leather; and a large shield of hippipotamus hide profusely decorated with sterling silver. We had seen his courtiers with such shields and knew we were highly honored. We examined them with appreciative interest and realized the Emperor is the *bon garcon* he is represented as being.

We were told by members of the legations that he had never treated any body of men with as much consideration as he was showing us. The tusks were so immense that it required the hides of two of our bullocks to cover them for transportation. Each day he has sent us a bullock, except on two occasions, when he sent us two; also sheep, chickens, eggs, barley, and tedj in proportion. Our marines and servants lived on the fat of the land, and the former at least would have done better with less of the latter, which developed fighting qualities among them not called for in the books on tactics. On each occasion the natives who bring them receive a gift of thaleri for their services. We brought the Emperor gifts from our Government and private manufacturers. One of the latter was a beautiful gold mounted Remington repeating rifle, which was at once a revelation and a joy to him. A typewriter was among the gifts also. Each officer presented him with a souvenir, mine being a knife with corkscrew and beak for champagne and a collapsible cup, both of silver. Mr. Skinner told me he was much interested in them, never having seen anything of the kind before.

Christmas night the American officers dined at the British agency with Mr. Clark. It was an expedition to get there, and he kindly sent a guide to conduct us by a different route than the one by which we had intended going, slightly

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shortening the distance of about five miles. There are no turkeys in Abyssinia, but there is a member of the ostrich family called the bustard, which when decapitated, plucked, deprived of its long shanks, and properly roasted could not be differentiated from the turkey of commerce by the most expert poulterer or *bon vivant*. Mr. Clark told us he was determined we should have a turkey, had arisen at five in the morning, gone out and bagged two bustards, and they were splendid.

We drank champagne to the absent ones as proposed by our host, and each thought of his dear ones. Beside the bustard, there were individual mince pies and plum pudding, each blazing with brandy. After dinner we went to the drawing room, where Mr. Clark gave the skirt dance in a mistressly manner to music which I produced from a pigmy piano brought there on a camel's back all the 300 miles from Dire-Daouah. Mr. Clark executed some solos upon it, and enjoyment was unconfined. Late in the night we thanked our charming host for the best time we had had in Abyssinia.

Each day when not professionally employed I ride to the market-place, even more crude than the one at Harar. There are a few rough buildings of wood, stone, or sun-baked brick, in one of which was the stock of skins and ivory of Mohammedaly & Co., same firm as the one in Harar. There I pull over their lion, leopard, zebra, monkey, and other skins, and buy head-rests, ivory armlets, hippopotamus tusks, etc. My art purchase in the market was a sword and scabbard with a belt, which the Abyssinian took back twice after the bargain was consummated, and the next time it came into my hands I handed it to one of my servants and told him to take it to camp at once. I secured an elephant tusk and a war trumpet wrought from another. Many of the dealers are in the open air, with their stocks spread out on the ground or square elevations of dried mud. Bankers squatted on the ground, having before them cartridges, bars of salt, coils of wire, and heaps of thaleri and piastres ready for an exchange business.

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The other day when returning to camp a native overtook us with a fresh ostrich egg in a sling of grass, and I bought it for a thaler. Next day I punctured it at the tip, shook out the contents, and had it scrambled for supper. It filled a large dish, and after we had consumed all we cared for there was about half of it left for our servants. It tasted like the egg of the domestic hen and was neither strong nor coarse in texture, as we had been led to believe.

One day a man overtook us with a zebra skin, the smallest and best tanned one we had seen, and it passed into my possession after some haggling over the price. Lieutenant Hussey asked me to make some purchases for him, as his duties and those of Captain Thorpe kept them close to camp most of the time; when I returned with superb leopard skins and other articles plus one-third of his money he was highly pleased. The Abyssinians are expert in making useful articles of wood, horn, and leather. I bought fusiform bundles of tobacco enclosed in palm leaves, also disks of the same, which had been reduced to a coarse powder and sold in that form. One day I obtained a fine rhinoceros horn to add to my collection, which was growing rapidly. One portion of the market-place is dedicated to the sale of horses, mules, donkeys, and camels. We learned that mules are the most valuable burden-bearing animals of the country, a good one being equal in value to a camel, horse, and donkey. A mule will travel three or four days without water, carrying a load. It will thrive on what a horse would starve on for food, and its hoofs do not wear down to the quick like those of the horse, the art of shoeing animals being unknown in Abyssinia and French Somaliland. On the journey here Mr. Wales bought a beautiful young horse for something like five dollars of our money.

Lieutenant Hussey has sold several of our tents to Mohammedally & Co., and we will travel with fewer and lighter loads going back, leaving the gifts for the Negus, and minus the supplies we consumed in coming here. We parted with our Danakils and camels at Balchi, as their contract ended there, but the old Governor supplied us with extra donkeys to take their place. The terms of the treaty are agreed upon

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to the satisfaction of all concerned; all that remains is for it to be transcribed and signed, and after our repast at the Italian legation and the final reception by the Negus all our social duties will have been performed, and we are eager to start for the coast.

WE DEPART.

DJIBOUTI, FRENCH SOMALILAND, Jan. 18.—The noon of our last day in Addis-Abeba we had a repast at the Italian legation, which was an unqualified success, socially and gastronomically. When we entered the compound a squad of Italian soldiers presented arms. For the first time since leaving Italy we came in contact with maccaroni. The repast did not differ essentially from its predecessors, except that, as at the British Agency, the American officers were the only guests. The housekeeper of the minister and all the female servants are Abyssinians, and our host gave a dissertation at some length as to their superiority in domestic and other lines. The usual toasts and responses were offered and replied to, and good humor was rife, as we expected to leave that day after a final interview with the Negus.

After returning to our quarters we packed up our effects and well along in the afternoon started for the Geubi. Arrived there, we entered the small audience hall, found Menelik II. with members of his court and of the legations, and when I shook hands with him he said, "How do." Mr. Skinner then addressed him through the interpreter, that of Mr. Clark being present also at the request of the Negus to see that the translations were correct. We all sat down, and the treaty was produced in duplicate, each copy in a Morocco case which we had brought with us for the purpose, and which the Negus examined and admired. They were then stamped with the royal seal, as he can neither read nor write. Mr. Skinner signed them, the Negus ordered the decoration of the Golden Star of Ethiopia of the second class to be hung about his neck, and a patent of nobility to be given him. Lieutenant Hussey, Captain Thorpe, Mr. Wales, and

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I were given decorations of the third class, and patents inscribed in the Amharic language on parchment, with marginal decorations in the national colors of red, green, and yellow, and stamped with the royal seal, making very picturesque looking documents. The marines and jackies received gilded Abyssinian coins, after which we shook hands with the Emperor and went to see the royal lions by a path only used by royalty.

An Abyssinian walking by my side addressed me in excellent German, and I asked him where and how he had obtained it. The reply was he had been educated in Germany and was there seven years.

We mounted and, starting on our long journey, rode to where we had met M. Crefneaux nearly two weeks before, Mr. Clark's interpreter riding with me for some distance before turning back. Our tents were already there and set up facing the wind, which was stiff and cold, but our cots and bed clothing had not yet appeared. We were in evening clothes, and my overcoat was with the Arabs and their camels. Mr. Skinner sent for wood, had a fire made in front of our tent, and the wind blew sparks and smoke into it. After waiting until nine o'clock, Mr. Wales, with his and my servants and mules, started back for the capital after the beds and bedding. Mr. Skinner and I laid down in the tent, he upon a rug Captain Thorpe loaned him, a leopard skin about him, and his top hat on. We became hilarious upon considering our appearance and position. We dozed occasionally, and about one o'clock he got up and replenished the fire, which meantime had burned low almost to extinction. About two o'clock we heard voices, saw lights approaching, and shortly Mr. Wales appeared with our servants, bedding, and small baggage. After we were sound asleep he started up saying the tent was on fire, and we all rushed out to find it was a false alarm.

We awoke late in the morning, took breakfast in bed of canned beef and beans, tedj, and coffee made in a tin pail, and stayed there reading New York and Paris *Heralds* a few months old until the camels came with all the impedimenta of the caravan. They had started from Addis-Abeba

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late in the preceding afternoon and had advanced but a short distance when the young lions took fright at their new environment and mode of travel, burst from their boxes, and ran away; the servants scattered, and there came near being a stampede among the camels, after which they all laid down and were unloaded, because the Arabs refused to reload the young lions. We had already noticed upon numerous occasions that when anything unusual occurred, causing delay, the camels were addicted to lying down without any hesitation.

In addition to the young lions we had other new animals in our caravan, but they furnished their own transportation. As we could not consume all the bullocks and sheep the Negus gave us while his guests, we started away in true patriarchal style with our flocks and herds, like Abraham, the intention being to consume them as required. We did not anticipate any trouble with them, as all domestic animals seem to realize their safety consists in keeping up with the procession. We had a mule which injured its knee in some way, and more than once thought we must kill it from humanitarian considerations, but it improved while at the capital and came all the way back with us, but was unfit to carry a load.

We left early in the afternoon, reached Achaki about supper time, and one of our bullocks was slaughtered there by Christians and Mohammedans that both might eat of it and be strong, many of them having gone hungry before that by reason of difference in religious belief and method of killing. When we discovered this we gave the men sheep and goats to kill after their own manner, thus avoiding complications and involuntary fasts among them.

We obtained a new cook for the officer's mess at Addis-Abeba, who proved very satisfactory and spoke French quite well. He wanted to go to America with me, and his faith was indicated by his name, which was Mohammed. He wanted to know if there were many Mohammedans in our country and, upon being informed there were none, cheerfully remarked, *"Alors je serai bon chretien,"* thus indicating elasticity of belief and adaptability to circum-

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stances and environment of no mean degree. To make his case stronger and more worthy of consideration, he volunteered the information that he was unmarried, and consequently a free lance in any undertaking he might see fit to embark, forgetting that only a short time previous at the capital he had asked and obtained permission to visit wife and children for the purpose of saying his adieux to them. At our first camp he was peeling potatoes and suspended operations to call my attention to an injury to his great toe, sustained in walking barefoot. He handled the extremity with great freedom before resuming his task, without the preliminary formality of washing his hands.

Next morning there was frost on our tents, and I started first, because my mules were the slowest walkers in the calvacade and always brought up at the tail end of the caravan at the end of each day's journey. Mr. Skinner asked me to wait a moment that he might snap his kodak upon us. That day only one of the young lions tried to break out of his cage and was unsuccessful. We camped near where we had on the way to the interior, and another caravan stopped near us over night. After the young lions were unloaded and let out of their cages they started after our sheep, when our mules attempted to stampede and run them down. The latter animals were generally allowed to seek grazing after unloading, and while all the men were engaged in making camp. They never strayed away and were fastened by the left front leg to a long, heavy cable each night, with their provender on the ground before them.

A few days out from the capital we came to Balchi mountain, upon which we had camped a few weeks before. There is a village there and much tedj, which we had sampled and pronounced good. We stayed but a short time without dismounting and camped below near the foot of the mountain. When our herd arrived Mr. Wales shot one of our bullocks in the head, and it was well he did, inasmuch as all our meat cattle strayed away that night and were no doubt utilized by wild beasts or men. In the night our servants stole back to Balchi for tedj, partook too freely of it, and, upon returning to camp, slept off the effects of their potations. The

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cattle and sheep apparently set at naught the usual instinct of domesticated animals in a country infested with wild beasts, that which prompts them to keep close to man, and were never seen by us more. From that time we relied for fresh meat upon purchases from villages we passed, or herds we came across, and largely upon game provided by Mr. Wales, who hunted parallel with our route almost every day, except a few when unable to do so on account of illness.

On the inland journey he shot an oryx, an animal of the antelope family about the size of a Jersey cow, with long straight needle-pointed horns. The first shot broke one of its front legs, but did not prevent it from running away at a good rate of speed. He and a young Abyssinian caught up with it, when it turned and charged them head down, and they emptied their rifles into it before it succumbed. They threw a quarter of it upon the first camel which came along, leaving the rest for the lions, leopards, and hyenas, and came into camp with the head and hide, which he later left with a native of Balchi to care for until our return.

There is an almost microscopic animal of the deer family called the dig-dig, which when full grown is about a foot high. It runs with almost incredible swiftness and was frequently bagged by Mr. Wales with a shot-gun.

One day we came to a church near a small village. Church architecture in Abyssinia is, like many other things, still in its swaddling clothes; this one was like the rest in being circular, like most of the huts, and covered with a thatch of long grass. The Greek cross surmounted it, and upon each of its points was impaled an ostrich egg for ornamentation, this being always the case with the few churches we saw. Hearing a commotion of some sort, we dismounted and approached the structure. Several women were seated on the ground outside and near a doorway, which was closed with planks. We passed around to the other side and, finding an entrance, walked in without ceremony. To the right a tall ecclesiastic was reading aloud from a small book and agitating in one hand an instrument with wires stretched across it, upon which moved metallic disks which produced the effect of small cymbals. Before him stood about a dozen

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men, who also had books and read alternate verses, accompanying themselves with the same instruments as did the high priest. Upon the ground were seated three or four lusty youths, who pounded upon as many large and clumsy drums with great vigor. In the center of the structure was a circular apartment with a man in it, who threw incense out into the auditorium.

They did not resent our appearance nor departure, and the services were in full blast when we came away, moralizing upon the status of a religion which does not accord to its women all its privileges. Each Christian, when able, wears suspended from his neck a sort of religious talisman in the shape of a small roll of parchment containing some favorite scriptural extract, enclosed in a leather sheath. They believe this to possess a protective influence over the body as well as the soul, and that to part with it means death. Gabro explained this when I made an overture for the purchase of his, but presented me with its sheath.

There are three forms of marriage among Abyssinian Christians, the first being characterized by its extreme simplicity. The man whose fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of love and aspires to wed takes a gift of sheep, goat or bullock to the parents of his Dulcinea, and if they accept the bargain is made. He may put away the wife at any time he feels he has just cause or provocation. The second is the analogue of the common-law marriage of our country, where in the contracting parties announce themselves man and wife before witnesses. In the event of disagreement and separation, the man is required by law to turn over to the divorced woman one-half of all he may possess. The third is a sacrament of the church, and the terms of the covenant bind man and wife in bonds of steel not only for life upon this sphere, but in the event of bereavement by death, the survivor may not marry again. Menelik II being a Christian has one wife, survivor of a few former husbands, from which it may be assumed they were such by the common law or civil ceremony. We did not see Queen Taitu other than through the good offices of a photograph, as she does not care to see foreigners, considering their presence a

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menace to the continuity of her husband's career upon the throne. She looks askance upon all modern innovations, and when the French railroad was built from the coast into the border of her country, remarked to Menelik II, "You have a railroad but have lost your throne."

The young lions did not thrive after the first few days, and cathartic pills were given them daily enclosed in raw meat. Toward the end of a day's journey near where our forced march had taken place, one of the marines riding past the camel which carried the young lions noticed that one of them was apparently in convulsions, and when unloaded that evening it was dead. The lion men wrapped their mantles about their heads, moaned and wailed, as the lion is the sacred animal of Abyssinia, and beside they feared the wrath of their Emperor upon their return home. They dug a hole in the ground and buried it, after wrapping its head in a piece of cotton torn from one of their garments. This animal had the better disposition of the two, and my first acquaintance with the other was of a nature that strained diplomatic relations between us for some time. At the end of a journey when a camp was forming I approached Ambeso (Abyssinian or Arabic word for lion), and patted him on the head, having already done so with his brother. He promptly resented the familiarity by seizing me by the trousers, most fortunately not including any of the skin. As he showed a disposition to hold on I struck him between the eyes with no light blow and he let go. After that we were strangers until after his brother died, when his disposition seemed to improve, and later on Mr. Wales and I could do anything with him. The pill plan not having been effective with the other lion, Mr. Fernleigh resorted to more radical treatment of the survivor, and to him alone is due the credit for bringing Ambeso to the coast alive, growing rapidly and in excellent health.

On New Year's day we were at a camp called Minabella, killed a bullock in honor of the occasion, had a good supper and thought of our dear ones at home. We had some friction there with a few of our guides and Somali soldiers, but all was smoothed out without using an iron.

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While there we had accumulated such a collection of undesirable acquaintances that each man regarded himself as a sort of ambulant entomological cabinet. We thought that bathing would be at least accessory to ridding ourselves of them, and resorted to it whenever possible and under the slightest provocation. No doubt a heavy dew would have been thus utilized had one been encountered. We had all sorts of funny experiences, considering that the bath is usually intended to be secluded if not absolutely private. At Achaki was a small river which at home would be called a creek. A flat rock was near a pool sufficiently deep to permit diving, while the stream was too shallow for swimming. I indulged in much needed ablutions and a few dives, and stepped upon the flat rock to go out, but slipped upon its mucilaginous surface back into the pool head over heels, to the great entertainment of the camel men who were washing garments close by.

At another camp by a stream into which I hastened, when about to dress I was almost run down by a herd of cattle which came there to drink unannounced, not aggressive except as to numbers, and so tame they hardly considered it worth while to turn aside for such an insignificant thing as a man *sans culottes,* as the French say. A young Abyssinian woman accompanied us all the way back to Dire-Daouah. One day on the march while taking an imitation bath in a suspicion of water by the track she came along holding a part of her garment over her averted face, but another young woman who lived in a village hard by approached and insisted upon selling me tedj before I had been able to go through the form of donning my raiment.

The most impressive experience of this kind occurred in the country of the dreaded Danakils, where, when attempting to bathe in a rivulet about ankle-deep, my attention was attracted by a herd of goats coming to drink. They were in the custody of a maiden of about sweet sixteen, who gazed upon me with wide-eyed astonishment, while I returned the compliment with a smile which was intended to be at once conciliatory, reassuring and apologetic; and thus we stood until the goats had their fill and departed.

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The only thought which saved me from utter confusion was, that so far as raiment or its absence was concerned, the honors were easy.

We camped at Lagaharba or Elephant River, which is a stream of fair-size and rapid current. I started for it while the animals were being unloaded and took a short cut through a jungle, one of the few we had seen, where, seeing unmistakable signs of lions, I returned to camp and went to the river by a longer route but in plain sight from it all the way. That night a lion killed and partially ate a donkey at the edge of our camp, and before that they had been heard once or twice about the camp at night by the guards, but were not seen. We were told a hungry lion will stop at nothing, but that one which has dined could be driven away by a child with a switch.

There some of the marines saw their first and last zebras, interesting family of sire, dam and colt, which took to their heels and escaped fortunately several balls which were sent after them. There we also met a young sable-hued Haytien who spoke excellent French, who looked as if he had just stepped out of a show-window of the Avenue de l'Opera, in marked contrast to ourselves with our worn, thorn-rent and travel-stained khakis. He was on his way to see the Negus, and called on us with his small retinue of servants and guides, one of whom we recognized as a man who had been with us to Harar and had accompanied us a few days toward the capital, only to turn back with another caravan.

ABYSSINIAN CUSTOMS.

We came into the Itu country, and soon after selecting a camping-place near a mimosa grove a heard of bullocks came along, of which we purchased one. Our servants roped its feet, throwing it down, and a man who had carried an old-fashioned scimetar from the start almost decapitated it with the latter. They cut it open before it was fairly dead, removed the stomach, opened and emptied it, then without cleansing, cut it into strips and ate it raw. Within a late

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period they have taken cuts from living animals, and today they cut out the hump which surmounts the withers of all the native cattle, (like the Zebu of India) and eat it, sewing up the rent that another may grow. We have eaten the humps of most of our cattle, a mixture of muscle and adipose tissue, resembling in appearance and taste tongue, but of much coarser fibre.

The Abyssinian method of eating raw meat is to hold aloft a strip of it, allowing it to enter the mouth until it is filled, then cutting it off close to the lips with a large keen knife, repeating the process to repletion or exhaustion of material. The principal article of diet of our Abyssinians was a mush of dourra flour or meal, boiled a very short time. The method of consumption is to squat in a circle about the kettle, scoop out the mess with the fingers, work it into a ball and thrust it into the mouth hot as Tophet. How hands, mouths and stomachs can endure the fiery ordeal is matter for the white man to marvel at and ponder upon. But they are entirely omnivorous, and everything is fish which gets into their net.

At one camp a dead fish of large size was in the river just below us, swollen with decomposition, but one of our natives cooked and ate it with a relish. At that same camp Mahammed exerted all the skill of his craft to show what he could do when he would bring his intellect to bear upon his task. Among other things we had dig-dig with most everything else obtainable, making a pot-pourri which was excellent. Mr. Skinner had just remarked that it took Mohammed to make the best of his opportunities and we had unhesitatingly agreed with him, when I discovered a worm about four inches on my plate, properly cooked. I flipped it to the ground and with my foot covered it with dust without being noticed, then handed the plate to Gabro saying I was not hungry, which was strictly true.

Not long after that we came to where were monkeys, and as we wanted roast monkey for a change of diet Mr. Wales and a marine went up into the hills and were charged upon by hundreds of them, making a noise like a drove of hogs. They emptied their guns among them, and taking to their

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heels returned to camp. An evening or two later a jacky went out and returned after dark with two, one a young male which we had for breakfast next morning, broiled by the marines.

To come back to the Itu tribe, a chief and score of whom visited us and gave a war dance, introducing features which we had not seen before. One of the warriors had a superb spear, which at once aroused within me the dormant sin of covetousness. I told Gabro to ask him to sell it to me, but he only clutched it with a firmer grasp and shook his head laterally with great vigor many times. After finishing their dance they squatted down in two files near where Mr. Skinner and I were seated, waiting for a pecuniary acknowledgment. I walked back of them, seized the spear with one hand and with the other gave the savage a few thaleri, resuming my seat in the shade. He was speechless with astonishment, looked at me, the spear and the money in his hand. Finally he approached with humble and apologetic mien, told Gabro the spear was his life, he had killed three men with it and could not live without it, whereupon I handed it back and received the money regretfully.

The chief approached Mr. Skinner for money and was given one thaler, which he deftly concealed in his girdle with his back toward his warriors, after which he was presented with small American flags for the others and went back to them. They received the gifts with an expression of doubt mingled with disappointment, and it was all we could do to keep our faces straight until they were gone. The flags were advertisements of the St. Louis exposition intended for gratuitous distribution, and possibly cost ten cents a dozen.

A few times we came to intended stopping-places expecting to find water only to discover that another caravan had passed that way, or evaporation had exhausted the supply, and these occasions we made our nearest approaches to hardships. One of these places was where there had been water in a fissure on the way to the capital, and we expected to find it there coming back. It had all disappeared; my servants found a cupful near by down among some rocks, but

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we concluded to move on farther. Not coming to any we made a dry camp, there being enough water carried on the camels to make coffee. When this was ready one of the cooks upset it while taking it from the fire, scalding one of his feet, and our canteens furnished water for what little coffee we got.

Before that we had been disappointed several times in our water supply, and at a time of our longest dry session came on the second day to what had been a small pond degenerated into a mud puddle with a little dirty water in the centre. My servant Oualdo dipped my brass basin into it several times for the benefit of my mules, and a marine named Coleman had a mule so intelligent and thirsty that it held up its head while its master poured water into its mouth from a tin cup.

At the end of that march we came to the Tadechamalka River, had a very comfortable camp and revelled in baths and swims. Here as at other places the fishes nipped us, though never to a painful degree, one making a specialty of my favorite corn. At that camp we saw an immense dragonfly, the erratic flight of which attracted our attention, believing it to be a bird until a closer inspection revealed what it was. We were not close enough to it to make an exact estimate as to its size, but agreed among ourselves that it must have been a foot long. It was the only thing of the kind we saw, but birds of all sizes and hues were numerous. Hawks such as some of the ancient Egyptians worshipped when alive and mummified when dead were seen everywhere, and Mr. Wales shot one of them with a rifle high in the air above us, to obtain a wing for sweeping the carpet of our tent. Toucans were abundant, with huge beaks out of proportion to their size.

We saw a few parrots and many of the most beautifully colored birds with comparatively few songsters among them. Naturally enough we were most interested in the game birds and partook of several kinds. One day my servants and self came across a francolin near the track. I dismounted, took careful aim with a revolver, and blazed away. The ball struck the ground by its feet, it sprang in the air and

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moving a few feet away, kindly halted. This was repeated twice after the first shot, and then Gabro began throwing stones at it, when it seemed to realize for the first time it was incurring some risk and flew gracefully away. This was the extent of my hunting in the "dark continent," but I will always reciprocate in memory the kindly feeling the bird had toward me in accommodating me to the best of its ability.

Frequently we saw herds of animals of the antelope family, camels and half wild cattle, being nearly stampeded by a herd of the latter on one occasion. Mr. Wales saw koodos at different times, but did not succeed in killing any. They are among the largest antelopes, much larger than the domesticated cattle, and very fleet of foot. We often saw herds or small groups at places where we knew they must travel a long distance for water. The Abyssinians are largely a pastoral people, living upon their flocks and herds. Agriculture is followed in some regions, and we saw cereals being planted or partly threshed grown, alongside of ripened grain. On Balchi mountain wheat was being threshed in the good old Biblical manner by causing cattle to walk in a circle upon it. The grain was light purple in color, and somewhat smaller than the average American wheat.

We saw a few tobacco and cotton crops, but the natives do not cultivate enough of the latter for domestic use. Their chamas or toga-like garments are woven in their huts, and are of coarse texture. The power of resistance to heat or cold shown by the Abyssinians is a fruitful source of comment. At night our servants slept upon our saddle blankets outside our tent, after having removed their clothing, with which they covered themselves completely, and strangely enough were not frozen stiff in the morning. The equivalent in weight and warmth was about what would be furnished by one or two muslin sheets. At the capital I had not only a sheet, two heavy marine blankets and a raincoat over me in addition to being indoors, but a lion skin also. A vessel of water left out over night would have a thin crust of ice upon it in the morning, as we were about a mile and a half higher than the Red Sea or Indian Ocean.

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They were fully as indifferent to heat, as in the 700 miles of caravan travel my servants were bareheaded and barefooted most of the time. If Oulado had a covering for his head, it was never seen by any one in the entire course of the expedition.

The Abyssinians have their own peculiar ideas about personal adornment. A young man will sometimes make an effort to add to his personal attractions by thrusting a small bunch of grass or leaves into one nostril in such manner as to allow the lower portion of it to protrude over the upper lip. They cause the lower lip to protrude by carrying a cud of tobacco within it, and when tired of that will transfer it above an ear for future resumption. The use of tobacco was interdicted by some of the rulers who preceded Menelik, and offenders against the royal mandate were reprimanded gently by the amputation of their lips. The tobacco pipe is a clumsy combination of wooden stem, pottery bowl, and gourd, through which latter the smoke passes from bowl to stem. Men and women apply butter or castor oil in liberal quantities to their hair, which become rancid in either case, turning to a pale green color. Red hair is much admired, and many apply a paste of lime to it to produce that color, leaving it in situ until the desired cosmetic effect is obtained. We passed through one region where the natives allowed the hair to grow long, training it to stand straight out from the head like the halo of a saint. Long, slender, three-pronged hair-pins are made of wood or horn, men wearing them as much as women, each individual having but one. They are left sticking in the hair, and a frequent use of them is to scratch the scalp. Some of the men shave a circular spot on the scalp at the vertex of the cranium, after the manner of some monks.

Every male who cannot afford a rifle, spear, sword or knife will at least carry a club or stick, and each secretly aspires to eventually own a repeating rifle. In the course of the war with Italy many thousands of repeating rifles were captured, to say nothing of heavy ordinance. The annals of the war relate that many of the Italian prisoners were eunuchized before they were liberated or exchanged, and we

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heard of it in Italy on our way here. The Abyssinians are a brave and warlike race, but many of their victories in the late war were due more to the success of strategic preparations and surprises, than to open appeals to armed strife. It is said Menelik fought in one of the battles, and slew several of the enemy with his own hand.

We reached Dire-Daouah in 18 days, and took our former quarters at the hotel, which had changed owners during our absence. We stayed there a few days to dispose of our mules and other belongings, and wind up business relations with the caravan. I divided my campaign belongings between my servants. Gabro disappeared a short time, and when he came back was clad in pajama trousers, a blue woolen shirt hanging gracefully outside the latter, and a top hat which was turned up fore and aft and down at the sides, barefoot of course. As he contemplated himself in the glass in my room there was in his facial expression a happy blending of pride and complacency. In addition to his wages I gave him money for a repeating rifle, the possession of which is the zenith of ambition of all well-balanced Abyssinians. Oualdo was made happy also, and when we parted with them on the train, our servants kissed our feet after the manner of the land. We had become attached to them, for they walked 700 miles after us in the blazing African sun, and served us faithfully in all ways. The officers conceded that mine were the best in the caravan, excepting only Mr. Skinner's trained servant, Hubert Vivien Riviere, native of Martinique.

Upon reaching here we found a new Governor had been appointed and installed, and he, not to be outdone by his predecessor, gave a banquet and ball at his palace in honor of the officers of the Machias and of the American commission, to which we all went and were handsomely entertained. One day Mr. Skinner and I, driving through the native part of this place, came to where a fantasia was in operation and went in to see the dancing.

The medical history of the expedition is short and simple. Most all the officers, and men of all colors, had initial African fever in the course of the expedition. Captain Thorpe

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had a second accident shortly before reaching Dire-Daouah, when his mule bucked, threw him, dragged him by a foot caught in a stirrup a short distance, kicking him several times before he became detached, and also suffered from acute catarrhal conjunctivitis. On the way to the capital Corporal Wood was bitten or stung upon the arm by something venemous, and passed into a stage of collapse. When we started away next morning I left Sergeant Glenn and Mr. Fernleigh to bring him along later, which they did, catching up with us that evening at Balchi. He was off duty for quite a while. Our faithful old Somali had tonsilitis before we reached the capital, and I placed him in the Russian hospital there. I prescribed for camels, mules, donkeys lions and a young civet cat, natives of all sorts and conditions.

With the exception of the one young lion and the civet cat, all reached their destination alive and in fair condition all things considered. Our last night in Dire-Daouah Private Worms was very ill with ptomaine poisoning, but was taken on board the train next morning.

One interesting daily ceremony should not be overlooked. When the tent of the navy officers would be put up with a staff in front of it, our colors would be raised to remain until sundown; when the bugler would produce the proper call, and all would stand at attention and salute them just as they were to be lowered. Our servants and other natives came to consider it was one of their duties to be present and salute, and we were quite willing they should. The lips of many of the whites were inflamed and cracked by the heat, and at one time for several days the buglar was unable to use his instrument on this account.

We did not come in contact with the tsetse fly, and can conscientiously say we did not aspire to. We were told it appears in the rainy season, which latter is contributory to the overflow of the Nile valley. The so called sleeping sickness, so long a puzzle to pathologists, is known to be caused by the bite of this insect, fatal to man and many animals. We heard of cases of the malady further West and South, but saw none of it.

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We leave this evening by the Machias for Aden, where we can take our choice of steamers for Europe, the warship being too slow and crowded for us. Our Uncle Samuel intended we should return to Naples by it, but we feel he will not criticise us harshly for wishing to see our dear ones as soon as possible.

The following is a literal translation of the patent accompanying the decoration of the Star of Ethiopia, made by Mr. Skinner's interpreter, Oualdo Michiel, a few weeks ago at Katchinaha.

"The Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered. Menelik II, Chosen of the Lord, King of Kings of Ethiopia, to all who see these presents.

Greeting. As the Kingdoms of the Earth decorate the doors therein for their discernment, their intelligence, their valiance and their ability, we also decorate ——— ———, third class officer in our order of the Star of Ethiopia, the insignia of which he has our permission to wear upon his breast.

A. D. 1896—(According to the Abyssinian calendar).

(Seal.)

PACIFIC OCEAN SCENES.

HONOLULU, OCTOBER 3, 1904.—The Mongolia of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company pulled away from the dock at San Francisco at 1 P. M. sharp, the schedule time. One man, at least, would have been better satisfied if there had been a few moments of delay, inasmuch as he reached the dock when the steamer was less than a yard from it, with the space slowly growing greater. He was a philosopher, for he stood looking upward with a suit-case in each hand and with an amiable smile illuminating his features, exclaiming without any excitement, "Wait a minute." The request being unheeded, he soon disappeared in the crowd, baggage and all, no doubt to moralize.

The Mongolia, said to be the largest, newest and best of all Pacific steamers, is up to date in the items of twin screws, bilge keels and all other modern inventions conducive to quick transit and comfort. We had an ideal voyage of a

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shade less than six days, a distance of about 2100 miles from dock to dock. After the first two days out, which were sufficiently cold, the temperature arose very perceptibly day by day, and we found ourselves having a model time in Summer seas, where white caps were not often in evidence, and it was difficult to account for the numerous cases of seasickness, testified to very conclusively by the many empty chairs in the dining-saloon at meal times.

We first saw the island of Molokai, upon which is located the leper colony. A physician who resides here stood by us at the rail and gave us much interesting information about the unfortunates who are segregated on the island. We had supposed its entire area had been given up to them and their misfortunes, but such is not the case. The profile of the island showed two mountain peaks with a sort of saddle between them. We were told that right down from the higher peak there projected a cape about two or three miles in area, which is the enforced habitat of the patients. There they have their habitations, cultivate the soil and pursue vocations of different kinds. They have a post-office, are furnished postage stamps and stationery by the Government, and can communicate freely with the outer world, letters written by them undergoing fumigation and other antiseptic processes prior to being sent away. Cupid is there, and many of the afflicted ones marry, and, strangely enough, bring into the world apparently healthful offspring. Of these, the Doctor told us, the girls are provided for at a school in or near this city, but that thus far the boys are unprovided for and run about like young colts, to use his own expression. He told us that certain cases average about five years to a fatal termination of their troubles, while the less acute ones frequently last twenty years or more.

He who journeys here expecting to find a primitive looking city, to gaze upon more or less scantily clothed natives or other evidences of a primitive civilization will be doomed to disappointment. He will find himself in a very modern looking city, with well made streets which are kept in perfect condition. He can ride for miles in any direction in an electric car, with a push-button at every seat. He will see

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comfortable conveyances of different kinds, with well groomed horses and polite drivers, and everything satisfactory except the price. He will see streets lighted by electricity by night, stores which would look well anywhere in New York, London or Paris. He will drink artesian well-water much better than he could obtain in any of the cities named, and he can even quaff Milwaukee lager or root beer if so disposed.

A citizen of the United States would be made to feel quite at home at once by seeing police in metropolitan uniforms, many of them native Hawaiians, and all of them speaking English extremely well. This comfortable feeling would not be detracted from by seeing numerous mail carriers in the well known costumes of gray so familiar in our land of the free, and this woud be still further accentuated by signs of New York dentists who can extract teeth without pain.

We are making ourselves at home at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, once the abode of royalty, which occupies with its grounds the most of a large square with four approaches from as many prominent streets. The facade is embellished with two enormous semi-circular verandas, one of which serves as a dining-room in fair weather, which seems to be most of the time. In the grounds are the large and small flora of the island, indigenous and introduced. Most prominent of all is an immense mimosa tree, with which we became so intimately acquainted a few months ago in French Somaliland in having more luxuriant foliage and fewer thorns. The latter are difficult to find here, while in Africa they equaled the leaves in number, and their white color gave a grayish tone to the entire tree. We have before us the cocoanut, mango, wine palm, banana and papaia trees, all attending to business and bearing fruit. We have eaten the green cocoanut after drinking its liquid, and found it good.

The mango is an ovoid fruit with a smooth dark green rind, a large one being about six inches long. When eaten at table it must be peeled and harpooned with a fork to hold it steady. It has very elusive qualities, however, by reason of the lubricative quality of its substance, and is extremely

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liable to land in the plate or lap of a neighbor when manipulated with unskilled hands.

The papaia looks more like the plain muskmelon of commerce than anything we have seen here, but unlike the latter it grows upon a tree in preference to the ground, amidst branches of palmated leaves, and it also appears on the menu in the form of a shortcake or pie, and in whatever form it comes it meets a warm welcome by the gustatory nerves. It is said to have digestive qualities of high grade, and is hence consumed without fear by the gastronomically timid.

The Hawaiian Islands, like the Madeiras, Azores and other groups, are of volcanic formation, and an extinct volcano called The Devil's Punch Bowl is just at the edge of the city. The soil, which is of decomposed or disintegrated volcanic products, is most of it of a color which approximates closely to Venetian red. This island, Oahu (pronounced wa-hoo), is the third of the group in size but the first in population, numbering about fifty thousand, one-half of them living in this city. The Japanese from the largest portion of the population of Honolulu, the natives coming next numerically, then the whites, and last the Chinese. Of the whites the Portuguese out-number any other nationality. The islands lie from northeast to southwest between the eighteenth and twenty-second degrees of north latitude. A table of thermometric readings is before me, and according to it the temperature never rises above eighty-six degrees nor falls below fifty-seven degrees Fahrenheit.

We called the United States Bureau of Forestry one morning by appointment and were shown the superb collection of trees there by one of the officials. We were shown the sour citron tree, bearing the so-called lemonade fruit. The jacaranda or Indian rosewood, with delicate and feather-like leaves, the logwood, teak, with large ovate leaves, the traveler's tree, whose habitat is the desert and whose unfolded leaves contain a small quantity of water each, rose-apple, the fruit edible but not fine, the blue gum from Australia, nux vomica, and the members of the rubber family, California palm with no fruit, wine palm, from the plum-

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like fruit of which the natives produce a vinous liquor, *cacia pidula,* with feathery leaves and white blossoms, the copal tree from India, from which a varnish is produced, the ylang-ylang of Ceylon, the flowers of which are used in making perfumery, the lantana, introduced as an ornamental shrub by a well-meaning monk once upon a time, but it has overrun the island and is now considered a great nuisance. An effort is now being made to import an insect from Mexico which feeds upon the seed, thus hoping finally to eradicate it. There is also the loquart, canary nut, allspice, monkey-pod and monkey-bread, the former a beautiful shade tree of large size with tulip-like pink blossoms, and the Nephilium litchi from China, which bears an edible nut of value.

One of the most interesting places to visit in Honolulu is the Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology, founded by Charles Reed Bishop in memory of his wife, Bernice Pauali Bishop, who died in 1884. She was of royal descent, and a very enthusiastic and successful collector. Additions have been made by purchase and exchange until it has become the largest and most comprehensive collection of its kind in the world. A large volume could be written descriptive of its multitudinous attractions, one of the most interesting of which is a large calabash of wood which drifted from Oregon to this island and was made for a chief, who, having a well developed taste for the artistic and the beautiful, ornamented by inlaying it with the molar teeth of his vanquished enemies. To judge by the number of teeth, the name of his foes must have been legion.

It is a matter of general information that the natives of these islands are dying out, and by reason of their own excesses of numerous kinds. At their present rate of decrease it is believed that in another century or so they will have vanished from the earth.

HAWAIIAN SCENES.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 1, 1904—We have had two mountain journeys which are necessary here before one can pose

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as an individual who has seen the city and its environs. The first was to Pilai, which is the native word for precipice, and which was 1400 feet above sea level. The road was as smooth as a floor, and as pleasant to travel over as if it had been made of macadam, and was almost of a uniform grade the seven miles of the distance. The Government owns most of the land along the road, and is endeavoring to beautify it by planting at regular intervals ornamental trees, native and introduced, and prominent among them the rubber tree. We had a native driver, who alighted on the way to gather for us gauva apples, which were abundant and wild, and the fragrant and aromatic blossoms of the gingerbush, most pleasing to the olfactory nerves as well as the eye.

At Pilai, long prior to its road-building changes, a sanguinary battle had taken place between two rival chiefs, and the vanquished enemy, numbering more than a thousand, were forced over the precipice to be dashed to pieces many hundreds of feet below.

The other drive was to Tantalus, on the same mountain range, and somewhat higher than the other both in altitude and price. The road went past the extinct crater known as The Devil's Punch Bowl, the interior of which we saw from an elevated plane further on, made attractive by trees and cultivated areas. The road was zigzag the entire distance, and it required two hours to reach the summit. Trees grew close to the road the entire distance, and often arched overhead. We saw a hawk and a mongoose, the latter resembling the weasel, a native of India, where it is the deadly and unrelenting enemy of the venemous cobra. It was introduced here to annihilate the rats, which are a pest in the island, but the experiment did not prove a glittering success, inasmuch as it seemed disposed to establish amicable relations with the rats and to direct its attention particularly to the chickens and other domestic fowls, to which it is a constant menace.

We saw many of the Japanese birds which were brought here to do away with some worm or insect which was injurious to vegetation. They have the form of the robin, plumage of the black bird and hawk combined, and the harsh

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and discordant note of the jay. It has misdirected its energies by driving away most of the native song-birds. According to the statement of our driver it has all of the bad qualities of the birds which it resembles. The view from Tantalus is fully as impressive and comprehensive as the one from Pilai, and much of the same character.

Neither coal nor iron are found in this group, and the former is brought from Australia with a duty attached. It has come into competition with crude oil from California and is gradually being supplanted by it.

Oahu has a few coffee plantations, but Hawaiia ranks first of the group in the production of the much used berry. A morning paper a few days ago stated that a steamer from Hawaiia was at that time unloading 1080 sacks of coffee at the Honolulu docks. From this it may be inferred that Oahu does not produce a sufficient quantity for its own consumption. The quality does not impress us as being equal to Mocha and Java.

Last Saturday afternoon we went with some friends by the Oahu railway to visit an estate owned by a banker named Damon, a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident here as well as a prominent citizen and business man. The land was left to Mr. Damon by a member of the royal family, a princely bequest, as it included many hundreds of acres. He has devoted a great deal of time and attention to improving and beautifying this large area, and in reclaiming much of it which was submerged. He goes there every Saturday to entertain such visitors as may come to see the place. He receives his guests at his summer residence, and conducts them to a large banquet-hall a few rods away, where tea and other refreshments are served. The guests are then expected to wander about at will and stay as long as they feel inclined. Two native buildings belonging to the place are close at hand, and filled with rare and most interesting souvenirs of a fast vanishing race. In these structures, with roofs of thatched grass and sides of plaited cocoanut leaves, we saw two of the famous native beds, each about twelve feet square, upon which a whole family used to slumber at a time. They consist of many layers of mats,

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finely woven and artistically ornamented, making ideal resting places for a hot climate.

Candidates for the approaching election are bestowing much thought upon the political possibilities of the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, some wishing to address them upon the issues of the campaign. This was vigorously objected to by some of the papers and advocated by others. The court was applied to for an opinion, which was favorable to the enlightenment of the unfortunates, they having the right of franchise. And, speaking of things political, we have seen and heard processions galore, with natives marching and carrying torches with great enthusiasm. It is said by residents that the same individuals march with equal enthusiasm in the ranks of both political parties, and that the politician who makes the last speech gathers the largest harvest of votes for his party.

One of the small native industries here is the making of garlands of beautiful flowers, woven with twine and sold at the uniform price of twenty-five cents.

The Hawaiians have so intermarried with the Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and other nationalities that their progeny furnish an interesting study to the ethologist. They are of all shapes, sizes and colors, and there are many fine physiques among them, as well as more or less attractive facial features.

The Royal Hawaiian Hotel has an annex out at the suburb of Waikiki provided with bathing facilities. The beach is protected by a coral reef, which is supposed to prevent sharks from coming inside its boundary. When we took a swim there the last time I asked the attendant if there had never been any sharks sufficiently enterprising to get over the reef, when he reluctantly admitted that occasionally there had been. Our subsequent plunges were taken in our hotel. At Waikiki, within the reef just alluded to, is the favorite place for surf-riding, at which Hawaiians are most proficient, and in which they are emulated by visitors with more or less success. They prefer to go out and come in alone on their surf boards, which are about ten feet long and two wide. Up to this time there has been no surf since our

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arrival worthy of the name, but the description tells of the kanaka coming in like a race horse, sometimes lying on his stomach on the board and at others standing erect. The native boats, in which visitors do their surf riding as a usual thing, are fashioned after the plan of the catamaran, the canoe having at one side a few feet away a narrow piece of wood parallel to it and connected with it by two transverse bars, making a craft impossible to upset, a feature quite desirable in these waters. The piece of wood alongside of the canoe approximates it in shape and is about two-thirds of its length. As an active surf is no respector of persons, visitors go out in these boats clad in bathing suits, and it is considered rare sport.

WITH THE JAPANESE.

YOKOHAMA, November 16, 1904.—We came here from Honolulu, which we left November 1 by the steamship *China* of the Pacific Mail Line, after a fine voyage, excepting two rough and rainy days in the China Sea.

As we approached the coast we saw the snow-crowned peak of Fuji-Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan. Outside the harbor a Japanese vessel steamed in front of our bow and steered us clear of torpedoes, which had been laid to welcome any Russian warships which might happen around that way. When the health officers approached we leaned over the rail and asked who had been elected President of the United States, and when the answer came "Roosevelt" there were loud cheers on board. We anchored out in the harbor and were landed from a lighter, leaving the keys of our baggage with an agent of this (The Grand) hotel for customs inspection, and came here in jinrikshas drawn by fractional little men on a good round trot in a few minutes. Within two minutes from the time we had been shown our room we were besieged by merchants of all kinds, some with business cards, others with samples of their wares, and one or two insisted upon coming in while we were making changes in our raiment.

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In the short time we have been in the land of the Mikado we have been duly impressed with the fact that the Japanese are no respectors of privacy any more than they are of persons. Female servants enter our room without a preliminary knock, and whether one is fully clad or not at all is all one to them. Our hotel faces on the Bund, the street parallel with the water front, and is quite pleasant. At any time the guests may stroll out upon the verandas or grounds adjoining the street there will appear a number of beggars, who will go through contortions and all manner of gymnastic performances worthy of recognition in some vaudeville show. We must have tossed them more coins than they were wont to receive, as the number was soon augmented to a throng.

After getting our bearings we inquired at the hotel office for one T. K. Ito of this city, who was guide for our nephew and niece a year ago, and found to our regret that he was not available just then by reason of being at Kobe with a party of Cook's tourists. The hotel manager vouchsafed the information that he had probably filled his contract with them by that time and offered to telegraph him and see if he could return at once. The answer came that he could be here the following Tuesday, which was not far away, so we waited, temporarily using a guide recommended by the hotel to while away the intervening time. Our first journey was a comparatively short one to the elevated part of the city, past the burying-ground, down to the water's edge and a few miles along Mississippi Bay, past a few small fishing hamlets and back by another route through rural scenery and an occasional small suburban village.

Our saunterings among the shops were without the guide, for obvious reasons well known to most wanderers, thus avoiding larger prices to allow for commissions. Next day we left soon after breakfast by rail for a larger jaunt to occupy a whole day, and soon found ourselves in the rural districts gazing with interest on farming scenes. The farms all seemed small, and every inch of land was utilized. The Japanese tiller of the soil takes no chances upon hav-

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ing his crops pillaged by predatory birds of the air, and all sorts of ingenious devices were seen for scarecrows, some of them given motion by wires or cords extending to them from the houses, ready to be pulled when occasion might require. Agriculturists were fertilizing the soil with a mixture of what we call night-soil and wood ashes, which they applied by hand from pails and other receptacles. Our first objective point was Enoshima Island, which is really a peninsula, except at high tide, when it temporarily poses as an island. We left the train at a small station and walked through sand ankle deep for a long distance, to where a causeway of wood conducted us over the water to the island, where we entered small boats, after a long ascent and precipitous descent on foot to a point where boats were waiting for us to the usual landing place, where it was found that the tide was rushing in at such a rate that it was advisable to seek a more sheltered spot for landing and went without loss of time, landing with some difficulty, but no danger.

We climbed up stone steps and went along the face of a rocky precipice on flimsy wooden paths and came to a cave which is utilized as a Shinto temple, where we bought a few souvenirs, ascended a steep path, and halted at a spot where were a few women prepared and anxious to cook and sell us shell fish and refreshments. We lingered there long enough to eat a few roasted bivalves and some fruit, then went up over the island and down its other side to the starting place, crossing the long bridge, wading through more sand, and finding several jinrikshas waiting for us.

The temple of Hachiman, the god of war dating from the twelfth century, and the great image of the Goddess Kwannon, are within a mile of the hotel at Kamakura, but are only of secondary interest. We went to a Japanese hotel with a flimsy wooden frame and walls of paper, entered after removing our foot gear (some of us then discovering that our socks were in need of repairs), seated ourselves on the floor, and consumed with gusto a collation which our guide had brought from our hotel in Yokohama.

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The floors of Japanese habitations are also their principal furniture, answering the purpose of chairs, sofas, and tables, hence the custom of removing the shoes before entering. The grounds were pretty and attractive, and after putting on our shoes we wandered about in their limited dimensions preparatory to returning here. A San Francisco family consisting of parents and daughter were our companions, who had sat opposite us at table coming over from Honolulu, swelling our number to six. Our guide had made a great flourish about knowing English at the time we had temporarily engaged him, but when it came to the practical test his knowledge of that tongue was not much better than ours was of his, so we guessed along as best we could.

Everywhere were swarms of children of all ages and sizes, the larger ones carrying smaller ones tied on their backs, playing games thus incumbered, some of them involving more or less stooping, at which times the infants would be practically standing on their heads, but without protest, all in as good humor as they were dirty, and we have yet to hear the first Japanese baby cry. We have had strolls and rides in this city and have seen many strange sights, not all conclusive of a high grade of morality. Going past one place a number of young women beckoned us to come in, and at others we saw many more of them seated on the floor behind wooden bars for public inspection and choice. If a strange man comes to Yokohama alone and does not give his jinriksha man an address, the latter at once takes him to a famous resort known as number 15, in the absence of explicit instructions.

Yokohama is the largest of the so-called treaty ports, as well as the city where newcomers receive their first impressions of the once mysterious island, and it is also the port of Tokyo, formerly called Yeddo. Murray says it owes its commercial importance largely to the foreigners living here. When Commodore Perry visited it diplomatically a half century ago and gave American names to topographic features of the vicinity, it was an insignificant fishing-village. The then thriving town of Kanagawa on the oppo-

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site side of the bay was the first choice and treaty port, but the Government soon found it was inconveniently located and transferred it here. There was strong opposition on the part of the inhabitants, but the land here was leased and the change took place about 1858. The consuls protested also, but the only concession they received was that of retaining the name of Kanawaga at the head of certain official documents, what would appear an empty honor in this practical age. Yokohama was destroyed by fire in 1866, and the greater part of the settlement dates from that time, and building on the elevated portion began the following year.

It has a large and fine new railway station, good water works, obtaining its supply from the Sagamigawa River 28 miles distant. The new harbor will be completed in a year or two should Russia not prevent, an emergency hardly to be anticipated in the light of current events of the war. It has between one and two thousand British residents and about half as many Americans.

Patience has done its perfect work, and our anxiously awaited guide is here. We met him first clad in the habiliments of his race and quite becoming to his style of architecture, which is on a diminished scale, wherein he does not differ essentially from the rank and file of his countrymen. It gave to him a certain dignity and Oriental presence, which was not dispelled when he addressed us in English which would have reflected great credit upon Oxford or Cambridge, and which he had acquired in the English schools here. The next time we met he had donned a costume which was suggestive of Piccadilly or the Strand, much more convenient, he explained, for his line of business, and we doubted him not.

JAPANESE INDUSTRIES.

Tokio, November 18, 1904.—When our train pulled into the station here the other day we saw a number of stretchers being carried along accompanied by trained nurses with red cross badges, and were informed that a number of

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A JAPANESE DRAY

JAPANESE WRESTLERS AT KIOTO

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wounded soldiers—a train load of them, in fact—were to arrive there in a few minutes from the front. Our first impulse was to wait and see them come in, but it was lunch time, a large crowd was there, and we concluded that the Imperial Hotel would have superior attractions just at that time of the day. Yesterday we saw a few of the soldiers limping along on the street. We have seen dray loads of uniforms and blankets on their way to the station, to be shipped where they will do the most good.

We have seen large numbers of husky young fellows in uniforms, and were told they belong to the reserves and will go to the scene of war next March, and that other reserves are in stock and being drilled to go later. Their motto is evidently *semper paratus,* or *nunquam non paratus,* which amounts to practically the same thing. We all remember how they waded into the Russians at the threshold of hostilities, when they were attending balls and enjoying the social side of life, recalling Byron's poem on the battle of Waterloo. They built pontoons here to cross the Yalu (or some other river) several months before the time came when they were needed and used. From a military standpoint they are certainly a wonderful people, and their courage and endurance fill the world with admiration.

Yesterday we called at the American Legation to pay our respects, and Mr. Ferguson informed us that Mrs. Sewell and her sister, Mrs. Horne, were in the city. He told us that a Russian torpedo boat had run the blockade at Port Arthur the preceding night, and had been so riddled by the Japanese that they concluded to blow it up, and did so forthwith. He said that Chinese junks smuggle in supplies to the beleagured forces, and that the scarcity of food is not so great as the papers have represented.

When we were coming here an English officer was in our compartment in the train who had been at Port Arthur for some time on leave of absence, and he said they were well supplied with food, of which fish formed a prominent feature. He hinted at the presence of champagne and conviviality there, and had himself the appearance of having been quite well-nourished during that part of his furlough.

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A floral exhibition is on here, and as it was desirable to see it early we went yesterday afternoon. The *piece de resistance* of the show was an immense chrysanthemum plant which bore in full bloom 1,000 blossoms and good, big yellow ones at that. The plant was about twelve feet in diameter, and the branches were supported by slender pieces of bamboo thrust into the earth. The stem or trunk was about as thick as the average American thumb. A lady who was with us and who has lived here several years told us she had seen one with 1,200 blossoms and regular beauties at that. We saw many which contained a few hundred each, of all colors and sizes. Our guide called our attention to one plant which actually had blossoms of several different colors upon it.

There were several battle groups in which were men and horses of life size, all composed of living flowers. Of course, they were all descriptive of the present war, and in each of them the Russians were faring just as the history of the strife has represented. There were so many Russians who had come to grief that there was hardly any space left for killed or wounded Japanese. And there were naval scenes also, one representing the tragic death of a Japanese officer who went back to his sinking vessel twice to help rescue wounded sailors. When he returned to his boat the second time and it was pulling away, he was struck by a fragment of a shell and killed instantly. Thousands of the curious little dwarf trees were there, some of them only a few inches high, and it looked strange enough to see orange trees less than two feet high bearing quite generously fruit of goodly size. The lilliputian maple trees, with their foliage showing the autumnal tints, were also most interesting and beautiful. At the hotels each table in the dining-rooms has upon it a dwarf tree of some kind, most of them less than a foot high.

We saw well defined instances of Japanese thrift the other day at the zoological gardens. Our attention was first attracted by seeing a crowd looking at a shallow pond in which was a number of aquatic birds, among them a pelican. On a small shelf stood tin vessels of about the capacity

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of one quart, each containing water with a number of small fish. Any one wishing to invest a coin of small value has but to lay it on the shelf and empty the vessel into a spout, at the other end of which is an expectant bird that will catch at least one fish in its bill before it has time to reach the pond. There is a scramble in the water for the other fish, which are invariably gobbled up in a very short time. The elephants were treated with cakes after the same plan, the monkeys with sliced fruit and vegetables and the carnivora with small chunks of meat passed through the bars to them impaled upon a sharpened piece of bamboo. We contributed quite a little to the general fund in this way. The exhibition consists of many sections, at each of which one is allowed to pay a separate entrance fee, and each provided with a so-called barker in front volubly telling what there is within. And each section has its own band, with American airs very much in vogue. "Marching Through Georgia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" being the leading favorites. The former air is modified and changed to such an extent that it would keep it busy to recognize itself.

We were favored in seeing the interior of two Japanese houses yesterday. The first belongs to two American ladies who have been doing missionary work here for several years and speak the language fluently. We were allowed to enter without removing our shoes and heard some little Japanese girls sing "The Little Alabama Coon" quite well, also other songs in English and their own language. We were served with tea and cakes and had quite a pleasant visit of half an hour. These ladies wished to take us to the home of a Japanese business man, who a few years ago owned one cow and sold milk for a livelihood. Now he owns 100 cows, is president of a bank, and a prominent figure in other lines. Not wishing to be rude nor lacking in appreciation, we went and met the dairyman banker and his family, taking more tea and cakes. In one corner of the room in which we were entertained was a large bronze figure of Buddha. Our host produced his visiting book, in which we wrote our names. Those immediately preceding ours were

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of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, of "The Iron City." What a wandering and ubiquitous lot of citizens it has! The banker's dairy stable was just across a court from his residence, and I took a stroll through it to find it scrupulously clean and full of fine, healthy-looking cows, all busily engaged in eating hay. A large cart full of bean flour was at the entrance ready to be fed. It is said to have fine milk-producing qualities.

This city, formerly called Yeddo, with a population of over 2,000,000, is one of magnificent distances. Our journey home from the banker's was five miles, our guide informed us, and we were in crowded business thoroughfares all the way. It took us nearly an hour to reach our hotel, and our jinriksha men were on a round trot all the way. It would tax the endurance of a good horse to go that distance at the same gait. It is prophesied that the introduction of street cars will gradually do away with the jinriksha men.

In the Orient the son follows the vocation of the sire. It is said that the jinriksha men are very subject to tuberculosis, and we have noticed them coughing many times. Last evening, while waiting for us, they built a fire in the dairy stable-yard. Some of them were clad entirely in cotton fabrics, with a long shirt extending half way down the thigh, supplemented by another garment like a sawed-off pair of pantalettes, not reaching quite to the knee. Each jinriksha is furnished with a blanket for the use of the patron, but the man-horse also uses it when it is cold, and he is waiting for his customer, as a mantle to keep himself warm. One of the missionary ladies told us yesterday of traveling by this kind of conveyance 200 miles in two days with six relays a day, each going a little more than sixteen miles. We are going to travel in tram cars pushed by men and in sedan chairs before reaching Kobe and Nagasaki, whither we are bound. Man travel has its advantages. He never kicks nor balks, never runs away, and the rider can devote both time and attention to looking about him, not being obliged to drive.

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There is a great actor here with an entirely unpronouncable name, the dramatic star of the nation, and we went to see him. Within the entrance to the theater we saw hundreds of pairs of shoes and sandals, deposited there by their owners who were inside. On the first floor the audience sat on the floor upon their heels in little squares with raised edges. We had a private box and were not required to remove our shoes. In the drama a high official has spoken harshly and in anger to a higher official and is required by custom and precedent, if not by law, to draw a keen knife athwart his abdomen without any loss of time. This method of voluntary evisceration was actually taught at one period in Japan, according to tradition. It was not only very important that it should be performed in a scientific manner, but to put the seal of absolute propriety upon it, it was to be performed without the slightest change in facial expression, thus rivaling the stoicism of the Spartan boy with the fox beneath his garment gnawing his vitals. The star actor was the one destined by the fates to commit "hari-kari," and it was so realistic that one of our party had to leave the box and lie outside on the floor some time before he recovered. This might be called a high tribute to the excellence of the acting. As it was performed, the knife apparently entered the abdominal cavity, and in an instant the garments were apparently saturated with blood, a most ghastly thing to contemplate.

TRAVELING IN JAPAN.

KIOTO, November 25, 1904.—We left Yokohama last Saturday morning and, after a few hours by rail, reached Buadara, which was partially destroyed by a tidal wave within a few years, and many of the habitations are new. There we took an electric car and, after a short journey of an hour and a half, came to a place where jinrikshas were waiting for us with a motor force of three men for each vehicle, for we were to ascend a mountain pass with some very steep grades. One man stood between the shafts while the other two pushed from behind, and all of them had

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large-sized loads, as there were no light-weights in the party. Usually the jinriksha man goes on a dog trot, but it was all walking work up this pass, to our great satisfaction, and theirs also, no doubt.

The scenery was very impressive, and most particularly so when we went close to the edge of a precipice. It required an hour and a half of good, honest, hard work before we reached our objective point at the mountain village of Myanoshita, near which are numerous hot mineral springs, and where we found an excellent hotel kept by a Japanese who had been to America and learned the English language, to say nothing of the tricks of the trade, meaning by that expression the noble art of charging well for everything to be considered by the up-to-date boniface.

The next day, which was Sunday, we spent in taking walks along the mountains over zigzag paths and breath-shortening ascents. Incidentally, we looked in upon the shops, which were wide open, the Buddhists and votaries of the Shinto religion not paying any attention to the demands of the orthodox Christian day of rest. Myanoshita is the Sorrento of Japan, with its specialty of carved and inlaid woodwork, in which it is excelled by the famous Italian town.

The following morning we left our pleasant quarters and beautiful surroundings after an early breakfast and stepped into conveyances as yet untried, being carried in bamboo chairs hung between two poles of the same wood and supported on the shoulders of four natives to a chair. Our guide informed us that these men were lineal descendants of burden-bearers who have followed their vocation for centuries. We can testify that they did their work faithfully and well. They shifted shoulders every few rods without causing any difference in their gait or inconvenience to their passengers, often the change being made simultaneously when the word was given. It was practically all mountain work, and jinrikshas were out of the question by reason of the roughness and narrowness of the paths and steepness of the grades. We halted just before noon at a little village on the shore of Lake Hakone

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to allow our coolies to eat their midday meal and to take tea ourselves. We were much impressed by the plain and simple diet of our carriers, which consisted of a small piece of fish, cooked, dried, or raw, and about a double handful of cold cooked rice, which they disposed of with a great relish.

About 1.30 P. M. we halted at a convenient spot and our guide spread out a fine lunch for us, to which ample justice was done by all present, the remainder being distributed among our faithful bearers who disposed of it in short order. Soon after leaving this place and while we were going along the edge of a precipice one of my coolies stepped too near the edge of the declivity, slipped with one foot over it and fell to his knees. About that time the occupant of the chair was doing some pretty tall and energetic leaning uphill, but it turned out all right instantly, and no one was any the worse for the experience.

In the course of this journey we were going over the Ten Province Pass, so called from the fact that from its highest altitude could be seen that many provinces, which were pointed out by our guide. Here we had the best view of Fuji-sami and all the intervening country, the pride and sacred mountain of Japan, capped with snow and bearing a certain resemblance to Mt. Hermon in Palestine, the source of the Jordan. While we were enjoying the grandeur of the view spread out before us, our carriers were amusing themselves by lifting a good sized boulder just for exercise. We began the descent soon after, stopped at a wayside tea-house half way down or more, and alighted to walk around a gigantic camphor tree farther along. We reached Atami about 6 P. M. There was a long street running up grade through the village to the elevated plane upon which the hotel stood, with a long flight of steps leading up to the latter, and our indefatigable carriers went the entire distance on a run. The hotel was kept by a Japanese who attempted to imitate American and European methods. Atami is called the Amalfi of Japan, being sheltered from the north winds by the mountains over

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which we had just passed, and there are also medicinal springs charged largely with sulphur.

Being a place of resort for health-seekers the village is full of little inns, and all of these as well as most of the houses were filled to overflowing with 1,500 sick and wounded sodiers, who were in evidence everywhere and, being clad in the white garments of the Red Cross Society, looked at a moderate distance like so many ghosts. We were surprised at their stature, because most of them were men of medium size according to our standard of height, and our guide informed us they were picked men who had gone to the front at the beginning of hostilities. The Government pays for their board and lodging and also allows them about the equivalent of two cents per day for incidental expenses. Some of them were lame and occasionally an arm in a sling was seen, but many looked to be in good physical condition and as if they were ready for active service once more. We walked through the village and saw one of the sulphur springs go through its geyser-like performance, repeated every few hours. Instead of shooting vertically into the air it was deflected to an angle of about 45 degrees and struck a stone wall near by. As we stood there looking at it a youth of twelve years or more appeared in a state of nature unadorned and added to the bath-like effect of the scene.

A long magazine article, if not a book, could be written descriptive of the many modes of transportation in Japan, which would be a veritable paradise for a specialist seeking for new experiences and impressions in that line. We left Atami next morning in so-called man-trams or "jinriksha cars" for the village we had passed through a few days before, and which had suffered by the invasion of a tidal wave. The cars were about five feet long and four wide, the track being about two and one-half feet wide. Four men pushed behind each car going up grade, and jumped upon small end platforms to coast merrily down when pushing was not necessary. The road is about 18 miles long, and skirts along the coast with many sharp curves, which were particularly noticeable when going down

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steep grades at a good round pace with derailing possibilities close at hand. We made two or three stops at as many villages, and were almost three hours in transit. Each car would accommodate six Japanese or four Americans. It is owned by a stock company, and is said to pay good dividends. The experience was interesting, and at its termination we took an electric car a few miles to a small village where we entered a train and went to Shidzouka to stay over night, and went by rail next morning to Nagoya, famous as being the place where the cloissonee ware is manufactured.

Here we went through two of the factories and saw the product in all its stages, from the thin metallic shell to the finished work of art, and marveled at the primitive methods by which it is made. A workman on his knees was bent over one of the shells which was held on an iron bar, and cut short pieces of silver wire with plyers, after giving them the proper curves or angles. The wire was then dipped in gum and fastened to the shell, following the delicate and intricate patterns. The next workman was painting one of the shells, while an assistant, cloth in hand, wiped away the coloring matter from places where it was not needed. The next one was grinding pieces which had undergone three separate bakings, and we saw the little furnaces in operation. His grinding was done with a stone so coarse that we wondered it did not wear away the enamel and metal beneath. The next artist had a stone of finer grade, and a last one was rubbing on some red preparation with a cloth preparatory to polishing it. We also saw a man hammering a vase into shape over a crude kind of anvil. We went downstairs, had tea and confections, and purchased a few specimens of the beautiful ware.

There is a large Buddhist temple at Nagoya, built in honor of the sacred mountain Fuji-Yama and one of the finest as to carving we had seen. Adjoining it are quarters for the many pilgrims who journey there from afar for the purpose of performing devotional ceremonies. Eight hundred Russian prisoners of war are to occupy these shelters in the near future and we had hopes to see them, but

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were disappointed upon learning they had not yet arrived. We saw recruits being drilled in squads everywhere, and crowds watching every movement they made. We saw a crowd of people following a soldier who was carrying a box in his hand. Our guide informed us that it contained the "bone of Buddha" of an officer who had died at the front, and whose body was cremated. He said the Japanese cremate only the soft tissues and not the bones, and that this one, which is what we know as the thyroid bone, is the one always saved to be sent home and buried with great ceremony.

There is a royal palace at Nagoya with a huge keep of pyramidal form and of five stories in height, surmounted by two immense dolphins of solid gold, worth 180,000 yen each, or $90,000 of our money. They were sent to the Vienna Exposition and on the way back the vessel was wrecked which was bringing them, and one of them rested on the bottom of the Japan Sea fourteen months before it was recovered. We clambered five flights of stairs to the top story of this building, and had a commanding view of the city and the surrounding country. Near by was a large parade-ground with a squadron of cavalry going through evolutions to the call of a bugle. There was skirmish drill going on by squads of infantry, and everything savored of "grim-visaged war.' The province of which Nagoya is the metropolis is the second tea-growing one in Japan, and we saw it under cultivation clear up to the summits of the mountains. The infusion of this plant does not strongly commend itself to us by reason of being almost tasteless and colorless, a very wishy-washy liquid.

At the railway stations men enter the trains and offer to sell you a pot of boiling hot tea, and a cup and saucer for less than dishes out of the window as the easiest way of disposing of them.

I came to grief at this place by overbalancing my jinriksha man, whereupon he shot up into the air clinging to the cross piece at the ends of his shafts, while I obeyed the law of gravitation and stood on the ground on the back of my neck, seeing for an instant more constellations than

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modern astronomy is familiar with. There was a loud crash and the vehicle was out of commission at once and must be still undergoing repairs. It was merely a case of overbalancing at about the rate of two to one.

At the Nagoya Hotel, which is a fairly good one, two young girls who were studying English entered into conversation with us, and quite naturally we asked them if they had any male relatives in the war. The one who was the more proficient in the language replied that both of them had had brothers in the army, but that they were killed, and added, pointing to her companion, "and she cried because her brother was killed," whereupon both of them giggled joyously. The Japanese soldier goes into a battle hoping he may be killed and be entitled to have his name enrolled in the annals of fame. In instances when this hope meets its fruition the friends call upon the parents and other relatives of the patriot and congratulate them upon their good fortune. The law of the land is that an only son may enjoy immunity from military service without reproach, the inference being that he contributes to the support of his parents. We were told of a widow who lived here and who had a son who was her only support, but she committed suicide in order that he might become a soldier. The Spartans and stoics of the classics were mere neophytes compared with this old Japanese matron.

We took a moderately long journey of five and one-half hours from Nagoya to Otsu, passing through a long tunnel just before reaching the latter station, where we alighted and were whisked down a steep grade and through a long and tortuous street to the base of the mountain through which we had just passed. Here we entered a very primitive looking craft on a narrow canal fed by a large lake forty miles long, the source of water supply for the city. We sat upon chairs and almost immediately entered another tunnel two miles long and dark as the shores of the river Styx. A man stood in the stern and sculled us along at a good rate of speed but it took us eighteen minutes to emerge into daylight. We met several boats coming through laden with merchandise being propelled by men who pulled upon

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a large wire cable fastened to the wall on one side. They certainly had a difficult task to perform, as the current was swift and strong. The canal was engineered by a university student of twenty-four, the year before he took his degree. It is nine miles long, twenty feet wide, and seven feet deep. The animus of the canal building was to furnish Kioto with a water supply, that of transportation of travelers and produce being secondary. Incidentally, the thrifty Japanese may be safely trusted not to lose sight of any beacon light which will guide them to a source of increasing revenue. When we reached here the guide showed us a tunnel to the right by which the water rushed madly down a steep incline, while boats are drawn out upon a track and rejoin the canal several hundred yards below. We entered jinrikshas here, and after a run of about fifteen minutes landed in this (Kioto) very comfortable hotel, recommended by some of those same peripatetic Pittsburghers to whom we have alluded in a former communication.

Everything here is practically the reverse of what we see at home. Bulls draw the heaviest loads in city and country, their feet protected by pads of hay tied upon them. We saw four black bulls hitched tandem to an immense roller, each with a driver at the left side of his head, equipped with a goad. Stallions do most of the draying, and are always led by the driver, who never under any circumstances rides upon his vehicle, charged or empty. The man with the plane makes his cutting stroke toward himself, and also the one with the saw.

One's first impression as to the population is that about one-fourth of it is composed of infants, which are carried upon the backs of their fathers, mothers or other children. We have seen many carried by children three years of age, and the toddling infant taking its first steps frequently has a doll fastened to its back. It is a nation of burden-bearers and delvers in the soil. The observer cannot help being impressed with the belief that the early bearing of burdens is one of the chief factors toward the small stature of the

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race, as well as that of sitting with the limbs in cramped and unnatural positions.

The range of our dietary has widened not a little since leaving the home of the brave. We have had bird's nest pudding, supposed to be limited to China. It is the dried buccal secretion of a bird which employs it to give cohesion to the component parts of its dwelling, a form of nature's plaster, so to speak. The Mongolian palate yearns for it and his purse yawns for it, although the price be high. Its glutinous principle is said to differ not at all from the plain starch of commerce. We have consumed orange paste, and, better still, persimmon paste, artistically put up in pieces of split bamboo with a wooden knife with which to make transverse sections, and last evening we had for dinner stewed bamboo sprouts, which were quite pleasing to the gustatory nerves and looked not unlike asparagus.

What the "little brown man of Japan" would do without the bamboo would be a most abstruse and complicated problem, as it furnishes him with habitations and fences, vehicles, mats and food. And there is no danger of the supply giving out, as the jungles, groves and forests of it are seen on all sides. The Japanese say it is their only tree which attains its maximum height in one year, and without it and his temples would be lost. This reminds us that at Otsu we saw a temple dedicated to the rabbit, which the Japanese see in the moon instead of a beautiful maiden or a prosaic man. At that place we were shown the spot where the present Czar of Russia, then the Crown Prince, was savagely attacked by a policeman and slightly wounded. Two jinriksha men defended him, wrested the sword from the would-be assassin, and carried him to where his wounds were attended to. The Russian Government paid them a large annuity ever since until the beginning of the present war, when they asked that for patriotic reasons it should be discontinued, which it was.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

KIOTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1904.—When we came here several days ago and were crossing a bridge near our hotel, our

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guide pointed out a queer-looking structure in the river bed, composed principally of bamboo matting, and said it was the place in which are shown the wrestling matches for which Japan has been famous for centuries. We thought it would be very bad form to leave the land of the Mikado without seeing one of its principal exhibitions, so we then and there expressed a determination which blossomed into its fulfilment later on. Upon entering the building we found that some preliminary bouts were going on, which we contemplated with much interest as soon as we were seated. In the centre of the auditorium was a platform about three feet high and eighteen square, in the centre of which was a twelve foot ring about four inches high, the entire space being covered with sawdust. About the platform squatted on the ground were about twenty husky-looking young men, with no raiment except a tight girdle wound around the body several times, and a sort of loin prolongation attached to it.

In the ring two wrestlers were trying conclusions, and we had not been there more than a few minutes before discovering that if one succeeded in pushing the other outside the ring he was the winner, hence the first tactics are of the rushing kind, and it is only after these have proven a failure that the struggle for a favorable hold takes place. Such quickness and energy were displayed that ordinarily a match was decided in a minute or two, and sometimes in a very few seconds. So far as the ruling about falls is concerned, if a man's knee touches the ground he is considered as being vanquished. As soon as a man would be successful in either throwing his opponent or pushing him out of the ring, two or three others would rush forward and he would have to take on the first comer. If able to put out five in succession he was regarded as a sort of temporary champion, and could retire on his laurels for the time being. Several were able to do away with four in succession, by which time they had apparently reached the limit of their endurance and wind, and would meet their finish with a smile, for good humor was apparent throughout the entire entertainment. Our guide informed us that these were all

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third-class wrestlers, and that they would be followed by second-class ones shortly, the ex-champions coming last. The second artists did some very clever work, some of the matches being decided by a single fall and others by the best two in three.

Upon entering the ring each would raise one leg high in the air and bring the foot down with a bang, repeating the performance with the other leg. They then squatted at opposite sides of the ring, rubbed their hands together, waved them outward once, then got up and went to the second for a dash of water to rinse out the mouth, and for a pinch of salt which he dropped upon the sawdust upon entering the ring to propitiate the gods and insure success. The opponents would then face each other about four feet apart and stoop forward, resting the hands upon the sawdust, awaiting the signal from the referee, who was close at hand. When he would drop his sword, which had been poised in the air, they would spring toward each other and the contest begin.

After the second-class men had finished their matches the champion of this year and several ex-champions came out arrayed in gorgeous aprons of brocade and embroidery, also large rope-like cords tied behind like sashes, stepped upon the platform and bowed to all the points of the compass, this procedure being in honor of the originator and patron saint of the game. There were half a dozen or more contests among these men, some of whom were veritable giants in stature and build, several of them having paunches of Falstaffian proportions. The next last contest was between the present champion, who weighed three hundred and forty pounds, and a man who is the fifth best wrestler in Japan, and would be the champion were he not subject to muscular rheumatism. This does not affect his left arm, which is of extraordinary strength. He weighed just one hundred pounds less than the champion, and it was conceded there was no show for him. There were forty-eight tricks or features in Japanese wrestling until he invented another, which has been adopted. When these men clinched there was a breathless silence and for some

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time they were almost motionless while the huge muscles stood out upon them like thick ropes. The tension must have been enormous, and finally was succeeded by some masterly feints and efforts to lift and throw each other, all unsuccessful, but the last one was followed by a superhuman rush by the man with the rheumatism, and the big champion went out of the ring in an instant.

Then there were noisy demonstrations on the part of the audience, and the enthusiasm was without limit. The last match was between a giant of six feet five inches and a man of herculean frame but much shorter. They could not rush each other, but got their holds and stood like statues until the referee parted them to let them breathe, it being said that otherwise they would have hung on until they would die of exhaustion. After a few minutes of rest, with rinsing of mouths and throwing of salt for luck, the referee placed them carefully in the same positions they had left and they went at it again with a similar result, which ended the contest, and the decision was that of a draw, amidst more excitement and noise.

Another institution of this country is the geisha dance and banquet which precedes it, and few up-to-date travellers of either sex leave the country without seeing the former and at least sampling the latter, so we went as a matter of course, our guide accompanying us to afford the moral support of which we felt the need in visiting such a place. The geisha girls are professional entertainers. We were shown upstairs in a small building and invited to sit down on the floor near small stool-like tables, and without any loss of time in came a group of young girls with faces powdered and rouged and sat down beside us. Servants came in, bringing small bowls of soup, in which green beans and fish played a leading role. This was followed by a larger bowl of egg soup with eel, succeeded by a sweet omelet with boiled chestnuts and pieces of devil-fish. Then came raw fish, sliced and ornamented with thin strings of raw turnip. It was accompanied by a small saucer of soy, a fermented compound of beans, wheat, barley, salt and water, the raw fish to be dipped in it prior to mastication. Stewed seaweed

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was served with it, then came another instalment of fish, with the peel of a lime boiled in syrup, and boiled rice as an adjunct. The end was not yet, for along came pickled turnips with more soy and boiled turnip leaves for greens. We were beginning to hope the feast was ended when a sandwich of rice and raw fish was introduced with pickled ginger-root, and before we could get our breath rice biscuit, roasted with soy, was sprung upon us. Tea appeared early in the banquet, also sake (sak-ky) or rice brandy, a weak product of alcoholic fermentation, taken warm from small white porcelain cups. Last of all was a tasteful basket filled with artistic and really beautiful flowers and maple leaves of candy.

When we had recovered sufficiently from the ordeal to begin to notice, the geisha girls danced in pairs, the performance being supposed to be descriptive of favorite poems, flowers and of war. All were sufficiently dull and not the least poetic, though not lacking entirely in grace. Sake and cigarettes were in evidence, some of the poor creatures becoming hilarious, and we were glad enough to go when the proper time came. The girls ranged in age from thirteen to twenty. It was one of those things which one may be forgiven for having seen just once, and no more.

We have been to Nara, the ancient capital of Japan, and have seen the largest bronze statue of Bhudda on the island. Its temple was destroyed by fire about three hundred years ago and the original head partially melted, so that it had to be recast, without any improvement in its personal appearance. There is a large public park there with hundreds of deer which subsist largely upon the liberality of visitors, and are quite aggressive in their demands. A pond is filled with beautiful vari-colored fish with fine appetites, and an accommodating man is there with cold speculation in his eye, ready to sell you bread and cakes for their nourishment. An enormous bell weighing many tons is there made of bronze. It is not provided with a clapper like the average orthodox bell, but gives forth its deep and sonorous note upon being struck by the end of a huge beam which swings from a chain and requires a strong man to manage it. We

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saw there a tremendous pine tree 900 years old, with branches spread out close to the ground which looked to be 100 feet long, supported by strong wooden crutches to prevent them from touching the ground. We were shown another curiosity in the shape of seven different vines and trees growing from the hollow of a large stump, volunteers probably planted by the birds. We went to Osaka, with a population of 800,000 inhabitants, and visited the satsuma manufactory where the finest ware of this kind is made, and watched the process of evolution from the first stage to the last except the firing in the furnace. We saw exquisite pieces of the famous ware, some of them intended for royalty. When the Mikado orders a piece of satsuma it is made in duplicate with the expectation that should one prove defective the other might be perfect, and when both are up to the standard one is often sold to a purchaser who will take it out of the country.

Temples, Shinto or Buddhist, have come to be considered a drug in the market by us, but for all that there is a most interesting one here dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, a female with supernumerary hands to the extent of twenty or more, and heads, galore. The legend runs that, some centuries ago a member of the royal family was very ill and the skill of the doctors availed nothing. The malady was of a chronic nature, which allowed time for all sorts and kinds of remedies and ceremonies, but all in vain. Finally an original genius suggested that he should build a temple with one thousand life-size statues of the Goddess of Mercy in it, thus multiplying the single possibilities to that extent. Pleased with the originality of the idea, and hopeful of good results, it was carried out and the invalid recovered, perhaps because it gave him something to think of beside himself. Several of the statues were lying in the back part of the temple awaiting repairs of broken features and extremities.

We take a steamer to-morrow at Kobe for Nagasaki, where we will remain just as long as the steamer requires to put off and take on passengers and cargo, then leave the land where the water turns the wheel by running under

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instead of over it, where married women blacken their teeth with iron to render themselves less fascinating to other men than their husbands, generally regarded by outsiders as a quite needless precaution, where rice is trump and tea the long suit, and where the spirit of war is in the very air we breathe.

MANILA AND VICINITY.

MANILA, December 9, 1904.—We left Nagasaki December first after taking on something over one thousand tons of coal, and this place (Nagasaki) enjoys the reputation of being the fastest coaling station in the world. The coal barges came out as soon as we anchored, and the coolie men and women immediately began placing their stair-like scaffolds against the steamer's side. When all was ready there was no cessation of activity until the last half-bushel basket was emptied into the bunkers. It began its journey at the foot of the gangway, where it was received by a coolie, who tossed it quickly to another further up and at the opposite end of the stairway, and thus it would describe a series of zigzags with lightning-like rapidity until it would reach the top, and be emptied into the gulf below. Standing above and looking down over the rail reminded one of the water-wheels of Egypt and Nubia, with their vessels of pottery bound to them, the measures of coal coming up fully as rapidly as the water-laden ones on the wheels. There were almost as many women in the working force as men, and they appeared to hold their own with ease if not with grace. They receive but little more than half the compensation of the men, showing how even-handed justice flourishes in Japan. We timed one young woman who was at the top of the gangway and who emptied forty-six baskets of coal in a bunker in one minute, each time tossing the empty one below to a certain spot on the barge to be refilled. Children distributed the empty baskets among the fillers, and there was no rest for the coal from the time the shovel threw it into the basket until it landed in its destination.

The work began at three in the afternoon and ended about

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ten, making the average per hour considerably over one hundred tons.

At the top of a large hill at Nagasaki is a temple which has before it what is truly said to be the best bronze horse in Japan of life size. This is a very safe proposition inasmuch as it is the only one, made long ago, when the artist had never seen a horse and made it upon heresay, so to speak. The head has the appearance of having been fashioned upon geometrical principles rather than natural lines, and the tout en semble of the unfortunate beast is bizarre if not unique. And we had to part with our faithful and efficient guide at Koke, to our great regret. His name comes first on the official list of guides in Murray's Handbook of Japan, and is T. K. Ito, of Yokohama, and no one will make a mistake if fortunate enough to secure his services.

When we approached our anchorage in Manila Bay the other morning, a citizen of this place was standing by us at the rail on the side toward Cavite, the naval station, and pointed out things of interest. "Do you see that red and white streak on the water to the left of Cavite? That is the place where during the battle of Manila Bay, the Maria Theresa and another warship of the Spanish fleet were sunk. The torpedo boats were around that point to the left. The Government is going to build a recuperating station on the top of that highest mountain with an electric line running up to it. Manila lies on the other side of the bay," etc.

On the way to the dock in a launch we saw several Filipino dugouts with natives in them using paddles shaped like shovels and about the same size, with a crutch-like piece of wood across the end of the handle. We saw huge nets on fishing craft which at a distance looked as if they were raised and lowered by machinery, and entered the Pasig River among all kind of shipping, large and small, native and foreign. In Manila we were much impressed with the old Spanish architecture of the buildings, many of which were old when Columbus took his famous and fruitful cruise to the west, seeking for India by a new

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route. While strolling toward the post-office, the Mecca of new arrivals, some friends who were with us met a resident acquaintance who took us to his place of business near by, while he procured conveyances for us.

Manila is built upon both sides of the Pasig River, which has numerous lateral channels connecting with it at right angles into which all drainage takes place. It is believed that somewhere there is an old Spanish sewerage system, but the records do not indicate where it is and no search has ever revealed it. Night soil is gathered in keg-like wooden vessels, taken on barges out to sea and dumped. We saw several barges returning with the empty kegs from such an expedition. The importance of such disposition is great inasmuch as Manila has a population of 365,000 people. In the halcyon days of Spanish occupation and administration all kinds of objectionable matter found its way into the streets and alleys, and we can easily credit the legend that the odor of decomposing matter left much to be desired. Under improved sanitary regulations the city has acquired the reputation of being quite healthful. Malaria and typhoid fever are comparatively rare, and the only endemic seems to be dysentery with a well defined tendency to a following anaemic condition.

The Manila water supply is from the Maraquina river, which arises in the mountains fourteen miles from here. It empties into a reservoir about two or three miles out of the city, and is conveyed here in iron pipes laid in the Spanish regime. In accordance with the Spanish method of doing things the easiest way they are above ground the entire distance and are supported upon arched masonry over the low places. The water is said to be of excellent quality as to purity and the rates are very high, and owing to the method of transmission between source and destination it is also warm.

The street scenes are most interesting. The population is vari-colored, with the yellow shades of the Malay race predominating. Physically speaking there is not much to be said in their praise. Men and women are undersized according to the Caucasian standard, and of slender propor-

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tions. There are more of them under five feet five than over it. All are fond of bright-colored raiment, and it seems strange enough to see almost as many women as men smoking, and many of them puffing away at overgrown cigars something less than a foot long. Infants and small children are carried on the hip of the fond mother, relative or nurse, never on the back as in Japan, nor astride the shoulder as in Egypt.

The Jehu is always a Filipino and his vehicle generally one with two wheels. He will not follow you persistently as in some countries, but you must follow him, especially the American, whom he regards with an honest and genuine hatred. In fact, you must capture and bully him into taking you on board his craft. When unengaged, a tin disk is fastened to his dashboard, and then the detested American has but to step out into the street, seize the horse or mule by the bridle, seat himself in the vehicle and tell the driver where to go. In this he will always have the moral support of the police. The charge is forty cents silver (or Mexican) or twenty cents gold per hour. It is not necessary to ask him the price, only to consult one's watch and hand him the equivalent of the time consumed. There is another kind of vehicle which will accommodate four passengers, two-wheeled like the other, and the charge is about the same per capita.

Along the shore of the bay is an area or park containing what is known as the Lunetta, or little moon. In the center is a wide drive of elliptic shape about half a mile long. Every afternoon from about five to seven o'clock this is the rendevous for driving, and all handsome turnouts make their appearance and move slowly around the track. The grounds are lighted by electricity, a band, sometimes American and at others Filipino, discourses sweet harmony, and the scene is a brilliant one. Occasionally an automobile goes slowly past. Friends and acquaintances meet and exchange civilities, tender words and glances pass between those whom Cupid has in tow, and the entire scene reminds one of the Pincian Hill at Rome at the same time of day. The native horse is a miniature quadruped, but possessed of

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most astounding endurance and power, and it is well for it that it is so. It varies in weight from five hundred to six hundred and fifty pounds, but many times we have seen one of these playthings pull a two-wheeled top conveyance with eight grown people and such impedimenta as they might chance to have at the time. And they must move along at a good gait also, otherwise the ever-ready whip descends wrathfully upon their thin flanks, and there is Malay profanity in the air in addition. Australian horses are brought here and are about intermediate in size between the ponies just alluded to and the average American horse.

Another patient drudge is the "caraboa" or water buffalo, the same as seen in Egypt, Turkey, the Hawaiian Islands and Japan. It is not, strictly speaking, a thing of beauty with its clumsy body and wide-spreading, out-sweeping and backward-turning horns. But the loads it pulls are simply colossal and the cheerful serenity with which it endures its driver on its back in addition is admirable. It has the eccentricity of going crazy at times when overheated, and then load, driver and passerby come to grief, for it cannot be restrained or stopped in its mad career until it reaches some pond or swamp into which it plunges and remains until sufficiently cooled off, when it can be led back to work just as if nothing had occurred "to mar the even tenor of its way."

The morning we came here an attempt at escape was made by two hundred prisoners at the Bilibid prison. Knowledge of the plot was communicated some time ago, and the keepers warned them that any demonstration toward carrying it into execution would meet with bad results. Notwithstanding this it all came to pass, a guard was overpowered and a rush to the blacksmith shop was made, where hammers and pieces of iron were secured. The mass was fired into by a gatling gun from a tower, and forty of the convicts were killed or died in a short time and many more were wounded. The citizens say facetiously that now there are just 40 more good Filipinos in the city than there were prior to the attempt. An American artist presided at the gatling gun. A citizen was telling yesterday of a soldier who was

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standing guard being attacked by three natives who slashed him badly with their sabers. He soon became unconscious from loss of blood, but not until he had sent to their everlasting rest two of them with his repeating rifle. He afterward recovered from his injuries.

Horse racing and cock fighting are very popular recreations here. We have seen the race-course, but not any races, and many natives carrying one or more fighting-cocks under each arm ready for negotiations. Betting and gambling are among the Filipino vices, and both flourish upon all occasions.

There is at the Cathedral a wooden statue of that particular virgin who is at the same time the patron saint of prosperity and of voyagers. She was carved in Mexico a few centuries ago, and being migratory in her habits found her way to one of the neighboring islands, from whence she was brought here recently. It is stated by the credulous that when she travels by sea not only does the vessel enjoy immunity from storms and other contingencies dreaded by the sailor, but also from pirates. Yesterday was a festa day in her honor, and the space in front of the Cathedral was crowded with booths and tables for the sale of eatables, also by many of the faithful who had journeyed from afar for the occasion. She is said to believe in good living and that the priests tell their people to buy outside good things to eat and bring them in for consumption. We entered the Cathedral by a lateral passage which had at one side a place for the convenience of the public, with a strong suggestion of ammonia. Within we saw large and lofty wooden columns painted in imitation of marble and very badly done, high grained arches and an altar upon which was the famous statue, about four feet high. A procession of the faithful was ascending a stairway behind the altar to kiss the hem of the back part of her robe. She is a thrifty virgin for she has had the most magnificent and costly jewels given her, to say nothing of the coin of the realm in which she happens to be, and a wealthy citizen day before yesterday presented her with a gold sword set with precious stones. Incidentally she brings prosperity to

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those about her, for it is asserted that the priesthood here is ahead about $100,000 during her present stay. She is accomplished more than wooden virgins usually are, for she can express disapprobation of contemplated plans by shaking her head. There was to have been a great procession in her honor yesterday, but it rained about the time it was to begin forming, and the credulous say that she actually did veto the whole thing by lateral movements of her head, and many were disappointed thereat. It is reported that in the near future she will return to Mexico, the land of her nativity.

When we went ashore the first time we saw splashes of blood on the streets, and looked about for signs indicative of dental offices. We were mere green-horns then, for now we know that the chewers of the betel nut had only expectorated there. They chew it with a small quantity of lime and the leaf of a plant, some say of the betel tree, and they can be easily recognized by the bright red color of teeth and lips. We saw the nuts on sale in the market yesterday and examined them. They are oval in shape and covered with a fibrous and tough pericarp, which is difficult to tear off. They are very like the nutmeg in appearance and size. There are fifteen varieties of the banana here, the smallest about three inches long like those of the Azores and Madeiras. The largest are fifteen inches long and are cooked for use. There is a fruit called the chico which resembles a full grown unripe walnut in shape, size and color. It is to be peeled like an apple and the substance is semi-solid with a taste like maple sugar. The mango grows here and cocoanuts are seen everywhere. The natives build their huts of bamboo on vertical posts a few feet above the ground and thatch them with palm leaves or coarse grass. They have the reputation of being persistent thieves and accomplished liars. A business man told us he has 60 in his employ, and is obliged to hold court every few days over infractions of the rules, he being both judge and jury. When found guilty he gives them the choice between a fine of so many dollars or receiving a specified number of lashes over the bare back. Without any exception, they lie down on their

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stomachs and take their medicine with philosophical cheerfulness. He says it is the only way to manage them.

Here, as in Spain and its colonies, the dead are charged an annual rental for their narrow quarters, which are generally long pigeon-holes in walls. When the compensation is no longer forthcoming the bones are thrown into a common receptacle, where all may see them who wish. This custom obtains however in other land, and Shakespeare may have had such an emergency in mind when composing the famous epitaph which is a curious and quaint combination of prayer and threat.

There is a municipal law here, by which a citizen of legal age must expend one dollar each year for a stamped document which shows he has been born and named, and lives here. It is one of the essentials to good citizenship, as without it he can not vote upon any issue and his testimony is not available in the courts. Also in the event of getting into trouble and needing legal aid the absence of the important paper militates heavily against him and is a complication in his case. This brings a large annual revenue into the city coffers.

Much of the old Spanish wall which once encircled the city in its younger and smaller days still remains, and the Government is considering the advisability of removing a portion of it in view of modern needs. It is also deepening the harbor by means of an enormous dredge which takes up the mud from the bottom and sends it through long tubes to the water's edge at a place where new docks are to be constructed upon the newly made land.

The U. S. battleships Oregon and Wisconsin are anchored a quarter of a mile from here, the former being perhaps the most famous fighting machine in our navy by reason of its splendid long voyage in our late war and its active part subsequently taken. A former townsman, Admiral Folger, is in command here. Many years ago he lived in Pittsburg some time as inspector of the manufacture of heavy ordnance.

CANTON, China, December 14, 1904.—We came here by river from Hong Kong, leaving there last evening by one of

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the Chinese line of steamers and taking dinner on board soon after. The journey was uneventful and we saw but little scenery on the way by reason of the late hour of starting. When we awoke this morning we were anchored in the river near sailing and rowing craft of all descriptions. Our guide, counsellor and friend came on board soon after breakfast, a native of this city, and we were pleased to see how well he could speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. We heard all sorts of stories before coming here of the danger in so doing, calculated to make the timidly disposed hesitate about making the journey, but not being of that kind we came and have been much entertained in seeing this typical and ancient Chinese and Tartar city. We were told the mildest and least aggressive form of treatment we were likely to receive would consist in being rudely jostled, spat upon or struck with small projectiles intended to annoy rather than injure, but that we must not pay any attention to anything of the kind nor resent it even by an awful look. Our friend Major Hutchinson says he has been subjected to some of these indignities, and does not enjoy the prospect of facing them again. An Englishman tells a dismal tale of treatment which he and his wife received here long ago in the "five-story pagoda" where tourists are wont to take their lunch when sight-seeing. A Chinaman jostled him and his wife and began to take down the hair of the latter, when he thought it time to put in a vigorous protest and did so, only to receive a fierce blow in the mouth which floored him. The guide intervened and they finally got away without further damage, the Englishman hoping and praying that a kind and just Providence would send the pugilistic Mongolian down to Hong Kong some day where he lived, and that he might see him first.

"All things come to him who waits," and in the goodness of time Providence, no doubt considering the prayer a reasonable one under the circumstances, allowed the man to go down to Hong Kong. The Englishman met him on the street and gave him a terrific mauling with compound interest added for the intervening time. The termination of the mild rebuke consisted in seizing him by the ears when

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astride of him and beating the back of his head upon the stone pavement until some Sikh police pulled him off. We ate our lunch in the "top side" (highest story) of the same pagoda to-day, and never have been more kindly treated than we were there, and in fact during our entire sight-seeing. It recalled to memory the time when one of us was fording the Ouash River in Abyssinia just about a year ago, a stream said to be swarming with crocodiles, and we were warned to be ready to defend ourselves at any moment while in transit. We never even saw the swish of a tail of the ugly saurian, and not only felt that our precautions had been wasted, but that we had been in a manner deprived of an experience to which we were rightfully entitled.

An English missionary who has been living here 15 years, says he is in the habit of going over Canton at all hours of the day and night, and in so doing feels just a little safer than he would in either New York or Chicago. Once upon a time two jacky boys were crossing a bridge here when filled with hilarity and wine and thought it would be an excellent joke to toss a native into the water, which they proceeded to do without argument or loss of time. Unfortunately for all concerned, the man went in head first, his head sticking in the mud at the bottom of the canal, and in that uncomfortable position he died. This mishap subjected the jacky boys to a good deal of subsequent inconvenience, but they both got off alive and will select deeper water in the future, we trust, when in playful mood.

This city is said and believed to have 2,500,000 people in the proper limits on the land, 500,000 living in boats on the river, and another 1,000,000 in the suburbs. The popular method for going about Canton by tourists is being carried in chairs swung between poles which rest on the shoulders of coolies, and my troubles (and theirs) began very soon after starting out. Each of our party had only two carriers and mine discovered at an early stage of the journey that I was too large a contract, and set me down without ceremony. I was the last one in the procession, and not proposing to be left alone arose from my chair and followed on foot, know-

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ing my coolies would soon catch up with me. They did so in a short time accompanied by two more, after which there was no more lagging back.

The streets of Canton would be called very narrow alleys in our country, and vary from about six to eight feet in width. As they all swarm with humanity, passing through them is often a matter of difficulty and delay. All are dark by reason of their narrowness, the projecting eaves of opposite buildings almost touching each other, and the fact that what intervening space there may be is covered with a structure of bamboo or timber, so that the sun's rays are considerably handicapped in lighting the streets. All are uniform in one respect, that of being uncompromisingly dirty. Like most or all oriental cities the fronts of the stores and shops, or at least the majority of them, are open to the street, and in each of them is a little shrine with an incense taper or two burning all the time. If you contribute a taper or fractional coin to the shrine the proprietor is more than pleased, Buddha doing a cash business here just as he does in Japan.

We went to the temple of the five hundred genii, dedicated to Buddha of course, and were shown about by two young priests, who demanded and received something for Buddha when we came away. We met there Prince Adid Hassan of Cairo, whom we first met at Honolulu. He informed us he had chartered a steamer and hired soldiers to come with him for fear of the pirates which here abound. He had not seen anything of them up to that time. And speaking of the river pirates, preparations for repelling them are seen everywhere. The big junks have a few ancient-looking cannon of the muzzle-loading kind on their decks ready for trouble. Tugs and smaller craft have heavy wire nettings along the sides, some of them with loopholes for firing through. There is a large man-of-war junk near here, fairly bristling with guns, which look as if they might have been made by Tubal Cain or some of his immediate descendants. And the craft of all kinds, large and small, good and bad, old and new, could never be counted. We have been ferried about in a small houseboat, manned by a native

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and his wife, the latter doing the steering with a large sweep which looked as if it might have belonged originally to some huge galley and is out of all proportion to the size of the boat. It has a cover over the center with bench-like seats at the side. Our guide tells us they sleep in there at night after putting up some protection against the much-dreaded pirates, and showed us their kitchen in the stern not larger than four by five feet at the very outside. It is quite a common thing to see women steering sampans with babies tied to their backs and often slumbering peacefully, but never crying. Some of the small children have wooden floats fastened to them constantly so that in the event of falling overboard, they need not be lost to the yellow race.

In addition to the river dwellers a large population live in huts built upon piles driven into the river bottom, about six feet above the surface of the water. They are fluvatile squatters so to speak, and as the area which they occupy is not in the way of the shipping interests they are undisturbed and consequently happy. They evidently propagate with great rapidity, for these huts, like the sampans and streets, are fairly swarming with children, and the occasionally noticed industry of their mothers leads the observer to shrewdly guess that they are swarming with other things too numerous to mention.

And speaking of pirates, their vocation is accompanied by other risks and contingencies than those presented by ancient guns and other paraphernalia of strife or defence. They are often captured in flagrante delicto, red-handed as the saying is, and then their troubles while serious are apt to be brief, being taken to the execution ground and summarily dealt with by a man equipped with an instrument which is a cross between a cleaver and a sword. These executions are public and take place near a pottery. Often a large number are disposed of at a time. Our guide saw twenty-four decapitated in fifteen minutes, and another witnessed the execution of fifty, when the executioner found it necessary to sharpen his instrument before transacting any further business. He saw a man chopped into fifty

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pieces for striking his father, and said that charging extortionate rates of interest is among the many capital crimes. In the majority of cases one stroke carries out the sentence, but it is said a form of execution is practised at times when the first on the list is purposely killed in a bungling manner in order to induce the relatives or friends of the criminals to offer pecuniary consideration for having them despatched in a more merciful way.

It is told as an actual fact that occasionally a wealthy criminal hires some one for an ample consideration to suffer the extreme penalty in his stead, and that justice is satisfied the same as if the original sinner were there. We went into the largest prison and saw many malefactors awaiting their trials or the execution of their sentences. It being the Emperor's birthday they were allowed to walk in the prison yard as well as their shackles would permit. They wanted contributions for cigarettes and received them. There an official made a very unusual offer to a man having in charge a party of tourists, viz.: to have a criminal beheaded upon the payment of a pound sterling. It seemed such a horrible proposition that the pound was not forthcoming and the unfortunate had the full benefit of the Emperor's birthday at least.

From the "five-story pagoda" where we had lunch and a very extensive and comprehensive view of the city, the old Tartar wall, the fortifications and the extensive area utilized as a cemetery, we went to the city of the dead, where we saw in the buildings more sunshine, cleanliness, and cheerfulness than we had seen anywhere since coming here. In the buildings are rooms in which the remains of wealthy celestials are kept in huge, unwieldy coffins for a specified price per month, showing that death here, as in some other countries, is an expensive luxury.

One of the many sights of Canton is the temple dedicated to the God of Punishment, and the approach to it on both sides is lined with long shed-like buildings in which are shown his methods of punishment of the guilty. In one a man is being cut into two vertical sections by a saw; another is being changed into a cow; a third is being grounded and

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pounded to powder with a pestle, and so on. Before these buildings professional fortune tellers were plying their craft, or were at least ready to do so.

We visited the principal school, and saw the sons of the gentry enjoying life much as our youngsters do at home during a short cessation of their studies. And near by were two thousand small structures of stone and mortar, in which as many students preparing for examination in the higher branches came to live and study. Each domicile is about eight by six feet in size and six feet high, open to the elements in front and silent and tenantless at this time.

The surface indications point to the fact that a very large percentage of the population are of the indigent and needful class. Mendicants of all types abound, the lame and the blind, and the leper, most unfortunate of all. We saw a few to-day mingling freely with the crowd and asking for alms. Many of the little children in the streets are most importunate in their demands.

Nothing of an edible nature is waisted here. The heads of fish and heads and feet of poultry are saved and sold the same as anything else.

Our San Francisco friends were with us, bearers of a letter written by an American citizen of San Francisco who was born here, to a Chinaman here who was born in San Francisco, and who is a wealthy tea-merchant. We called at his store and were conducted through it to a large room behind, where our host shook hands with us cordially, read the letter and then entered into conversation with us. He had no children, but his brother was present with a few of His, which he seemed to think was almost as meritorious as having some of his own.

We had imagined before coming here that as jade is native to China it is consequently cheap, wherein we were quite wrong, as usual. There are many grades and colors of jade, with ranges in price, but the imperial jade, which is the kind which one aspires to take away, is weighed as carefully as diamonds or rubies and costs a fabulous price. Our guide cautioned us frequently against showing money anywhere.

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We have seen crowded streets in other parts of the globe, but never anything to compare with what we found here, where we are always in a jostling crowd. We recognized the wisdom of being carried about all day by coolies. Not any of the streets were more than six or eight feet wide. At intervals half-barrels are placed with a little straw in them for the convenience of the men, and we frequently met these being carried swiftly through the streets swung under poles en route for the emptying place. The stench every where was aggressive, and the ladies of our party carried small pieces of camphor gum to be sniffed at surreptitiously at short intervals.

We went into shops where we saw and purchased superbly embroidered linen and other fabrics, also many which were antiques.

There is a wonderful clock here six centuries old, and one of the most interesting things we have seen. It is in a second-story back room of an old building, much in need of repairs, and its mainspring is of water instead of metal. The mechanism is most simple, and consists of a series of bronze vessels arranged like a short flight of stairs and communicating with each other. A stream of water fills the top one which overflows into the next below, and so on down the line. In the lowest is a vertical bar with measurements upon it, and when the water reaches a certain point a man places outside on the roof a small board with Mongolian characters upon it indicating the hour, replacing the one put there the preceding hour. Thus the public can always tell the hour, but must guess at the number of minutes after it. We were duly impressed at one of the temples in seeing a life size wooden statue of that great traveler of some centuries ago, Marco Polo, posing more or less gracefully as one of the saints of the Buddhist calender.

AROUND SINGAPORE.

SINGAPORE, December 29, 1904.—This city and island present a most attractive appearance from the deck of an approaching steamer, the fresh green of an exuberant tropical

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vegetation making an effective background as well as a frame for the picture. When we anchored a little way out to wait for a friendly tide to help us to the dock, Malays came out in dugout canoes to dive into the depths for any such coins as we might toss overboard. Their crafts are very low in the gunwales, and water enters them quite readily, to be kicked out again when abundant enough to be troublesome, or to impede or jeopardize navigation. This is done in an adroit manner and does not interfere with the paddling in the least. They transacted a good deal of business and did not scorn copper coins as do the divers in many other places. Before coming here we heard of a boy who was attacked by a shark when diving for coins and left one of his legs behind as a souvenir. Upon recovering from his injury he cheerfully returned to his old vocation and seemed as efficient a bread-winner as he was before the misfortune befell him. We invoiced the limbs of all these divers while looking for the one-legged one, but it was in vain, as he did not appear upon the scene. Just before we touched the dock a good-sized water-snake appeared among the swimmers, but they did not pay the slightest attention to it.

After raising our anchor and on the way in we passed close to a large Malay village built upon piles driven down in the mud under the water, and there were hundreds of them. They are not neat nor attractive looking and their entomological possibilities must be fabulous.

From the docks to the European part of the city is a good two or three miles, and we came here in a funny little omnibus drawn by a funnier and smaller Malay pony not much larger than a Shetland. The proportion as to size would be about as an ordinary American horse hitched to a large Nork or London omnibus, but we reached here all the same.

The jinriksha is very much in evidence here, and the motive power is always a Chinaman. Most of the vehicles are wide enough to accommodate two Malays or representatives of other small races, or about one average American and a half. They are in two classes, and blazonry effects

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and floral decorations are painted with liberal hands upon their backs and sides. The charges are not exorbitant, being twenty cents of our money per hour by day and half that amount at night. Carriage hire is also quite reasonable, but newcomers most always prefer the jinrikshas, called rikshas for short. There are many fine English turnouts here, and occasionally an automobile comes whizzing along. Some of the swellest equipages are owned by the wealthy Chinese, with which the city abounds, frequently with English or European drivers, very seldom with coachmen of their own nationality. The Indian ox or zebu, decorated with a hump on the shoulders more or less large, is a potent factor in the day's doings when any heavy pulling is to be done, and he works either singly or yoked with a mate. He is an undersized animal as compared with the average American ox, but he gets along with very heavy loads for all that. Mules and donkeys seem to be comparatively unknown here, also camels. There are elephants on the mainland or Malay Peninsula, domesticated and very efficient burden bearers and workers. A short journey takes one to Johore, which has its own system of coinage and postage, and is ruled by a Sultan. One crosses from this island by boat to the adjoining Malay mainland and then has a short journey by rail to reach his destination. The Sultan is absent from his dominions at this time, a fact much regretted by a young German attorney who is with us. He called upon the German consul here, and was told that if the Sultan were at home now he could easily obtain for him an invitation to a tiger hunt. He added that hunting of that kind near Johore is very fine indeed. The books state that occasionally a tiger swims over to this island from the mainland, but its visit is apt to be characterized by its brevity.

Singapore, like Washington, D. C., is a city of magnificent distances. The popular ride or drive is out to the botanical gardens, a good three miles at the very least, but the drive is a most beautiful one over a sort of boulevard all the way. Carriages which are hired and jinrikshas are not allowed to enter the grounds, but must wait respectfully at

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the entrance. There the typical vegetation of the tropics is seen in all its lavish splendor. We have been there twice and will go again after our return from Java. All the trees and plants are labeled with their botanical and current names as well as their geographical derivations. We saw there some of our commonest garden flowers cultivated with the greatest care as choice exotics and supplied with their Latin names.

It has a conservatory in which many wonderful orchids are a great attraction. There is a zoological department, still in its swaddling clothes to judge from its extent. In it are specimens of the fauna of the Malay states and the adjoining countries. An orangoutang from the neighboring island of Borneo is there, and is a gent of social proclivities, inasmuch as he does not object to shaking hands with visitors and makes no attempt toward biting the hands of his acquaintance, old or newly made. We asked the attendant to make him stand up in order to judge as to his dimensions. The order was misunderstood, the door unlocked and opened and the animal walked out, a free man for the time being at least, to our great surprise and no small embarrassment. This morning, when making an early visit, we found him outside taking his ease upon the grass and he shook hands with a very good nature, but with an expression of countenance which indicated that he was a little bored. We could not repress a feeling of disappointment at the small size of this specimen. When first seen by us he was bunched up in a mass on the stone floor of his habitation, with a good sized monkey sitting on top of his head. We had heard of the great size of the man-ape and had seen a few large stuffed specimens in museums, so that when this one stood up and we saw he was less than four feet high we hoped it was a young one, but were assured it was a mature specimen.

Being less than one degree above the equator, we find it sufficiently warm here, and most especially in the middle of the day, at which time those who are not obliged to be out or to transact business take a siesta of two or three hours. Toward evening the first vehicles begin to appear,

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and there is a stream of them going and returning from botanical garden way, that being the popular drive, and rikshas and other hired vehicles are seen in great numbers also, recalling the evening drives at Manila.

An observer does not ramble about Singapore very long before being impressed with the fact that this supposed-to-be Malay city is really a Chinese one, with much in it to remind him of Hongkong and Canton, even to seeing rats for sale, fresh and dried. Whole streets are occupied by them, a few with all the buildings of a hideous blue color, and they have their aristocratic precincts as well as slums. And here as in many other places he notices that the Celestials hold the high and responsible offices in affairs mercantile, financial, and commercial. They swarm in the banks, where they are the receiving and disbursing agents as well as pretty much everything else. Having occasion to go to a prominent banking house to-day, I had ample time in which to go over the personnel of its office force and found the Mongolians were more numerous than all other nationalities combined. The banking methods here are leisurely to say the least, and it requires an hour to obtain money with a letter of credit. You are told to go upstairs where a polite gentleman asks you to be seated at his desk right in among the working force, when he calls two or three clerks, tells each of them something, and then apparently forgets all about you. But in half or three-quarters of an hour you discover you are not forgotten, to your great relief, and after much more time you are requested to sign the duplicate drafts, after which you are conducted downstairs where you stand at a counter about twenty minutes more watching a Chinaman deftly handling large quantities of currency until your business comes to the front again and you actually receive your money. The American Consul-General at Hong Kong facetiously told me that when he wants funds for a certain time he always makes his application the day before.

There are several markets here, and they bear a striking resemblance to those of Manila in their vegetables, fruits, fish and meats. There are two fruits here which should

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make their habitat famous. One is the mangosteen, with a spherical body, thick, tough, and dark purple rind, and delicate white interior, which causes the fortunate consumer to regret that there is a limitation to his storage capacity down in the hold. It is sweet, with a refreshing suggestion of acid, and his gustatory nerves will keep on looking for more long after they have become only a memory. It is somewhat of an anomaly among fruits in one way, if the assertion be true that a chemical analysis of it reveals the fact that it contains no sugar. Another fine fruit is the same as grows in the Philippines, with the shape of a well-proportioned average potato, the skin of a rusty-coat apple, and a substance to cause one to aspire to greater girth about his equator with the implied greater potentiality in the way of storage. The flavor is that of maple sugar and honey combined, and one is apt to lose account of time and number when eating them.

The street scenes of Singapore recall those of Cairo with its "madding crowd." The wide veranda of our hotel, like that of the world-famed Shepheard's at the "City of the Caliphs," is close to the street, and from it one can be well entertained in watching the passers-by. Beggars are not lacking by any manner of means. One healthy young fellow holds in a conspicuous position one of his hands apparently badly drawn out of shape, while with the other he manipulates his stomach in a manner to indicate that there is a dreadful void there if not an aching one. After making a thorough canvas he goes across the street in the shade and his pseudo-crippled hand instantly becomes as well formed as its mate. He is a most clever rouge. A young Malay woman with a naked infant astride her hip and a brass rivet in her nose plies her mendicant trade quite strenuously and with a moderate degree of success. A magician comes along who causes a mango tree to grow from an empty flower pot, and who pulls enough miscellaneous articles from his mouth to cover a bargain counter in a department store. We have seen a Roman church here, also a Presbyterian and a Hindoo temple. The Christian, the man who swears by the beard of the Prophet, the

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Buddhist and the follower of the doctrines of Confucius are all here and our cousins from over the water rule them all.

JAVA AND THE JAVANESE.

BATAVIA, JAVA, December 28, 1904.—We left Singapore for this place early Christmas (Sunday) morning by the Dutch mail steamship *Rochussen,* crossing the equator at two o'clock in the afternoon, the captain kindly informing us of time and place. He is an honest Dutchman, a native of Rotterdam, and has worked his way up from cabin-boy. He treated us with the greatest consideration, said we might pick out the best rooms in the house, and then proceeded to select them for us, gave us concerts with his graphophone, and was chock full of agreeable stunts generally.

On the way we stopped at Billeton Island a few hours to take on several tons of tin, which is mined there, a stock company owning the small island and a number of adjoining ones. Geographically, it is about midway between Singapore Island and Java from east to west and approximately half way between Borneo and Sumatra from north to south. A number of natives came out in small sailing craft, and the additional cargo came in two fairly sized schooners, all being provided with sails of matting. Some of the natives were fine specimens of muscular development, and their attire was specially adapted to show them off to the best advantage. One dark-skinned Sampson, with a face free from guile, dived into the depths many times for coins which were tossed over the rail, and he got them all. To be accurate, he jumped into the water, and the captain explained it was because he had injured his head by too frequent diving on former occasions. A citizen of this place who was among the spectators replied in answer to a question that the water was full of sharks, but that the natives did not fear them in the least. He added that crocodiles swarmed on all the islands in sight, many of them of great size.

It was very like a coasting cruise to come down here from the Malay Peninsula and the Straits Settlements, in-

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asmuch as the Island of Sumatra was in plain view on the starboard side of us a large portion of the journey, and after passing it there were numerous islands in sight most of the time. There were many coral reefs to be avoided and the captain gave us to understand that the average mariner of commerce was disposed to be more or less shy about cruising in those waters.

Just before entering the harbor of Batavia we passed close by the German warship Hertha, having on board the German Prince Adelbert, third son of the versatile and many sided William II. She was coaling at the time, and if on board the young scion of royalty was showing excellent judgment in staying below. And here one might properly speak of that strange grammatical paradox by which a man-of-war must have a feminine pronoun affixed to it, him, or her as the case might be.

Upon stepping ashore we passed into the custom-house close at hand and were asked if our baggage contained cigars or firearms. We truthfully replied in the negative, but a Russian fellow passenger was obliged by his honesty to admit that he had a revolver in his suit case and was obliged to hunt for and produce it. It was taken away from him, but he was informed it would be returned to him later. He told me confidently afterward that he thought he had saved a large number of fine cigars by so doing. He was a giant in stature and good nature, and his mission a mysterious one, supposed to be that of negotiating for supplies for the Baltic fleet. He took a great fancy to a Dutch baby boy on board about a year old and just beginning to walk, clad only in a clout, and the most sensibly attired person on the ship. To see this colossus at meal time holding the youngster on his knee and stuffing him with everything he wanted, which was everything on the table, was a sight to awaken solicitude in the mind of the fond mother as to results.

A short journey of twenty minutes by rail parallel with a tropical river will take you from the docks to the old or lower city of Batavia, where you must call on your Consul as a matter of proper form and register

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your name and post office address. The Consul seemed glad to see us and remarked that Americans coming around that way were few and far between. He sent a servant with us to the town hall, where we were to register again and make the acquaintance of the police, for which a fee of one and a half guilders (equivalent to 60 cents good and lawful money of the U. S.) per capita is charged and received. This being properly done, we took a long drive to our hotel, pleasantly situated in the modern and resident portion of the town.

The Hotel des Indes, said to be the best in town, occupies with its sleeping apartments three sides of a large square, and we were given rooms occupied by valued friends not many months ago. Before the hotel, and partially concealing it from view from the street in front, is a huge banyan tree, the largest and finest one we have ever seen. We estimated that its foliage in its gratest diameter would be something like 150 feet across. And it has sent so many tendrils down from the under side of its lowest limbs, which have rooted and grown into supplementary trunks, that it would be a walk for a lazy man to go around it. And beneath its generous shades are enclosed in a large circular space a number of beautiful spotted Javanese deer. There will be no more tendrils taking root in the soil so long as those beautiful creatures are kept there on account of their fondness for the tender morsels, for which they stand up on their hind legs in order to reach them.

And speaking of this hostlery, which has a good table and clean rooms with beds above suspicion, from a certain standpoint, at least, it would be almost an oversight, if not positively unjust, to say nothing of its bathrooms in particular, as well as all tropical bathrooms we have seen of late in general, the Dutch Mail Line not excepted. The room of which we now speak is almost as large as a barn, with a door big enough to admit a load of hay without trouble or friction of any kind. It has a floor of good honest, substantial Dutch tiles. In one corner stands a large wooden tank with a tin utensil upon it which will

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hold about a gallon of water. You do not get into the tank but you wash yourself with water to your heart's content, and let the running stream care for itself as best it may. Then to finish up, you stand under a shower bath which does the rest, and you emerge later feeling prepared to forgive your principal creditor, should you be so unfortunate as to have one. To be comfortable this should be done from two to four times a day, and generally is. For here there is not only a high temperature with which to contend, but there is the added discomfort of humidity, which accentuates the effect in no small degree, so that one's garments are apt to cling and adhere closely especially in the middle of the day.

Something must be said of this quaint old town, which, although its population should entitle it to a more pretentious name, is only an overgrown, straggling town after all, with a village accent to a strong defined suggestion of the rural districts. Its streets should be called roads, notwithstanding the fact that some of them aspire to the dignity and pretensions of boulevards. They are all wide, and commons and squares are to be seen on all sides. A swift running canal with its source in the mountains runs through the town, and Dutch, Malay and Chinese women do their washing in its turbid waters, making a more rural effect than ever. The phlegmatic Dutchman does not aspire to stylish effects in his garments any more than does his wife, and it is quite enough if they be comfortably cool.

The Malay is always lightly clad, being firm in the line of turbans and belts even if shaky in everything else. He often wears a real hat, but there is always a turban under it showing forth and speaking for itself. He is quite apt to be in his bare feet and his garments may not be worth a guilder, but he must have a showy belt in order to keep up the Malay standard. The ubiquitous man of yellow complexion and the pigtail is here also very numerously and he seems to be here to stay, for he is a thrifty gent and will flourish like a green bay tree when other citizens less

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fortunate are running up against all kinds of snags and having reverses and troubles of their own.

Being informed that we must have a passport before coming to Java, as otherwise we would hardly be allowed to enter it, we provided ourselves with that essential document at Hong Kong through the kind service of the American consul there. On a former occasion we had taken out a passport in order to go to European and Asiatic Turkey, where to our vast surprise it was not called into requisition at all, and we would have been fully as well off without it, better, in fact, considering the expense. We have been in Java several days and no one, official or otherwise, has expressed a wish nor made a demand to see it. Perhaps it is to be inspected the very last thing instead of the first, and perhaps in the meantime, like life insurance, the protection is worth the expense.

We tried to buy a Malay kris in Singapore, but were informed there were none to be had there, which was a revelation to us, the island being geographically an adjunct to the Malay Peninsula. We were informed that Java swarmed with them, and inquired of the landlord where they were to be found in the greatest variety and abundance. He sent a servant with us to a sort of bazaar, where there was just one with a price attached to it which was almost prohibitory, considering we are a long way from home and under moral obligations to return there sooner or later. The kris is a native-made knife (or was once upon a time, for they are now being manufactured in England and Germany), with graceful undulations in its blade. In the sunny days of my youth I saw an illustration of one in some book, and have hungered and thirsted for one ever since. Insect life is abundant here and also aggressive. There are mosquito bars on the beds skilfully arranged to keep the marauders in, and they avail themselves of them and stay. They have the proverbial activity of their kind and we have been punctured much more frequently than was considered desirable. To the semi-somnolent imagination

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they seem when flying about to be about the size of humming birds, and the rythmic murmur of their wings is also upon a large scale. Lizards dart about on the walls hunting for insects, and one of them made a thoroughfare of us the other evening while traveling from the writing desk to a large map of Java which hung upon the wall. Last night our nephew came into our room to say there was a snake in his, that it had gone into a clothes press and he had fastened it in for the night. It has not been disturbed up to this time. There are comparatively few birds here and none that we have seen have the gorgeous colorings of the tropics. Our old friend, the English sparrow, is here, and no more beautiful as to plumage than at home.

Fruits are the long suit of Java, so to speak. There are about forty varieties of the mango on the island, and we have seen more kinds, shapes, sizes and colors of bananas than should be counted in such a hot climate as this. And we have seen the widely famed and odoriferous durien, but not to banquet upon its delicious substance, inasmuch as it was unripe and fit only for being cooked. It looks more like an overgrown pineapple than anything else, with the same rough surface and covered with a multitude of spine-like points. To judge from its description the odor is that of a long defunct and unburied crow, but the excellence of its substance causes the consumer to willingly overlook this shortcoming. The ones we saw were about a foot long and eighteen inches in circumference, without any disagreeable odor, that belonging only to the mature fruit. Cocoanuts are abundant and common, many of the trees having several bushels upon them in all stages of growth.

The conveyances for hire are queer looking affairs, two-wheeled, and the wheels are about the size of those used on drays at home. They are double headers, as it were, with a floor and dashboard fore and aft. Four individuals can ride in them at a time, seated in twos, back to back, as in the jaunting cars of Ireland. The horses are the fractional ones of the Malay tropics, resembling overgrown

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BUDDHIST TEMPLE, JAVA

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nursery steeds unprovided with rockers, and with endurance as great as their stature is small.

This is the rainy season, with abundant rainfalls at least once every 24 hours, sometimes oftener. While riding in a carriage the day of our arrival to see the sights of the town a veritable deluge came down and we rejoiced that our conveyance was a good tight one and well provided with leather curtains. It causes one to think of the description a man gave of a certain country when speaking of the rainfall there. He said that in the dry season it only rained once a day, but that in the wet season it rained all the time.

It is our intention to go from here to Buitenzorg to see the finest botanical garden in the world, so called. We then go to Bandoeng in the mountains, a place of resort for Batavians and people from Singapore. This will be on the way to the interior where the wonderful Hindoo temples are, and in going there we cross the island from south to north and travel some hundreds of miles to the east, later going to the northeast coast at Soerabaya to take the steamer back to Singapore.

VISITING THE TEMPLES.

SOERABAYA, Java, January 3, 1905.—The bibliography of Java has been quite limited as compared with that of most other countries excepting Abyssiania, and we had long since read and heard of Hindoo temples away in the interior of it which excelled in fine decorative carvings anything seen elsewhere, and in the matter of size would cause the pyramids of the Gizeh group to look like architectural pigmies. Knowing that the latter are very large indeed, we were curious to see the Buddhist temples notwithstanding their comparatively recent date, only a matter of nine hundred or a thousand years.

We went there from a railway station 12 miles in a Malay four-in-hand, most of the way on a gallop over good roads and through a most fertile country, to Boro-Bodoer. We had an imitation of a postillion in the shape

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of a Malay boy of twelve, who did not ride one of the horses but on the rear of the vehicle instead, from whence he frequently alighted to lash the horses into a swifter gait, or to steer them around a sharp turn with the aid of his whip. We came upon the temple quite suddenly after a turn in the road, and saw at a glance that the Gizeh pyramids still hold the palm for size. To be approximately accurate, this temple is over forty metres high, and consists of a series of galleries, each one containing a number of niches in each of which is one of the many forms of Buddha, and it approaches the pyramid in shape. There are nine galleries or stories, and on the summit is a circular cupola. Stone stairs lead up to each of the stories, and the interior of the structure is filled with earth. At the time of the English occupation of the island the temple was entirely covered with earth, supposed to have been placed there when the last Buddhists left the island. The English uncovered it and found it a marvel in the way of fine and artistic carving. It was surrounded by a low wall which was denuded of its mantle of earth, photographed and covered again for some reason difficult to imagine. The English found in the lowest gallery more than four hundred bas-reliefs, each with the figure of a man seated tailor-fashion beneath it, and to each side a group of three human figures holding in their hands lotus flowers and fans. They found five hundred bas-reliefs in other places of miscellaneous subjects.

Near the temple of Boro-Bodoer is another and much smaller one which suffered severely during an earthquake, and it is so bolstered and supported by large timbers that its individuality is sadly interfered with, but we could see there were some fine carvings there. Next day we visited more temples about forty miles from Boro-Bodoer, at Tjandi Prambanan, the Cirra temple being the largest of a group of five. All have suffered from the same earthquake, and about one more of the same kind would finish them in all probability, and at the same time deprive the district of some revenue. The

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carvings upon these structures are still finer than those at Boro-Bodoer, and are of the animals and mythological figures which occur so abundantly in the Buddhist system of religion.

We went to Soerakarta (Solo), hoping to see the Sultan, or at least his palace. With this ambition we called on the Dutch Governor or "Resident" of the province, only to find that it was quite impossible, because there was no public function on at that time. He explained that it was only when some public performance was going on that visitors were admitted, and hinted that the multiplicity of the Sultan's wives and their jealousies were partly the cause.

We drove among the three walls which surround the palace and immense area about it, constituting an enormous compound, obtaining glimpses of the palace through arched gateways, and were allowed to enter the Sultan's zoological gardens, where, among other Javanese animals, were two tigers of the kind found in India. The elephants, also from India, were chained by one hind leg to huge stakes driven in the ground, and were being regaled by their keepers with large supplies of vegetables and hay.

We were made happy at our hotel in Soerakarta by the appearance of many Malay krises, those characteristic knives with curves in their blades, and at most reasonable prices. Some of them were beauties, too, and we were not indifferent to their charms.

The last day of the old year found us at Madione, after a long and hot journey. We had recovered from our disappointment in finding that all the Hindoo temples we had seen would not furnish enough material to build a structure the size of the pyramid of Cheops, but we were not prepared for this. I was conscientious as usual and ate all the pulp away from one seed in order to take it home as an unfragrant souvenir. The rest graduated with the highest honors after the first taste and the plates were promptly sent away, with orders to bury the things at once. It tasted as would a poor

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custard insufficiently sweetened, thoroughly mixed with equal parts of limburger cheese and garlic. We were like the man who trifled with the wrong end of a mule in knowing more than we did before the thing happened. Now we have pinned our faith upon the pineapple, mango, mangosteen and banana as the very best of Java's many excellent and nutritious fruits.

The gamelan and wagang-wong are musical and descriptive affairs suggestive of heraldry and the lists with other suggestions of the Middle Ages, and we were so fortunate as to stumble upon them here red-handed yesterday. Two natives were mounted on horses of plaited palm leaves, with absolutely impossible curvatures in their necks and backs. They pranced and danced about like thoroughbreds, and finally stationed themselves at opposite ends of the lists, after being provided with spears. At a signal they dashed toward each other and made harmless thrusts in passing, each finally throwing his spear to be caught by the other. One of them disappeared from the scene, and the other was fed from a paper of meal, filling his mouth and other features at the same time, and afterward thrusting his face and head into a pint of water. He must have been overheated, for he soon apparently was taken ill, sank down upon the ground and expired, to the music of the native drums and other instruments of very crude form and discordant effect.

The abuse of tobacco is here, as in other countries we have seen. The natives, men and women, use a fine-cut tobacco, and stuff it into their mouths in such quantities that they cannot close their lips, and the dry weed protrudes for an indefinite time, and with a most disgusting impression upon the newcomer. Women smoke also, as do many of the children.

We expect to sail to-morrow for Singapore, with visions of a side trip to Siam while waiting for the next steamer (P. & O.) Ceylonward bound. We think that Java is worth the price of admission in spite of its heat, humidity, insect life, the unreliability of its steamship companies, and the durian.

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SOERABAYA, JAVA, January 13, 1905.—As the Bard of Ayrshire has so truly said, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," and if he had lived to these strenuous days he would have added a postulate including steamships; for by reason of the unreliability of the latter, we are still here awaiting one which revels in the melodious name of Camphuys, in honor of some statesman of dyke-protected Holland.

Soerabaya is the next in size to Batavia, and is the principal port of the north side of the island, and the outlet for the exports, such as sugar, rice, hardwoods and other products. It is a handsomer city by far than sleepy and dull Weltervreden, which is the residence portion of Batavia. The streets are wide, clean, and most of them paved with asphalt; the hotels would be good if they had better butter and could furnish meals hot, unsweetened and unspiced. Coffee is brought to the rooms about daylight in what looks like a small carafe, vinegar cruet or phial containing dark-colored cough medicine.

Next comes the cold bath, the only one ever considered here. Later comes breakfast, reis tafel at one and an interim of repose in negligee, to be preceded or followed, as the case may be, by another bath. Dinner at half-past eight, and last of all, a bath for a change, then mosquitoes retained within bars and such slumber as they may allow. In fact, the most of the visitor's time is taken up in this way. The white residents take life slowly and easily, and there is a plentiful lack of the rush and push of our country. The ladies walk about quite freely in one or two diaphanous garments only, without stockings, with slippers or sandals when at home. They are great eaters, drinkers and consumers of sweets. They take as little exercise as possible apparently, and by reason of this and their mode of dress without any restraining features many of them have forms which would cause the average American citizen of esthetic tastes to take to the tall grass or a high tree without any loss of time.

Railway travel in Java has its limitations as to time

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and distance, as we have discovered in coming here by easy stages from Batavia. The custom is to start a through train about daylight and keep it moving with more or less rapidity, generally the latter, until at or about sunset, when it ties up until the following morning. It is quite difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the real cause of this unusual custom, but the explanation generally given is for fear of wild animals at night. It is quite true that a moderately swift-footed denizen of the jungle might easily overtake a train in motion, but that would not be especially dangerous to man or beast, unless in case of accident and consequent delay, when the appearance of a tiger or two might be reckoned as among the remote possibilities, and not one to be contemplated with any degree of cheerfulness or resignation. There is so much rain here that a landslide among the mountains might occur; but be that as it may, and whether the reason be good, bad or indifferent, we stopped over each night dutifully while coming here, often taking the same coach the next morning after having been awakened at the unearthly hour of four o'clock A. M.

Our first stop after leaving Batavia was at Buitenzorg, where the famous government botanical gardens are to be seen by an admiring public. We rode there at once from the station, and began to search without loss of time for some one who could speak French, German or English, and with our usual good luck, found at once and without the slightest difficulty, an official who could speak them all. This accommodating polygot, who is a native of Switzerland, gave us some hours of his valuable time, and we can safely assume that we were shown about as well as the average visitor, to say the least. A volume of goodly dimensions would be written by a clever writer in telling of these gardens, which are the finest and most comprehensive in range of the many we have seen.

Java is the product of volcanic action, and much of its soil is composed of disintegrated granite and other rocks containing iron and maganese, giving it the dark red color

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which is seen in parts of California, Abyssinia and Madagascar. We saw surprisingly little coffee growing, but sugar cane and rice were the leading crops over most of the country. We saw no cotton under cultivation, although we passed through numerous sections which might have been favorable to it. We heard of, but did not see, a wild variety called forest cotton. Rice is cultivated very extensively most everywhere, even up on the mountainsides, where the farmers have constructed a series of narrow plane surfaces in the soil, with retaining banks or walls of graduated height, so arranged that the overflow of water from the highest plane fills the next lower one, and so on down the line to the bottom. The cultivation of rice is laborious and not beautiful.

The rice is first sowed, and when it has grown about six inches above the surface of the water it is pulled out by the roots and transplanted, generally by women and girls, the shoots being placed in groups of three or four, about six inches apart. Fields in all stages of growth are seen almost everywhere, also the ripe grain, which somewhat resembles wheat, being gathered with sickle and hand. Next to rice sugarcane appears to be the greatest crop, to judge from districts through which we passed, and we went through plantations of it for days. Tobacco is grown extensively through middle Java, each plantation having enormous buildings in which to ventilate and dry the leaves.

The huntsman can enjoy himself and show his prowess with big game if successful in obtaining a permit for so doing from the Colonial government. The rhinoceros (which the Malays call badaq) is approaching extinction, but a few survivors are believed to still exist in one district in the southern part of the island. The dense jungles which abound contain numerously the huge tigers of the Bengal type, and the sportsman must not object to an occasional turn at being hunted by them, as they possess all the aggressive qualities of their cousins of India. There are panthers, which, according to description, are very like the American ones, and fully

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as large. The wild buffalo or banteng is hunted for the joy of killing and for food. It does not resemble in any detail the water buffalo, but in its lines and comparatively slender horns resembles somewhat our Texan cattle. There are deer and wild boars, and we saw a few monkeys enjoying life among the forest and jungle trees. When at Bandoeng we were near some of the thinly populated hunting grounds, but had no aspirations in that direction. Some years ago a prince with a long-waisted German name, accompanied by one European hunter and many Malay coolies, hunted in the south for a few weeks, and among other game, large and small, bagged a rhinoceros. Later an Austrian archduke did some extensive hunting in the island and secured a quantity of game. The landed proprietors take part and there is always a retinue of coolies.

An American bridge company could perhaps work up a good business here in supplying iron thoroughfares over the many streams of Java on country roads. The railroad bridges seem to be up to the modern standard, but those of the highways are generally of wood with the stamp of antiquity upon them. The Malays build quite serviceable foot-bridges of bamboo, which possess the added attraction of being picturesque, and in which the useful principle of the Roman arch is accorded full recognition.

The phlegmatic Dutch and imitative Malays are slow in most things, including wrath, but they are swift in matters sartorial, as one instance will show. We left the bulk of our baggage at Singapore and brought very little with us, having been informed that dinner suits and fine gowns were not among the essentials here by reason of the extreme heat. One day some loopholes were discovered in my solitary pair of trousers, and the demand for a new pair was not only apparent but imperative. This was ascertained just six hours before leaving the town, but that was ample time in which to select the goods, have them made up, delivered and donned. And

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the most marvellous part of the story is that they actually fit and are satisfactory in every way.

The Dutch do not care to have their attractive island visited by strangers and make no special effort to make it very pleasant for them. They are not rude nor overbearing, but treat one with a negative form of courtesy, with an air of long-enduring and at the same time well-meaning (to a limited extent) martyrdom. But, all the same, the tide of travel is beginning to flow that way, and after they shall have awakened to the importance and extent of the revenue to be derived from travelers they will reform their ethics and reconstruct and improve their attitude toward them.

The coinage of Java is the same as that of Holland, the mother country. The ancient tongue of Flanders or The Netherlands is passing out, and among the whites in Java French is the current language, as in Holland. Luther, Buddha and Mohammed are sworn by in the island, the majority of the Dutch being Protestants, the Malays practically all followers of the Prophet, while the sallow man with the humble mien and long pigtail clings to the ancient faith of his forefathers and his native land.

GEORGETOWN, Island of Penang, January, 1905.—Our departure from Java direct for this island was because the bubonic plague had broken out at Singapore just after we had left it, and the Royal Dutch Mail Packets were forbidden to call there, the Dutch being somewhat shy of the malady. We cabled to Singapore to have our baggage sent up here and awaited with no small degree of impatience at Soreabaya for the steamer which was to bear us away from the Dutch East Indies. Our final departure had some of the elements of the burlesque, though it did not impress us in that way at the time. "In the light of deeper eyes was matter for a flying smile." We had stayed closely about the hotel for some time to hear of the arrival of the Camphuys from the company, which we had belabored lingually and with great liberality a short time before. The hotel manager

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was interested in our case and telephoned there at short intervals with negative results until our young German friend and traveling companion went to the instrument and returned an instant later with a startled look on his face, saying the steamer was in and would sail in fifteen minutes. The day previous we had paid our bills and gone out in a boat upon false information, only to find we had to go back to town again and resume our role of waiting. We were at least three miles from the landing, and this time there was a hurried departure with Malay horses and drivers doing their very best under inducements held out by anxious patrons. We went on a gallop every foot of the way, and tumbling into a boat at the landing, went out into the harbor, to find to our great relief that our steamer was still there.

On the way out to it one of our passengers fell overboard, but was promptly fished out again with only damage to raiment and temper. It developed later that we need not have hurried to such a great degree, for we did not sail for two hours after coming on board. We wondered if the steamship company were not having a practical joke on us in partial payment for the verbal mauling we had administered to them not long before, and thought of the French saying, "Rira bien qui rira le dernier."

The Camphuys took us back to Tand-jong-prick, the port of Batavia, and as our old friend the Rochussen was not going to sail for more than twenty-four hours, we took rail at Tand-jong-prick for Weltervreden, reached our hotel by steam street cars and had a comfortable night, much to be preferred to fighting mosquitoes all night on a steamer in port.

The voyage here was uneventful and pleasant. The rooms were clean and as comfortable as such close proximity to the equator would admit. The beds, as in Java and Holland, are provided with what is called a Dutch wife, being a cylinder-shaped long pillow almost the length of the bed, intended to lie parallel with its long axis. The case of it is of coarse linen and always cool. The fare is practically the same as in Java.

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MALAY BRIDGE, JAVA

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Our first view of this island was of a shadowy nature one day about noon, when it resembled a cloud more than a specimen of terra firma. An hour afterward a pilot-boat came toward us, and we took on a seasoned son of the sea to steer us safely into the harbor. His two sailor-men stayed in his boat, and we contemplated them with more or less interest over the rail.

We landed from small boats and found rikshas waiting for us on shore, which we entered, placing our baggage in others and losing it temporarily on the way to the best hotel through a misunderstanding between coolies, but recovering it soon after. The hotel is situated on the beach at the edge of the town, protected from the invasion of the sea by a low stone wall which serves as a seat for strolling guests.

Penang (or betel nut) Island, once called Prince William's Island, is a portion of the province of Penang, which includes the province of Wellesley and the Dindings, the latter embracing the island of Pangkor, and a portion of Perak, which is one of the federated Malay states, situated off the west coast of the Malay Peninsula at the superior or upper end of the Malacca Straits. It is fourteen miles long and a mile wide, containing about one hundred and eight square miles. It is of great commercial importance, Georgetown ranking next to Singapore commercially. It is defended by forts, has a capacious harbor and large shipping interests. It exports tin, spices, rice and sugar, much of which is produced on the mainland portion of the province. The population of the island in 1901 was 130,000, and of this city a little over 94,000, principally Malays and Chinese, and something like 12,000 Europeans. The island was ceded to Great Britain in 1785 by the Rajah of Keddah, and organized the next year under the East India Company, who later purchased the province of Wellesley. In 1806 Penang was made a Presidency of equal rank with Madras and Bombay, and remained the chief seat of government of the Straits Settlements, including Malacca and Singapore, until 1832, when it was

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superceded by the latter city. Nearly one-half of Penang is a plain with much of it covered with jungle and vegetation, the rest hilly with extensive forests. The cocoanut palm is seen everywhere with the ground beneath more or less covered with nuts, many of them mature and others fallen by reason of being diseased. The areca palm, called pinang by the natives, is a beautiful and graceful tree with pinnate leaves, a trunk about fifty feet high when full grown, and responsible for the famous betel nut, favorite cud of the Orient.

The climate is hot but healthy, with bracing sea breezes every day, and rainfalls every month of the year except January and February. It has some of the fauna of Hindostan and Ceylon, such as the tiger, civet cat, wildcat and monkey. Wild cattle and boars are hunted for food and sport. The water buffalo and other cattle are raised extensively for dairy and farm purposes. Goats and sheep and all kinds of poultry are abundant. Of the feathery tribe there are pelicans, sea-fowl, peafowl, adjutants and numerous brilliantly plumaged birds. The coastal waters abound in fish, of which twenty varieties are caught by the Malay fishermen and brought to the markets.

Georgetown, with its long, wide and level streets shaded with the most attractive forms of tropical arborage, is full of pleasant drives, of which one, called the Ajer Etam Road, is perhaps the best. A favorite local jaunt is a few miles out to the botanical gardens with the city water works adjoining, and thither we went rikshaw fashion with Chinese coolie-power. At the entrance to the gardens we were accosted by a young Malay with a very limited vocabulary of about a dozen or so of English words, but never did an equal number do such effective service as upon this occasion, and their contortions would have almost awakened the interest and gained the championship of some humane society. He showed us teak, areca palm, betel-pepper, cabbage palm, caoutchouc and cypress trees, also the one bearing the once-eaten-or-smelled-never-forgotten durien, which is

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a forest tree. He showed us the pool of water which supplies Georgetown and pointed out the mountain stream which kept it filled. He bade us farewell with a flourish which expressed a mixture of regret at parting with us and satisfaction with the fee received.

SCENES IN BURMAH.

RANGOON, Burmah, January 16, 1905.—The voyage here from Penang was a most pleasant one. The first officer of the Royal Dutch mail packet which took us to Penang, was in loquacious mood when we left Java, and gave us shark stories to his heart's content. "Are there any sharks here? Well, I should say there are. They are everywhere in these waters, but you seldom see them. A Dutch man-of-war was anchored near here when we were, and its marines and sailors used to go in swimming by hundreds at a time. One day there was a scream, a struggle, the water was red with blood and the marines put for the boats as fast as they could, one man short. At another time and place an acquaintance of mine was taking a surf bath, or was about to take one, and was standing in water up to his chest. Another friend told him to wait a moment for him to go in also, and began to disrobe at once. Before he was ready a huge shark seized his friend by one side and dragged him under the surface, never to reappear. The last he saw of his friend he was beating the brute on the head with his fist, but it was of no avail. Once I saw a boy carrying a young shark which he supposed was dead, holding it by the mouth with four of his fingers, which were suddenly bitten off as neatly as if done with an axe or cleaver. Crocodiles abound here and occasionally you can see one come floating along pretty far out from the coast. Oh, yes, they will do away with humankind if they have a chance, but in a sort of dignified and gentlemanly way. They will not mangle in seizing you, but will just hold on with sufficient firmness to prevent

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you from getting away, then they will bury you in the mud at the bottom for future reference."

We gave plague-stricken Singapore a wide berth coming back, and landed at Penang, another tropical island, from whence we came here by the British India Steamship Pentakota on our way to Calcutta. This is only the second time we have been on continental mainland since leaving San Francisco, all our other wanderings being insular. The other exception was when we went from Hong Kong (which is on an island) to Canton.

A citizen of this place on board the steamer imparted to us this information and, pointing to some oil refineries in the distance, said the native oil is the only kind used here and that it is exported to India and China; that the Standard Oil Company tried to gain a foothold here once upon a time, but did not succeed. The refined oil is not as good as the American product. Coal of an inferior quality is mined in a few districts, some of it being but little better than lignite. It is said that good coal can be imported here and placed upon the docks cheaper than it can be produced here. Be this as it may, wood is the fuel mostly used at this time. From a mineralogical standpoint Burmah has a wide range, there being gold and silver, copper and lead, and iron ore is found in a few districts. It is famous also as the home of the ruby, and we have seen a large collection of the uncut gems here in the possession of an old Englishman who has lived here several decades and has made rubies a specialty. He takes great pleasure in showing his collection to visitors, and its value in pounds, shillings, and pence must be almost fabulous. Most of them came from the sub-province of Magok, where sapphires are also obtained. Marble of fine quality is quarried in one or two districts. Jade and amber are found in considerable quantities in the Bhamo district.

This city does not impress one as being a thing of beauty nor a joy even for a limited time. The architecture of the buildings is not impressive nor beautiful, and the streets are very dusty and dirty. The population is quite cosmopolitan, with Europeans, Mongolians, Cingalese, Eurasians, a few

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Americans and many Britons. The jinriksha disappeared when we left Penang, and here we can hire a miniature omnibus and a smaller pony with a dignified Hindoo driver for a moderate price.

Rangoon abounds in Buddhist temples or pagodas, large and small, but the great Schwe Dagon or Golden Pagoda is the leader, and the one everybody goes to see. It is situated on a high eminence which is partly artificial, at the southern edge of the city, and the approach to it is a long and continuous colonnade of a steep grade, with a series of short flights of steps, lined on each side with stalls for the sale of votive offerings of small value—candles, fans, and bunches of flowers. The steps are of stone and brick, much worn by the tread of the centuries. At the top is a large plateau of several acres in extent, in the center of which rises the colossal structure erected over three consecutive Buddhas beside Gaudama, clothed in gold leaf, excepting the apex, which is covered with plates of gold. It springs from an octagonal plinth 370 feet in the air, a trifle more lofty than St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and it was regilded last year at an expense of 25,000 pounds sterling. Buddha ought to feel flattered at the sincerity of the religious zeal which found its expression in such a prodigal expenditure. Buddhists locate its genesis about 588 B. C., and believe it was one of the seven wonders of the world.

In the base is a small room in which hundreds of candles are burning, and any of the faithful wishing to contribute one must walk between and over these numerous lights to the great risk of his raiment, inexpensive though it be. One man's cotton garment caught fire right aside of us, and a comrade lost no time in extinguishing it with his hands. Surrounding the Great Pagoda are countless smaller ones of all sorts of materials—wood, stone, and brick, some of them with woodwork covered with lacquer and gold. All the wooden ones are embellished with more or less elaborate carvings, among which the lion seems to be a reigning favorite.

Each young man of Burmah of good standing is expected to dedicate some of his years to a monastic life, and some-

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times does. Prior to entering the priesthood for active service and in evidence of good faith, he allows his long hair to be shorn and hung in some pagoda for an ornament. In consequence of this singular custom some of the small pagodas bear a striking resemblance to a badly adjusted and poorly managed barber-shop. There are swarms of beggars and many of the maimed and deformed who come hopeful of the curative powers of such a sacred spot. One child of about ten lay on the stone pavement with an aggravated case of hydrocephalus. To get in his time to the best advantage he was entertaining himself by smoking a cigarette, while his sire, squatted on his heels near by, looked approvingly on.

In the way of personal adornment the women and girls are by no means slow, inasmuch as many of them wear silver bracelets extending almost to the floor, to say nothing of numerous anklets on each lower extremity. Occasionally these bracelets are of gold or brass, but generally of silver. Those which look like gold are seen only on females of an apparently a higher class than the common herd. Many women wear numerous ornaments in the nose, sometimes only a wire of gold or silver, but often a collection of jewelry resembling bangles, hanging down over the upper lip. Some have an ornament or two suspended from one side of the nose, and the effect is bizarre, if not unique. The ear also comes in for its share of ornamentation, by which it is anatomically a sufferer, at least. The lower lobe or the lips has often a large circular ornament held in it, making a deformity to unaccustomed eyes.

Rangoon is essentially a city lacking in beauty both from an architectural and physical standpoint. It has one redeeming trait in the shape of a large park of several hundred acres, which would improve Central Park or appear well in the Bois de Boulogne, and be not at all incongruous in either place, but for the tropical trees, such as the palm and mango. Here are carefully kept drives, small lakes, with rustic bridges at narrow parts, grassy slopes, grateful shades, and benches for the weary or those troubled with inertia. It is the poular drive after the hours of afternoon

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rest, and many handsome equipages appear there every pleasant day at that time. Outside the park and adjoining it are many hideous bungalows with poorly-kept grounds, which might well serve as a foil to the Paradise so close at hand. The park excepted, the best view of Rangoon, like that of Manila, would be the one seen from the stern of a departing steamer.

Constantinople is long on dogs, Venice has its pigeons, and this Burmese metropolis has its crows, and "their name is legion." Our first acquaintance with them was when they came aboard our steamer in the river (which stream rejoices in the double name of Rangoon and Irawaddy), perching upon the ratlines and regarding us with curiosity unmixed with fear. Here they are in groups and clouds, and there is a flourishing colony of them in the veranda of this hotel, which enjoys the reputation of being the best in the city. If this be true, may a kind and well-meaning Providence care for those who register at some of the poorer ones, for the difference can only be in degree. It is quite evident (to come back to our crows) that they are protected by law by reason of being good scavengers, like the dogs of the Turkish city.

The Tarantula, which we had fondly hoped was an American specialty, is often met with, and roaches, cockchafers, and other undesirable specimens are to be encountered more often than could be desired. And we had been here but a few hours before making the acquaintance of that terror of India, the cobra, though in bondage and after having been the victim of dental skill in the removal of the much dreaded fangs. One method of entertaining strangers and extracting revenue from their pockets is by giving an exhibition fight between the cobra and its arch-enemy, the mongoose. We must see that without fail, for it is one of the stock sights, and fortunately the mongoose almost invariably wins, leaving his enemy decapitated. Another terror is a very small venomous adder which in locomotion employs the gait of the measuring-worm; its bite means almost instant death. We piously trust we may be spared an acquaintance with any of these reptiles. They and the plague

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are the most prominent factors toward the frightfully high death-rate in India, and the plague is there now in great activity. We are banking upon the generally-accepted fact that the whites enjoy a comparative immunity from this decimating malady.

By far the most interesting sight we have seen in this place is the elephants at work in the lumber yards, moving large timbers of teakwood. We started out early in the morning and rode to the lumber yards of McGregor & Co. only to be disappointed, as it proved to be a coolie's holiday, with nothing doing of interest to us. We went to the stables and saw many of the great pachyderms chained to posts by one hind and front leg each. A driver (mahout) unfastened and mounted one of them, made it salute us, and then drag a moderately sized piece of timber with its trunk for a short distance, enough to secure a fee. There is another extensive yard near by, and we were informed that the elephants could be seen at work there, and went at once. Only two were at work at that time, taking down immense pieces of teak which had been squared in a saw mill and piled up afterward. It was necessary to have them moved to a place where they could be measured and marked for further sawing. One elephant attended to getting the lumber down from the pile, which it did by pushing it off with its trunk or one of its short tusks. It would then place a short timber in a proper position and push and roll the large one upon it at right angles, so that a chain could be fastened around its end. Sometimes it would move the piece by pushing with one foot, using its trunk as a buffer or cushion between the timber and foot or tusk, as the case might require. Pieces already on the ground it would shove forward with foot or tusk ready for further handling.

The other elephant had on a breast-collar made of eight strands of inch and a half rope, the tugs or traces being heavy chains. After the chain would be properly placed it would turn around in a remarkably small space, wait until the traces were attached, and then drag away the huge timber with the greatest ease. Each had a driver on its

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back, seated on a sawbuck-like saddle with a heavy pad upon and under it.

The water buffalo has disappeared so far as urban life is concerned, though seeing some dry hides going toward the docks leads one to suppose they can be seen in the country. Bullocks with carts are seen everywhere, small and of the zebu type, sometimes in pairs with an effort at matching for size and color, and others singly between shafts. Their heads are frequently adorned with strings of small bells, and their horns painted blue, red, or green. Occasionally one will have its horns painted of different colors.

AT CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, January, 1905.—A voyage across the Bay of Bengal or any part of the Indian Ocean without a shark story or two would be almost an anomaly, and we were given two by the Hooghly River pilot who came with us from Burmah. They were brought out by an inquiry whether there were many sharks in the bay. "Sharks, yes, the water is full of them, but you seldom see them. One time when I was learning my trade and was coming over this same route a man fell overboard. We lowered a boat as quickly as we could and put back for him, I being one of the crew, but it was fully twenty minutes before we reached him. Just as we were about to give him a hand four huge sharks seized and tore him to pieces before our eyes and almost within our grasp. I shall never forget it to my dying day, and could not sleep for three nights afterward.

"At another time and before this occurred I was on a sailing vessel which had a boat towed astern by a line. In the boat was a sailor man fast asleep, with one hand hanging over the gunwale. A shark jumped for the hand, missed it, but landed in the boat to the astonishment and terror of the sailor, who, thus rudely awakened, sang out lustily in his fright. Of course you know when a shark is out of his natural element his facilities for doing mischief

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are much limited, so this was hoisted upon the deck and soon dispatched."

We passed Saugar Island, where at this season of the year a great bathing festival takes place, attended by over one hundred thousand pilgrims from all over India, but principally from the Bengal district. It is a religious ceremony or rite, and, as a prelude, offerings are thrown into the water of fruits and flower, five kinds of gems, and coral. Formerly children were offered as sacrifices by being thrown into the water, but the British put a stop to that, as they did to the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of the departed, and the self-immolation by being crushed under the car of Juggernaut. This island has jungles containing tigers, deer and wild boars, and is frequently visited by sportsmen.

A journey up the Hooghly is as full of interest to the traveler as it is of possibilities of disaster to the navigator. Thousands of water craft are seen, villages on the shore are passed at frequent intervals, farmers are at work in the fields, conveyances and cattle are moving along the highways, an occasional battery with earthworks is seen, for John Bull has a word to say as to whether vessels shall pass by or not, and jute factories and potteries recur quite frequently. At one large village on the right bank a country fair is being held with thousands of natives in attendance, with their varicolored garments producing a chromatic effect almost the peer of that at Cairo when the sacred carpet starts on its pilgrimage to Mecca. Loads of hay are being taken across the river on large scows or flats.

Our introduction to Calcutta was a most unpleasant one. We anchored out a short distance from the landing and went ashore in a small boat for two annas each (about five cents), and a nominal charge for each piece of baggage. A crowd of coolies surrounded the carriages which were in waiting, and we were jostled as we entered them. On the way to this hotel our friend Dr. Kohler compared his time with that in the tower of a building we were passing, and upon reaching for my watch to do the

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ELEPHANT AT WORK, RANGOON, BURMAH

A WAYSIDE POTTER

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same I discovered it was gone, fob and all. As soon as we were settled at our hotel I took a carriage and spent most of the afternoon going from one police station to another, consulted the Chief, advertised and did everything needful. What was regretted more than the loss of the watch was that of a gold eagle attached to the fob, coined the year of my birth and given me by my mother a quarter century ago.

The signification of the word Calcutta is ghat, or landing place, of Kali, and should be Khalighat in consequence. Probably it was so originally, and changed by gradual mispronounciation and transition into the present name, much as Gibraltar was evolved from Gib-el-Tarik. While it does not pose as one of the show places so much sought by the tourist, there is much of interest here to the ethnologist, paleontologist and many other ologists. It is the capital of British India and the Presidency and Province of Bengal, situated on the left or west bank of the Hooghly River, 90 miles from its mouth. The river is a branch of the sacred Ganges, it and the terminal portion of the latter stream to the north, enclosing within their embrace a large delta. The mean temperature is 79 degrees Fahrenheit, and the average rainfall is sixty-six inches. The sanitary status is rather deficient, partly by reason of natural disadvantages, the city being situated on a plain, with no natural drainage. In the native sections the cholera is seldom absent, and the plague is mowing a decimating swath through them and throughout India at this time.

One of the first places we visited was the burning ghats, where we saw all the different stages of cremation as practised by the Hindus. The remains of an old patriarch had just been placed for burning when we reached there, being placed on a low pile of wood, with more piled on top of the body. When all was ready a young man, presumably the son, was handed a wisp of burning straw by an attendant, and started to walk around the pyre, mumbling something in a low tone. when he was roughly seized by one of the relatives by

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the arm and turned about face, to go in the opposite direction. After completing the circuit twice he applied the fire, and immediately active combustion began and we turned our attention to other fires. At a few spots where there remained only ashes small boys were pulling out small pieces of unconsumed bone and offering them for sale to the onlookers. One offered us a piece of skull and seemed disappointed, if not hurt, that we did not choose to invest.

The Maidan (signifying plain) Park is the Central Park of Calcutta, about one and a half miles in each direction, its eastern border being along the river. It has beautiful drives, a race course, cricket ground, music pavilion, and there are frequent public evening concerts, which are attended by thousands in gay equipages, on foot and horseback, and the scene is a most brilliant one. This park was completed just before our Revolutionary War at an expense of more than $1,000,000.

Educationally Calcutta should stand very high. Besides numerous schools where the branches are taught in English, are the Presidency, Sanscrit, Mohammedan, and the Girls' College. There are five other colleges which are sectarian and supported largely by missionary effort, some under native management. There is also the University of Calcutta, which is an examining and degree conferring institution. There is a Medical College and School of Engineering. It is well supplied with hospitals. The Indian Museum is a mine of treasures and contains one of the finest, most extensive and comprehensive collections of osseous remains of antedeluvian monsters in the world, to say nothing of its interest in other lines.

The post office stands where once stood the Old Fort, historically connected with a tragedy which thrilled the world with horror at the time of its occurrencé, and has done so ever since. Just twenty years plus one month before the signing of our Declaration of Independence, and one century before the beginning of the great Indian mutiny, this fort which had been valiantly defended by the Eng-

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lish against an overpowering force, was captured. The survivors, less fortunate than the killed as the sequel proved, numbered one hundred and forty-six men. They were all placed in a room eighteen feet square, provided with only one window. It would have been uncomfortably hot and close for half a dozen people, but for these poor fellows packed like sardines in a box it was deadly. Many of them offered large sums of money for better ventilated rooms, but were only jeered at by their heartless tormentors. When the morning came only twenty-three of them were alive, and they were delirious. Some historians say that some of these died as a result of their terrible experience. It would be safe to say the British remembered this in subsequent campaigns. The space between two pillars of the post office are pointed out as the former location of the deadly room, well named the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The exports of Calcutta are opium, jute, tea, grain and pulse, oil seeds, raw cotton, indigo, hides and skins, silk and silk goods. The leading import is cotton goods.

RAILROADING IN INDIA.

DARJEELING, INDIA, January 24, 1905.—The journey from Calcutta to this place above the clouds can be divided into three sections of unequal lengths, occupying about twenty-two hours. A popular train leaves Calcutta from Sealdah station at 4:30 p. m., passes through a flat country interspersed with villages, and at eight reaches the right bank of the sacred river Ganges at Damokodea station, where a steamboat is in waiting not only to take passengers to the other side of the river to Sara Ghat, but to furnish the inner man or woman with an excellent dinner for a rupee, about a third of our dollar. Arrived at the other side, coolies rush on board, and a squabble occurs among them for baggage, which they carry to and place in the train for the magnificent sum of two cents each piece, whether a Saratoga trunk or a small handbag.

The train has sleeping accommodations of a somewhat

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primitive kind, but is comfortable for all that, supposing, of course, that one has wired ahead for berths, or for space, to be accurate. The compartments are slightly larger than the ones intended for day travel with a seat upholstered with leather running parallel with its long diameter, and above each seat a sort of hinged shelf of the same length and width, which can be let down for the night and becomes a bed. The traveler must furnish the bed clothing, pillows, and slips, or do without them. The usual outfit consists of a sort of bed comforter well lined, which is spread doubled upon the seat to play the temporary role of mattress, a pair of thick blankets, sheets, a pillow, and case. To these can with propriety and wisdom be added any sea rugs or heavy wraps which one may be so fortunate as to own. The names of individuals who have telegraphed ahead for slumbering space are written upon a slip of paper and fastened outside the door of the compartment, so that he who comes may read where he belongs. With all our newly-purchased impedimenta we were not any too warm during the night.

The last section of the transit is upon a toy train with a two-foot gauge, which brings one up the mountains to this place, the name of the road being The Himalayan Railway. We began ascending at once and passed through miles of jungle, with an occasional tiger trap in sight.

The locomotives of this road are made in Manchester, England, and weigh only ten tons each. The rails are of steel, weighing forty pounds to the yard. The speed is not allowed to exceed seven miles an hour on account of the constantly recurring sharp curves. There are numerous loops on the way also, and several times the train came to a dead stop against a bank of earth, where the journey would end but for the friendly switch to one side, up which it backed to another track to begin again. The stations were few, and below the name of each was given the altitude above sea level, by which we learned we were getting up in the world quite rapidly.

The scenery was, of course, fine and often sublime, with deep valleys below and towering mountain sides above. The train is provided with a few open cars for the benefit of

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those who wish to see all there is to be seen and who think they can contrive to keep warm all the way. And it was a question to be considered in no frivolous mood, inasmuch as it kept getting perceptibly colder all the time. About half way up small flat metallic tanks filled with hot water were placed in the first-class compartments, which served a very useful purpose as foot warmers.

Often we found ourselves looking down upon clouds, or passing through them, to the temporary damage of the landscape. We reached here about 2 p. m. and were brought up to this hotel (Grand Rockville) in rikshas of a modified form by natives called Bhutians, who resemble Tartars very strongly. They were three to a vehicle, two at the pole and one pushing behind, each of them puffing and sighing like a furnace. Our baggage was brought up by women, most of it on their backs. We are here a little over 7,000 feet above the Gulf of Bengal and from this place is obtained one of the finest and most comprehensive views of the Himalaya range from all sides.

But Mount Everest, with an altitude of more than 29,000 feet, cannot be seen from here even when sun and wind have dispelled intervening mists, and it is necessary to go to Tiger Hill, about six miles farther up the mountain, in order to gaze upon the classic summit of that famous peak. In order to do this and see it at the most favorable time the aspiring sightseer must be awakened at 3:45 a. m., take a cup of something hot, with toast and butter, mount a pony, and, accompanied by its owner on foot ride up a mountain road, through a village or two past a deserted spot where barracks for Thomas Atkins were located in former days, to finally bring up on the summit of a bald knob 9,345 feet above the Bay of Bengal. In the villages through which we passed were poles decorated with short streamers near the top, of textile fabrics mostly white, which performed the function of praying whenever the breeze would agitate them, thus making devotion automatic and pneumatic in a way, and as easy as the most indolent could wish.

On the way we passed small deposits of snow, through icy air accentuated in a stiff breeze, with suggestions of

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north poles and polar bears rather than tigers when we reached our destination, the last furlong on foot. Upon the knob is a small square structure of masonry, upon which to stand when gazing sunward. The moon was still quite plain, and the sun behind schedule time, incidentally behind a cloud. We found a man who had been sent on ahead by the hotel manager, who was with us, occupied in making a fire upon which to prepare our coffee, and never was a similar process watched with more absorbing interest than was this. It finally boiled over, which was accepted as the signal for its distribution and consumption, and it descended into the depths almost fiery hot.

Tiger Hill is so called from the fact that when still clothed with jungle vegetation it was a favorite abiding place for tigers, and there are grewsome tales of some of their performances in that locality now no longer probable nor even possible, about which we took great pains to inform ourselves prior to going. The sun finally appeared, and the moon slunk silently away. The wind was in an accommodating mood, and we realized then that the sublime exhibition, with its prelude of early rising in high altitude with low temperature, the freezing cold ride, and subsequent waiting, was well worth the price of admission. Back of us was old Sol, evidently in apologetic mood for being behind time, and bound to do his best to make up for it; before us was the apex of Mt. Everest, monarch of mountains, looking coyly at us over an intervening snow-clad range; the frontier of Thibet not far away as the crow flies, but a long journey by mountain passes to get there; to the right colossal Kinchinjunga and to the left the plateau of Bengal, more or less obscured by fleeting clouds. All this was quickened into ruddy life and warmth by the golden splendor of the rising orb of day, and those mountains, towering majestically heavenward into the silence of space, are well named "The Roof of the World."

For the first and only time thus far we have come in contact with castes and their peculiar ethics or attitude toward each other. At Tiger Hill, after we had warmed up interiorly with coffee, there was a supply of it left, and I sug-

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gested that it should be given to our horsemen. The man who made it kindly offered it to them, who refused it at once, saying they would lose caste should they take it, because he belonged to a different caste from theirs. The unfortunate individual who loses caste becomes at once degraded among all men, shunned by family and friends, and an outcast and pariah for all time.

This is a great tea-growing district and has been ever since 1856, a date well remembered in India as the beginning of the great mutiny. There are about 200 plantations near here and along the Himalayan railway, as we noticed coming up a few days since. The greatest output was in 1882-3, and amounted to over 8,000,000 pounds.

INDIAN SCENES AND CUSTOMS.

AGRA, INDIA, February, 1902.—The traveler in India is confronted with more complex problems than he is accustomed to in most civilized countries. It is not only necessary to lay in a stock of bed clothing, but to hire a man servant or "bearer" to act as all around utility man, as well as "guide, counsellor and friend." Theoretically he buys tickets, engages accommodation, hires equipages, handles baggage and looks after your interests generally. Practically he does some of these services when he can be found, and can be trusted to call upon dealers for a commission in the event of a purchase. On the journey from Calcutta to Darjeeling and back, these luxuries were not essential, but since then they have become a *sine qua non*. Our bearer is one Itol Hari, Hindoo by birth and religion, former tiger hunter by profession, and now bearer by occupation.

In order to see one of the most interesting sights in Benares (pronounced Ben-eye-rees), one must be up early in the morning, swallow coffee and toast in short order, and take a carriage for the so-called Bathing Ghats, arrived at which a boat is taken so as to see the sight to the best advantage. The boat has an upper deck provided with chairs as well as an awning, necessary

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even at an early hour in India in the winter. The Ganges being a sacred river to the natives, they have unlimited faith in its cleansing properties, notwithstanding the fact that they can not be oblivious to its utterly filthy condition. The proper procedure is to be rowed slowly up and down stream along the ghats for a distance of a mile or two each way. Thousands of people will then be seen making their ablutions, men and women mixed up in great confusion.

Children seem to be absent on this occasion, and no one ever swims a stroke, but all march boldly in up to the axillae, then duck down under the surface a few times before beginning to rub the surface, always without soap. Here are seen all types and conditions, young and old, rich and poor, striped, streaked and speckled in the literal sense, inasmuch as the totems or tribal marks, indicating caste painted upon forehead or breast, disappear at once in the great solvent. Patriarchs are there in numbers, Neptune without a trident, Gambrinus without a flagon, Father Time minus scythe or sickle, Falstaff sans paunch of genorus proportions, and Adonis with a damp but becoming smile. And there can be seen an occasional Psyche, Venus and Juno, with a bust worthy of the chisel of Praxiteles, all except the color; but anatomically speaking, most of the bathers could not shine as models. The most of the men have cavalry legs, almost as innocent of calves as those of a chicken, and the women should not reproach them on this account. Here, standing upon the steps, is a dandy restoring the obliterated marks upon his forehead. There is a maiden fair (from the Hindu standpoint at least) deftly rearranging her hair as the moisture drips from it upon her toga-like garment. An old woman hastens to envelop her many and pathetic wrinkles in a garment which would be the better for a bath also. A man is sitting on his heels dipping both hands in the water and letting it run through his fingers, muttering an invocation at the same time, as shown by the moving lips. A tall old man stands with his face toward the sun, eyes closed

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with an ecstatic expression illuminating his features. One who is rubbing his teeth with an index finger, dips a brass utensil into the water and fills his mouth from it to eject it instantly. Many are provided with basins of brass or vessels of pottery or iron. The last thing the owners of these do is to replenish them with water after taking a drink and carry it away with them, probably for domestic use, possibly for supplementary religious rites.

At Lucknow a soldierly looking old Englishman, who had fought through the siege and had a large scar on his face as a souvenir, showed us the ruins of the Residency and over the grounds, where against overwhelming odds during the mutiny of 1856-7 took place the most heroic defense known to history, ancient or modern, and thus he spoke: "This marks the spot where one of the British batteries was located. The mutineers had a battery over there, and the enemies were so close together that they could easily talk across to each other, and often did. We had about seven hundred native soldiers with us who had not deserted, and the enemy urged them to do as they had done. There stood the Johansen house with mutineer sharpshooters in it, and among them an African who never missed his mark, and was called by our fellows 'Bob, the Nailer.' He killed and maimed about sixty of our men, until one day Lieutenant Macabe and a small force attacked the house and had a regular house cleaning, killing every man in it, and among them our friend Bob, who had killed so many of our men. He had been asleep after his strenuous labors, and was bayonetted with many others. Later the house was occupied by the enemy and was blown up with about sixty insurgents, as many as Bob had done away with. From this building all the remaining native soldiers we had deserted in a body because their supply of opium had given out, but they were all killed by the insurgents before they cold explain who they were. I should have mentioned when telling about the attack on the Johansen house that at that time an English sergeant named

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Jones, and ten of our soldiers, most of whom were native Christians, deserted and were killed by the insurgents. In this building Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded by a shell on the second of July, and he died two days after in this room. The shell which struck him made that hole in the wall coming through, and exploded here. One had burst just a moment before and wounded two officers. The rest advised him to move to a safer place, but he said that was as safe as any, but the very next one tore open his thigh. He was in command only a few days, but his successor eighty-five days. This marks the place where a civilian named Cavanagh and a loyal native stole out one night to guide the rescuing forces which we knew were coming, by the safest route. When the demand was made for volunteers for this dangerous undertaking they stepped forth. They went to a group of natives outside, Cavanagh being disguised as a native himself, and asked them for a smoke, which was given them. They then asked where they could find something to eat, and were escorted to a place where food was to be had. This placed them beyond the danger line, and they met the rescuing forces later and escorted them in. For this Cavanagh received the Victorian cross, three villages which had been occupied by the mutineers, an important and lucrative office, and a pension for life. The native was generously rewarded also. In this basement room the women and children were kept in safety. Only one shot came in, making the hole you see there, and one of the women died of fright and the shock. In this room a Scotch girl had the dream which is the theme of that well known and much admired song, 'The Campbells are Coming.' Do you see those walls which have fallen outward? That was an enclosure in which Sir Henry Lawrence had stored a large quantity of hay before the siege. A rain came and swelled it so that the walls gave away and fell, as you see them now. That large building was occupied by our troops for some time. A battery and some sharpshooters played sad havoc with it for a long time, and it was decided to abandon it one dark night.

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This was done so quietly that the enemy never suspected it and kept pouring shot and shell into it for days afterward. When their projectiles gave out they fired nails, coins, stones and even bullock horns into us. Cholera broke out among us, killing many, and we also had a plague of flies which covered everything, and even interfered with our eating."

At Cawnpore we came again upon the said reminiscences of the mutiny and had another guide in the shape of a trim young British soldier. We went to the Memorial Church, then to a small Hindu temple upon the river bank, with the so-called Massacre Ghat leading from it to the river.

We went to Fatepuhr-Sikri to see an abandoned city, also a mosque, the autotype of the world-renowned one at Mecca. It was a long, cold ride, and we have not yet fully decided whether it paid or not. The city is situated on an eminence, at which our team stalled in going up, so that most of us walked to facilitate progress. We put up at what used to be Akbar's Hall of Records, now utilized as a Dak bungalow, where travelers may stay an unlimited time for a consideration, unless filled up and with others in waiting, in which contingency he must decamp in just twenty-four hours from the time of his arrival. If all are fed as we were there this would prove a very long sojourn, for the sleeping accommodations were both limited and uninviting, and all gastric joys were conspicuous by their absence.

We were shown about by a guide who claims to be a lineal descendant of Akbar's high priest. Akbar was anxious to have a son to succeed him, which was natural enough. He went to the high priest and told him about it, and the latter, to insure such a desirable event, sacrificed his little son of six months to bring it about. So says history, but the lineal descendant says it was nothing of the sort; the infant died from natural causes, and his ancestor was not such an ass as he is generally believed to have been. But Akbar in the fulness of time had a son, and everybody including himself was happy.

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When the priest passed into the shades, the much desired son of Akbar built a beautiful tomb for him, as much so on a small scale as the Taj Mahal afterward proved to be.

We saw some bodies being burned on the banks of the Jumna, which reminded us of the same performance on a much larger scale at Benares. We hired a small boat one afternoon and were rowed down the Ganges to a point as close to the principal burning ghat as possible. Here ten bodies were in as many stages of combustion, and one was being prepared at the water's edge not twenty feet from our boat, so we had a good view of the entire performance. When first brought there each body is dipped in the sacred river and then laid on the ground with the feet in the water, probably for the last purifying process. A woman covered with a long white cotton garment stood ankle deep in the water overseeing the process, and our guide informed us it was the widow of the departed, come to see that everything was done up to the standard. When all was ready a man standing upon a wall near by tossed down a long bundle of dry rushes, which was instantly set on fire and placed under the pile of wood, without any preliminaries of any kind.

When all was ablaze the widow stepped up to a higb wall to the left, a tall native lifted her up high enough to be seized by the hands by two men from above, and she was drawn roughly up to disappear in a neighboring boat.

Meantime another body quite near to us had been partially consumed, only the head and part of the torso remaining after the wood had become ashes. It was clear there was to be no more wood forthcoming, and the attendant disposed of the remnants by pushing them with a pole into the water and thrusting them down into the mud until they stuck there. Only a few bubbles of gas came up to locate the spot. It was at the place where we saw a devotee bathing and drinking the water early the next morning. Further up the bank a large dog carefully drew an arm from the ashes and dragged it

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away for its evening repast. A dead cow was towed out behind a boat, weighted with stones and sunk in the middle of the holy stream. We have eaten no fish since.

GWALIOR, DELHI, AND JEYPORE.

BOMBAY, February, 1905.—From Agra we went to Gwalior by rail, reaching there shortly after midnight. Had we relied upon our bearer to awaken us at the station, we should have gone much farther, no doubt, as he was sleeping the sleep of the just when the train stopped, and it was necessary to arouse and inform him that it was time to be moving. There is no hotel at Gwalior, but the Maharajah owns a fine large building for the accommodation of his friends, called the guest house, which serves the purpose of an hotel upon occasion. We were his friends and telegraphed ahead for accommodations, to hear later that it was filled to overflowing and only tents were available, which would be retained for us, so tenting we went. It was bitter cold, and although the tents had double walls and were well carpeted, I retired after removing only my overcoat and helmet, deeming it prudent to keep everything else on, including shoes. It reminded me of one of Dickens' characters, who at the termination of a long session of conviviality went to bed with his hat, shoes and overcoat on, and his umbrella under his arm. Awakened by the cold before morning, I arose, put on my overcoat and gloves, and subsided once more to dream of cobras insinuating themselves under the walls of the tent preparatory to beginning hostilities against its unfortunate inmates, a habit in which they sometimes indulge, according to the authorities.

Gwalior is famous for its fort, one of the most ancient and renowned strongholds in India. The town is undoubtedly very old, although there is a considerable discrepancy in dates among the historians, some placing the foundation more than one thousand years before Christ, and others about the third century A. D. The visitor can take his choice, or found a chronology of his own be-

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twixt and between. The fort is about two miles from the Maharajah's guest house, and we went there in carriages to the gateway, where we were met by twenty-five coolies with covered chairs, in which they carried us up the steep grade into the plateau at the top, to the accompaniment of coughs, wheezes and puffings beyond mathematical computation. Formerly elephants were kept in readiness at the foot of the declivity for taking visitors up to and through the grounds, but they were poorly patronized and can only be had now upon application made twenty-four hours ahead. The plateau is about three miles in circumference, and a more favorable location for a fortress could hardly be imagined, nature having done everything in her power before her efforts were supplemented by art. Many of the rooms in the fort are hewed out of the solid rock. There is an ancient Bhuddist temple there with wonderful carvings on a most lavish scale. There are colossal Hindu deities carved on the face of the rock along the road leading to the exit, and the observer wonders why they were wrought in such an out of the way place.

At Delhi, unable to secure rooms in the best hotel by telegraphing ahead, we landed in the very worst, but remained there on the principle of putting in at any port in a storm. Delhi is called the Rome of Asia, and it certainly has enough ruins in and about it to justify the comparison. In the city and within fifteen miles of it are the remains of seven cities and forts. Eleven miles out is the oldest tomb in India, and near it is the famous pillar of wrought iron of which we read in the school books as being among the wonderful things of this world. It has several inscriptions upon it, one of which is in Sanscrit. It is believed it was erected by a Rajah who was a worshipper of Vishnu, and that a statue of the god stood upon it. One inscription upon it is liable to give an erroneous impression as to its chronology, placing it to antedate the Christian era by several centuries, but modern authorities agree in calling it a product of the

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third century A. D. Be this as it may, it has never shown any trace of oxidation.

At the Jumma Musjid, the largest mosque in India, we saw a shoe which had been worn by Mohammed enclosed in a box with dried jasmine blossoms, with a glass top over it. We were also shown a hair from the mustache of the prophet as an object of special veneration. It was of a reddish color and about as coarse as a hair from a horse's tail. One of his footprints was shown on a marble slab, but there was a strange inconsistency somewhere, inasmuch as the foot which used the shoe could never have made as large a track as the marble represented. We are forced to believe that the sculptor was not well informed as to dimensions. Two copies of the Koran on a parchment were produced, both written in Arabic, one by the son-in-law of Mohammed and the other by his grandson. We did not have time nor inclination to read them.

Jeypore (spelled three different ways at the railway station) is the capital of Rajputana, the Maharajah of which is said to be a veritable Croesus not only in rupees, the coin of the realm, but in wives, horses, elephants, camels and all the accessories. His income is reported at 3.000,000 rupees per annum, or $1,000,000 in good and lawful money of the United States. He can no longer pose as a single man, having one hundred and four wives, four of whom are legally acquired and the others semi-official. One of them wishing to form an estimate of her lord and master's affection for her would be obliged to resort to long division to gain an accurate knowledge of her proportion. He has elephants galore, one of which is downright crazy and has to be chained to four posts to prevent him from doing damage. He has 365 horses, many of which are regular beauties. Think of a ruler with an average of two wives a week and a horse for every day of the year.

We went from Javpore to Ambir, the ancient capital of Rajputana, on elephants, and there was just where we made a great mistake, for the journey was a long and

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tedious one, in time at least, and we had ample time in which to regret not having chosen some other mode of transportation. But we reasoned that as we did not ride upon pachyderms very often we ought by all means to go that way. We will know much better next time. But the journey was as interesting and instructive as it was slow. There is a fine large palace at Ambir, silent and tenantless now but for the servants who keep it in order and serve as guides to the tourists who go there daily. While beautiful externally from an architectural standpoint, some of the interior mural decorations were tawdry and cheap appearing.

When we were ready to return our elephants folded their apparently reversible leg joints, thus making them a few feet lower, and we clambered up to our seats by the aid of a short ladder, which swings at the side of each animal and is just as essential as goad or howdah. Just before we mounted one of the drivers dropped his goad while seated on the animal's neck, and the intelligent beast instantly seized and returned it with its trunk without any command.

While not considering myself an authority on elephant riding, this being only my third offense (which should be considered as an extenuating circumstance), I am quite free to say that the big brutes have ways which do not commend them to those who have any pride as to personal appearance. Their hides, though thick, are very sensitive to the invasion of insects, and they are addicted to filling their trunks with miscellaneous dust of the road and blowing it through their trunks wherever the offenders may be most aggressive for the moment. As they do everything on a large scale, there is often a surplus of dust which misses the insects but does not miss some of the unfortunates perched aloft, and consequently a dust storm is not as rare an incident as might be desired. And they must have large tanks concealed within their huge frames somewhere from whence they regurgitate water to spray themselves through this trunk, causing a shower from below instead of above, and awakening

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FROM AMBIR TO JAIPUR

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rudely the passenger from a reverie or calculations as to what time he may aspire to reach his journey's end, if ever. So between dust and spray one cannot always be happy.

At Ahmedabad we saw a most interesting sight, much more so than mosques and tombs, which are among the leading features of every Indian city, and which we have come to consider much in the light of a job lot. But here was something out of the usual routine in the shape of a hospital for sick animals and birds. This is established and supported by the Jains, a sect who consider the life of an insect or animal fully as important as that of the highest animal—man. We saw there hundreds of buffalo, bullocks, camels, horses, donkeys, each with troubles and maladies of their own. And the birds of the air were there in great numbers.

One of the peculiar institutions of India is that of marriages among children, and we have come in contact with instances twice. One day when returning from Fatepur-Sikrito to Agra we came upon a large concourse of people at a country cross-road. There were men, women and children on foot, in buffalo and bullock carts, on horse or camel back, or sitting on the ground. Our bearer informed us, after inquiry, that a boy of 11 was to be married to a girl of 8, who lived near by, and they were waiting for him to come up the road, when they were going to accompany him to the house of the bride, to play the role of guests of the parents of the contracting parties for a week or two. Directly a fine looking man came along on a richly caparisoned horse and we were told he was the father of the groom.

At Ahmedabad the other day, while riding in the street, we met another expectant groom of 5 years of age carried astride the hip of a servant, just as all little children are. He was not only gaily decked out in purple and fine linen, but also was decorated with garlands of flowers. The other groom of 11 was a confirmed old bachelor as compared with this infant. Our bearer was

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married at 8, and told us that a wedding often impoverishes for years the parents of the bride and groom.

India is a country of many quaint vehicles and devices for travel, and we have tried most of them, riding after bullocks, in a two-story camel hack drawn by one beast, in small carts drawn by skinny horses, and in baskets carried by coolies. It is a country of magnificent distances between interesting points, and we have made many journeys by day in order to get a better idea of the physical appearance of the country.

The Parsees, another religious sect whose ancestors came from Persia, do not believe in cremation. They have "Towers of Silence," so called, which are just four walls enclosing a quadrilateral space in which the nude bodies are placed, when the vultures speedily descend and do the rest. We were told they dispose of a body in half an hour, leaving only the bare bones. One was placed in one of the seven towers we saw at Malabar Hill, but we did not know which one, unless it was the only one which did not have a fringe of vultures around its top. We saw the sheet being rolled up or folded which had covered the body before it was placed inside.

IN THE LAND OF THE ARAB.

ADEN, ARABIA, February, 1905.—Before saying anything about this rock-ribbed British stronghold we want to tell about a Parsi wedding which we attended in Bombay shortly before leaving there, a most interesting ceremony not only to the contracting parties, relatives and friends, but also to those who, being strangers in a strange land, were fortunate enough to secure invitations.

To be accurate and truthful, it would be more to the purpose to say permits instead of invitations, our bearer having enough pull to obtain them for us. Upon reaching the home of the bride we dismounted from our carriage, were introduced to the men at the gate, and were allowed to enter the yard of the premises, with a high stone wall about it. The ladies were taken to a long open building

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near by and provided with seats, while the men were seated in the grounds among hundreds of Parsis of the sterner sex.

These men were clothed in long white garments of linen or muslin, gathered in at the centre by a wide girdle of the same material, both ironed stiff and spotlessly clean. They wore hats which resembled short sections of stove pipe partly bent in at the top, leaving the crown open to the elements.

The chairs were placed in long rows back to back, and there must have been at least five hundred male guests there when we arrived, and more kept coming constantly until it was time for the ceremony to begin. Servants passed around with beautiful small bouquets on trays, each guest taking one, which was then sprinkled with some liquid perfume from a small silver object which looked more like an elongated pepper-box than anything else. Then came servants bearing upon trays betel-nuts enveloped in leaves for a quiet chew to pass away the the time.

A dignified looking Parsi sat at my left, and to my great surprise and no small satisfaction, which was ill concealed, addressed me in just a little better English than I could command myself, saying he presumed I was an American, whereupon I did not deny the soft impeachment. He said he had been in America, named several prominent cities he had visited, and among them Pittsburgh, with which he had been much and most favorably impressed. I told him that several wandering ones from that city were right there waiting for the ceremony to commence.

A plethoric old gentleman stood near the gate and we were informed he was the father-in-law of the groom expectant, in other words the proud sire of the bride. Those fine shawls which were being hung about his neck were gifts from his male guests. His caste mark was a circular spot between the eyes about the size of a dime, and occasionally a friend of the same caste would add a little pigment of crimson to it in token of good fellowship. A servant came out of the house bearing a large tray up-

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on which was a horn of plenty inverted, a cocoanut, a hat, shoes and other articles of masculine apparel which were intended as gifts to the groom.

All this information was given by my accommodating acquaintance. While thus engaged in conversation a Parsi approached, gathered up all the English and Americans present and conducted them into the long building where the ladies had been escorted a while before, and were seated in front of them and within a very short feet of the spot where the ceremony was about to take place, actually having the seats of honor.

Directly came servants with garlands of flowers which they hung about our necks, at the same time presenting us each with a gorgeous bouquet of tube-roses in the centre of which was a red rose, very beautiful but with an aroma suggestive of funerals in the land of the free. The Parsi ladies were clad in gowns of white material which resembled very fine Cashmere wool, with an extention which came over the head like a wimple, bordered with gold and embroidery. Jewels were abundant, principally in the shape of ear pendants and necklaces, many of them superb. Right in front of me were two chairs facing each other and in the one facing me the groom seated himself forthwith. He was a tall and lanky young man of thirty, fashioned after the plan of a ladder, with a very good face. He was accompanied by a friend as witness and sponser, who stood behind him. Two priests held up before him a curtain of muslin, the top of it being a little higher than his head, and immediately after the bride came in with her best friend and sat with her back to me.

One of the priests then produced a ball of white yarn, which was passed around the bride and groom several times, being knotted each time after passing under the curtain. This being done the contracting parties dashed a handful of rice in each other's faces, both laughed, as did everybody else, all looking both pleased and relieved, the curtain was withdrawn, the yarn removed and then the bride took a seat at the left of the groom. She outranked him in age, being one year his senior, and she must

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ELEPHANTA CAVE

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have been out of town or at least not at home when the graces came around distributing their favors, for she was entirely overlooked on that most important occasion. The two priests stood before them each with a tray at hand upon a table containing a quantity of rice and a few cocoanuts. They began chanting something and accompanied themselves by throwing rice in the faces and upon the heads of the happy couple. We watched this phase of the ceremony for half an hour or more, during which time everybody talked aloud, and occasionally the groom would turn his head and converse with people just behind him.

Seeing that the supply of rice was great and fearing the casting of it might last an unlimited time, we withdrew, wondering whether the cocoanuts would be thrown about later or not. Going out we found the masculine Parsis seated at long tables in the garden, eating with their fingers viands which were placed upon large pieces of banana leaf. We were informed that the rice-throwing stage of the ceremony would endure a good while longer, and that the entire performance would be repeated at midnight, not that it was required by law, but that it was the wish of the happy couple and their families.

The Island of Elephanta, so called because a stone elephant was found upon it, is in plain sight from Bombay across the harbor, just a nice little launch jaunt of one and a half hours. We went there to see the famous caves or rather the Temple to Vishnu, cut out of the solid rock. It is not known definitely when this temple was built, conjecture placing the time anywhere from one thousand B. C. to one thousand one hundred A. D.

A drive of about four miles from Aden conducts one past and through the fortifications to the camp, which is a large and typical Arab town, with its bazaars, market, horses, camels, dogs, insects and motley population. It is built in the crater of an extinct volcano, and near by, cut in the solid rock, are huge tanks for the reception and storage of water in the rainy season. One hundred years ago, approximately, a British officer discovered

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them filled with rubbish and had them cleaned out, since which time they have been rededicated to their original purpose.

But for the process of distilling, Aden would be short of a water supply.

One day when first here I saw a number of Arab boys in the mud of the harbor at low tide getting water from springs which bubbled up numerously and copiously. It was fresh water and they were catching it in vessels of all descriptions. Farther north (in the Persian Gulf) natives dive into the bottom of the sea with water bags of goat or pig skin, the mouths of which they hold open over the springs, then close the opening with the hand and come to the surface with the supply thus laboriously and dangerously obtained. The distilled water is not bad to the taste, and is to be had in great abundance. The streets are sprinkled with sea-water from carts drawn by camels, also from water bags carried by the Arabs. There is a fine surf at full tide, but within a year or so surf-bathing has been forbidden by reason of the multiplicity of sharks. The last victim was a small boy who was wading in shallow water for amusement when a shark seized him and he was seen no more.

There are many British troops here constantly, some of the regiments (infantry and cavalry) being East Indians with white officers. The native soldiers make a much better appearance than would be expected, and are said, since the days of the mutiny and its lessons, to be very faithful to the crown, which they proved quite lately in the course of the Boer war.

A Berlin attorney, who has been with us since leaving Japan, has been anxious to see two things most especially, a shark and the Southern Cross. I showed him a fine large specimen of the former the other day, and he marvelled at its colossal dimensions. I volunteered to show him the much wished for constellation, if he did not object to being awakened at an outlandish hour of the morning, which he did not. He showed me his stateroom and I went to it at three the very next morning, and shook

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him up, only to find that, following the dictates of that unerring instinct which always prompts me to do precisely the wrong thing, I had aroused the wrong man, another Teuton. Apologies were as numerous as they were profuse of course, but he said it was all right because he wanted to see the constellation also, so I had the pleasure of pointing it out to both, and all were happy.

MODERN EGYPT.

CAIRO, February, 1905.—The voyage from Aden up the Red Sea was as fine as the most fastidious could wish, with a location associated with Biblical history occasionally in view, such as Mt. Sinai and the Wells of Moses, the latter quite near to Port Tewfik, at the southern extremity of the Suez Canal. In addition to this the latter is the temporary home of unfortunates destined to undergo the pangs of quarantine when of any duration beyond a day or two. By reason of having hobnobbed with plague at Aden we were landed in a quarantine station on the Arabian side of the canal, and a short distance north of Port Tewfik. The time of probation was two days, some of our clothing was fumigated and we had an opportunity to pay Waldorf-Astoria prices for the very primitive accommodations found there, but there is no use in trying to buck against the laws of the land.

Anyone of good judgement will early direct his steps toward the new museum building in the city limits, not far from the sacred river of the ancient Egyptians. Formerly it occupied one of the many palaces of the Khedive, who reigned fourteen years and built as many palaces, the poor people groaning under the heavy burden, and was situated about half way between this city and the village of Ghizeh, famous for its pyramids. The new building is a beautiful one and well adapted to its office of showing the very finest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world.

The first floor is devoted to the large and ponderous objects which would be difficult to move into an upper

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story. Here are statues weighing several tons each, sarcophagi and the many miscellaneous objects suggested by the religious belief of the vanished races who left behind them so much evidence to tell of their lives, customs, vocations and ceremonies, sacred and secular. What is believed to be the very oldest statue in the world is seen at the left, immediately on entering the building.

It is of sycamore wood, and represents a prosperous looking man more than half life-size standing in the so-called hieratic attitude, with one leg thrust slightly forward, shoulders squarely back, and arms close by the side with the fists clenched. Ordinarily both hands are held thus, but this man holds in one hand a cylindrical object supposed to represent a scroll of papyrus, the forearm being held at a right angle to the long diameter of the body. The feet had disappeared when the statue was found, but have been most skilfully reproduced in the same kind of wood. The eyes are of rock crystal, and the irides or colored membranes are of some metal believed to be bronze or silver, the effect being peculiarly life-like. There is a benignant expression of countenance, as of a man who wished well to all mankind. By reason of resembling the sheikh of the village near which it was found it is called by that name in Arabic, Sheikh-el-Beled.

But more interesting still is the mummy of the supposed Pharaoh known in the Bible as the Oppressor, Rameses II very well preserved, considering that he lived, transacted business and was a power in the land some thousands of years ago. He was a tall man with an aquiline nose, square large chin, indicating that he meant what he said, and a crown which was almost bald. There is a small tuft of hair over each temple of a reddish-yellow color, and as he was an old man when he passed away, the probability is that the surviving hair was white and became discolored by the bitumen and other substances employed in the process of mummifying. His last shave was a particularly bad one, inasmuch as on the left side of the chin is a cluster of bristles of the same color as the surviving hair. One would suppose that a

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PROSTRATE STATUE OF RAMESES II

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man who was prominent enough to be mentioned in the Bible would have a good shave, whether ante or post mortem. The observer finds himself wondering whether he shaved himself or if it was done by some menial, whether his razor ever pulled or cut him, and in either case whether his remarks were in italics or otherwise.

The second case from that containing Ramese II holds the mummy of his father Seti I, a much better looking man than his son if judged by a modern standard.

One can take a train here about six o'clock in the evening, have a fairly good dinner on board and later retire to a good sleeping berth, considering it is not of the American type exactly. He will reach Luxor in time for breakfast next morning, or if delayed can get it on the train. He will later be ferried across the Nile, mount a donkey and turn his steps toward the mountains in which were the Tombs of the Kings, among them those of the two just alluded to. The passage-way leading down to them is at an angle of about forty-five degrees and two hundred feet long. The walls are decorated with colored pictures believed to describe salient points in the lives of the occupants.

The opening which contained the remains of Seti I is to the right at the end of the passage, and the mural decorations in it were never quite completed, perhaps because his death prevented, it being the custom for kings to prepare the places for their final rest. The opening to the passage-way had been most skilfully concealed, from the fact that in ancient times the graves of royal personages were sought for plunder, and some mummies which were found here had been brought because their former resting-places had been discovered. The object in placing them in the museums was primarily to preserve them from the hands of the marauders. It seemed somewhat incongruous to find all the tombs of departed royalty lighted by electricity, but such was the case. It causes almost as much of a jolt as does the first sight of an electric train hieing itself merrily and swiftly away toward the hoary old pyramids of Gizeh, only a few miles from here. The

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Ramasseum would be seen with the prostrate statue of Rameses II lying in colossal fragments on the ground, the ruins of Medenet Habou, the terrace palace of the celebrated Queen Hatasu, and the huge, solemn sitting colossi gazing steadfastly back into the centuries. There would be a possibility of being held up by beggars on the plain of Thebes, and by hawkers of bogus antiquities with the varnish on them hardly dried, who will follow one for miles, not only supplicating but demanding patronage.

The pyramid of Cheops as it stands to-day is somewhat over four hundred and fifty feet high, but originally it was much higher, but like the Colisseum at Rome it was rifled for material for building a large mosque here and other structures. The foundation extends something like fifty feet further out than do the present dimensions, which gives a slight idea of what was taken away. It originally covered thirteen acres of ground, and one realizes that the idea of building it on an elevated plateau on the edge of a desert several miles from the base of supply was purely an economical one, for the loss of thirteen acres of arable land to Egypt would have been quite a serious one. When the traveler first goes up the Nile he realizes that Egypt, so far as life-sustaining potentiality is concerned, is a narrow strip of land on both sides of the river, with the Arabian Desert to the east and the Libyan to the west, looking at each other across it and waiting for the day when their silting and changing sands may come together over the neutral ground.

He who visits the "City of the Caliphs" with but limited time at his disposal can comfort himself with the thought that he can find enough in and about here to keep him busy for two weeks or more, and that the oldest monuments and tombs of a dusty past are within very short distances.

The monolith of Usertesen I at Heliopolis is one of the oldest in Egypt, and can be reached in something like an hour by carriage. This, the ancient city of the Sun, called On in the days when it was the seat of learning, shows only fragmentary evidence of its former greatness. Here

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many of the famous philosophers of the classics and of its history went to school, and all of them looked up at the monument of Usertesen as we do to-day. They looked higher, though, to see its summit, for several feet of earth have filled about its base.

The Island of Rhoda is another place associated with biblical history, and is in the Nile here in what is known as Old Cairo. Upon the up-stream end of this island the great Lawgiver drifted in his unseaworthy craft of bulrushes, which latter still grow along the sacred river. Upon this island in a large well is the nilometer, built by the ancient Egyptians and elongated by the Romans, probably to measure greater inundations than the ancients were accustomed to seeing. These same Romans were an aggresive lot of citizens at the time of their occupation of this land as one of their numerous colonies, for they managed things to suit themselves, which of course is not to be wondered at. They even went so far as to interfere with established customs after death, for they rolled the mummies of kings, queens, and nobles from their resting-places and were deposited there in their stead. Hence it is no uncommon thing to find Roman remains, inscriptions and coins in tombs which were old centuries before Romulus and Remus prospered under the fostering care of an unique stepmother.

But the most interesting jaunt of all from here is the one which conducts the traveler to the ruins of ancient Memphis and the Sakkara group of pyramids not many miles away, a part of the necropolis system extending from the Gizeh group several miles to the South. One can go by boat on the Nile or by rail parallel with it to the village of Bedrechein, where donkeys are always waiting to meet boat or train. The road goes through the wretched Arab village and comes out upon an elevated causeway built for the demands of passage during the inundation, passing through the Memphis Plantations. Here is a most fertile country teeming with life and vegetation. A very few miles away you come to a scattered

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grove of date palm trees, and among them lie scattered all that remains to tell of the departed splendor of Egypt's oldest city.

Here it is that the Nile used to have a well defined loop; here dwelt and reigned Menes, the first crowned king of all who before that time had been a powerful chief of many tribes, and who founded the first of a long series of dynasties. Here this same Menes changed the course of the Nile, and shortened it by cutting off this loop, after building a new channel, which was the shortest distance between two points. The records say that within what had once been the loop Memphis was built.

WITH THE EGYPTOLOGISTS.

CAIRO, March, 1905.—Leaving Memphis, another donkey ride a few miles brings one to the elevated plateau upon which the Sakkarah group of pyramids rests and has rested for the entire so-called historical period. The most prominent one is terraced, and is often called the step pyramid, believed to be the oldest historical structure in the world by reason of being mentioned in the Bible. Egyptologists estimate it to be from five thousand to six thousand years old. It was weary with age before Cheops ever thought of building for himself the giant tomb which to-day is one of the landmarks of the world. In riding toward it you are going through sand which is full of relics of long departed mortality, bones, pieces of mummy cloth, and fragments of terra cotta and pottery vessels. Many thousands of interesting objects have been gathered here in the past, and many of them can be seen in the wonderful museum in this city. In speaking of Memphis and the sacred bulls mention should have been made of the fact that several skeletons of these animals are to be seen in the museum and in an excellent state of preservation, all taken from the Tombs of the Sacred Bulls discovered by Mariette Bey about 1852. He was an Egyptologist of the most pronounced type, explorer

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and savant to such an extent that his name will ever shine in the annals of Egyptian discoveries.

He was walking in the sand here one day when he stumbled by striking his foot against something, which he uncovered and found to be the head of a ram-headed sphynx. He recalled his school days when he wrestled with Strabo, who wrote about the tombs and said the approach to them was lined on both sides by sphynxes, and began to hunt for them. He was finally rewarded, uncovering a second one, after which he was able to establish the line in which to look for more, which were not long in forthcoming. Keeping it all to himself, as most any sensible man would, he hired a number of workmen and built a house close at hand in which to dwell while the good work was going on. The world knows the rest, and has profited in interest and instruction by the results of the subsequent work. All honor to Mariette Bey, who not only discovered the opening to the tombs, but entered them and examined in detail the twenty-four huge sarcophagi which he found within, each containing the mummified body of a bull. Not content with merely finding them, he collected a vast quantity of miscellaneous objects, had them carefully packed in boxes and buried in the sand at certain specified places. But the paths of explorers are not always strewn with roses nor even smooth, and Mariette Bey found this to be the case later on, to his great discontent and pecuniary loss; for while actively engaged in this congenial work he was hastily summoned to Paris on some very urgent business and went away under protest, expecting to return at the earliest possible moment. While he was absent along came the Austrian Crown Prince, the ill-fated one who later came to a sad and tragic end while trying to found a monarchy on our continent, and he was informed by the perfidious Arab workmen of the hiding-places of Mariette's treasures. He was also much interested in antiquities, and caused all the cases to be dug out of the sand, sent to Alexandria, shipped to Trieste, and to-day they rest comfortably in a Vienna museum.

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The modern tourists eats his lunch in the building erected for a temporary home by the great savant. The tombs are buried deeply in the sands of the desert and most stifling hot, but no one can afford to miss seeing them for such a trifle as that. There is a long central thoroughfare and lateral chambers each containing an enormous sarcophagus of granite, provided with a lid of the same material weighing several tons. Most of the lids were replaced in position after the contents of the sarcophagi had been removed, but one was left partly shifted so that visitors by ascending a short flight of stairs could look down into the receptacle.

Mariette ascertained in the course of his researches that many of the sarcophagi had been tampered with in ancient times, but there was one dating from the thirtieth year of Rameses II's reign which had escaped the attention of the marauders. Thirty-seven hundred years had elapsed since the sacred bull had been placed in it and the lid put on. A stone wall had been built to conceal it from view, and the finger marks in the mortar of the workman who laid the last stone nearly two thousand years before Jesus preached in Galilee were as plain as if made the preceding day. And there were the prints of naked feet in some sand lying in one corner of the mortuary chamber.

Fully as interesting as this is the mastaba or Tomb of Ti, near at hand, built more than four thousand five hundred years ago, long before the sand upon which the Gizeh group stands had ever been disturbed by anything but shifting winds. Ti lived, flourished and passed away in the fifth dynasty, and his vocation was that of architect for the reigning monarch of his time. The records say he was of good parentage but not of the nobility, but he married a princess which exalted his rank in no small degree. His tomb, once built upon the surface, was also covered by sand in the course of time, and one must go down into the earth now to see one of the most interesting tombs in Egypt, which is saying a good deal. It being dark below, the guide burns magnesium wire,

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which makes a brilliant light and brings out clearly and strongly the mural decorations of plaster in low relief, still showing to a marvelous extent their coloring. These are among the oldest and most perfect mural decorations in this country, and it is much to be deplored that they were still unknown when many of the writers wrote their works, among others Harriet Martineau's "Eastern Life, Present and Past," one of the most fascinating books ever written. According to the inscriptions in this tomb, Ti was not only an architect, but also a man of affairs in other directions.

All the myths of Egypt are not confined to its system of ancient religious belief. Having consumed most of the country's bibliography for many years, I have come across some things which numerous visits here have failed to realize. One of the works, the name and author of which I have forgotten, tells about a number of astronomers and scientists coming upon a temple somewhere upon the facade of which was carved a constellation unknown to them. They knew the component stars, but had never known of such a combination; so they reckoned backward, as the story runs, and found that about five thousand years prior to that time such a constellation or combination had really existed, giving useful and conclusive proof as to the chronology of the structure. Theoretically this sounds very attractive and pleasant and may be true enough; the crawfish method of mathematical reckoning does not detract from its interest, but I have scanned facades anxiously and faithfully from here to the Island of Philae above the first cataract; have asked hopefully and trustfully about such a temple until hope has not only grown gray but shown all other evidences of senile involution, for no one seems to know anything about it.

There is a university here in a mosque which was built in the early days of the Mohammedan calendar, but has been repaired and restored so often that but little remains of the original structure. The curriculum of study seems quite limited and largely confined to the lore of the Koran,

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or Mohammedan Bible, to so-called religious science, jurisprudence and little else. I looked in vain for signs of instruction in mathematics, which would not be difficult to recognize, as their system of numeration is the same as ours. It would be more to the point to say our numerals are the same as theirs, as we borrowed ours from them and never returned them. Mention should be made that they also teach grammar and rhetoric, but nothing is said of logic nor of natural philosophy.

The mosque and adjacent buildings corresponding to cloisters enclose a large quadrilateral space in which are squatted numberless groups of students of all ages, my guide showing me a class of small boys not more than eight years of age, and a few yards away another in which were gray-bearded men. When reading aloud or reciting, all either move the body forward and backward, or from side to side, motion seeming to be an important factor toward the acquirement of knowledge. The slates were square pieces of tin or other metal, upon which writing was done by stylets dipped in ink. A dignified sheikh was teaching a class which was far advanced on the rocky road to knowledge, and I was told that when a student has mastered any branch he receives a certificate which enables him to teach in that branch only. The teacher receives no compensation for his work, and any one of the Mohammedan faith and masculine gender is eligible to a scholarship. There are no stringent rules governing deportment; scholars look around and talk aloud, and some eat their lunch during class hours. There were several blind students there, who were being read aloud to. I was taken through the entire school, and there must have been at least one thousand scholars present, making a humming noise like an overgrown hive of bees.

We were lucky on the occasion of our last visit to the Gizeh pyramids, which was only yesterday. Our friend Abdul lives there, and is a son of the sheikh of the village. When he heard we were going there he at once invited himself to accompany us, and to take our hotel

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lunch to his house to be consumed in private. This had more than the one thing to recommend it, for we had an idle curiosity to see what manner of house our Bedouin friend lived in, so we accepted without any loss of time, including four nomadic Pittsburghers who were with us.

We saw only one of his wives, but any number of those who may some day rise up and call him blessed. We found that Arab housekeeping left some things in an unfinished condition, but the coffee they gave us was excellent, which is more than can be said of the Arab butter, which should have been curried before it was brought in, and was entitled to unlimited respect, for it outranked all who were present, as was once said by the late General Hazen at a banquet. When we left we stepped out of a window to a ladder, and descended to a first-story roof on our way back to our carriege.

While the pyramids of the Ghizeh group are conceded to be old, and were considered pretty well up in the chronological scale when Herodotus told of them bebetween four and five centuries before Christ, they are much younger then the Sphynx near by and its temple. It stood there long before Cheops ever was thought of, and its state of preservation justifies the belief that it will remain there for an unlimited time to come.

It is customary now to consider the Sphynx as being of the gentler persuasion, but a conventional beard weighing several tons which fell or was removed from its chin, says the lion with the human head was a male. Occasionally it is necessary to remove large quantities of sand from about the body of the lion, lest tourists should protest against being unable to get the full worth of their money. The temple is well preserved, and has in it some huge blocks occurring at angles which include the angles in their continuity, a peculiarity never observed by us before. The stone masons of those days were abreast of the time surely enough.

But enough of mummies and tombs, for Cairo is right here pulsating with life and activity, to say nothing of an insatiable desire to entice the coy and unwilling piastre

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from the pocket of the visitor. One could sit upon the veranda of this huge caravansary and be well entertained any length of time in watching the crowd surging past. And it is a motley crowd in the fullest sense of the word. In its kaleidoscopic wave are men, women and children of most of the nations of the earth. The jet black Nubian with long scars on his cheeks jostles against the fair-haired Briton, the lanky eunuch brushes past the florid Teuton, the ubiquitous American gazes with surprise upon the scantily clad Somali, the dignified Arab draws his mantle more closely about him to avoid touching an Indian, who in turn scowls upon a Hindoo accursed of a different caste, and the Cinghalese sizes up with calculating brain each European he sees. The street juggler performs on the sidewalk by the veranda, always with a crowd about until ordered to move on; the vender of postal cards, matches, ostrich feathers, fly brushes and strings of beads cannot be evaded, and the native Egyptian will produce from the ample folds of his garments of cotton fabric numerous tin boxes of scarabs from the tombs, ostensibly really made lately in Germany or up river at Luxor, where they can be obtained by the quart.

It is necessary for many coming to Egypt for the first time to ask what a scarab is, and why it plays so prominent a role in the Egyptian system. It is because the scarab or beetle was regarded by the ancient Egyptians as the emblem of eternal life, and was consequently worshipped by them. The living beetle was and still is about three-quarters of an inch long, two-thirds as wide, and as black as the character of Satan. Its analogue in our country is generally called the tumblebug. It is much in evidence to-day here wherever there is sand, which is considerable. Its "counterfeit presentment" is found in the tombs with mummies in the shape of necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets and finger-rings, and the people used to carve their names upon the under side and use them for seals or signatures.

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THE SHOPS OF CAIRO.

Of the multitudinous attractions of Cairo but few can be noticed here, but the bazaars are famed the world over and must not be neglected, for all things under the Oriental sun can be found there. This most interesting and fascinating quarter occupies a large area on a line between the railway station and the citadel, and nearer the latter than the former. Some of its thoroughfares are of sufficient width to admit carriages with ease, but many are so narrow that they can only accommodate pedestrians and donkeys. We had all been there before, some of us several times, and knew where some of the most interesting places were to be found. We had discovered that it would never do to pay the wily tradesman or merchant the price he would first ask for any article in stock, as it was always pitched very high, so as to allow for subsequent declension or shrinkage. A safe rule to go by was to offer about one-fourth of what was asked, and then work gradually up to about one-third, which would be apt to land the article in the purchaser's hands with a profit for the seller. The shops in which antiquities were sold claimed a good deal of our attention, to make no mention of coin of the realm. The bazaar merchants do not scruple to turn state's evidence against each other, and we overheard one telling a lady that a gaudy trinket which she had just purchased at an adjoining shop as Cairo-made was really manufactured in Paris.

A very interesting quarter is that of the silversmiths, where the thoroughfares are the narrowest of all. In order to enter them we must dismount from our donkeys and leave them in charge of the donkey boys, so called; many of whom are blessed with the four wives allowed by the koran, to make no mention of swarms of children. Here we see rings, bracelets, and other articles for adornment of the fair sex, wrought from the virgin silver with such very clumsy and primitive tools that the delicacy and excellence of the manufactured product are a

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source of wonder. Valuations are based upon the weight of the metal plus the labor in fashioning them. There are workers in brass near by with methods and output fully as absorbing in interest as those just alluded to. They run to trays, vases, urns, screens, finger-bowls and domestic utensils. Here flourishes the merchant of sweetmeats and the confection known as "Turkish delight, a compound of fig paste with a loud suspicion of glucose.

One street is dedicated to the manufacture of flags, banners and symbolic devices of applique work in colors sewed upon a base of canvas or some other coarse material, many of them copied from monuments and tombs. We purchased one representing a sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians, with more colors of plumage than had the famous and envy-inspiring coat of the unfraternally treated and much rewarded Joseph. And there are workers in wood, using naked feet almost as deftly as hands in holding pieces undergoing transformation, and we see the fig-bearing sycamore, and acacia woods assuming unwonted shapes in anticipation of new duties and functions. Saddles and bridles for horses, camels, and donkeys are being fashioned by the gross; men and boys are making shoes, slippers, and the shambling gait-producing sandals of the Orient.

And the carpet bazaars must not be overlooked with their ancient and modern carpets and rugs, some of the latter of which have crossed the deserts many times serving as saddle-cloths on camels' backs, and as couches or floor coverings in the tents. An old Arab with a beard like that of the Moses of Michael Angelo and the mien of a prime minister is mending a tattered rug, which looks old enough to have been sat upon by the patriarch Abraham in the door of his tent when contemplating his flocks and herds, trying to obtain pasturage among the rocky and barren hills and plains of Palestine. He draws tufts of material through the fabric with a long needle, afterward clipping them off the required length with scissors. The fine silks from the looms of Lebanon, the

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gold and silver brocades from Damascus, the famous gauze-like shawls of neighboring Nubia, bounteously ornamented with silver-gilt spangles, must not be overlooked, all most attractive and seductive to eyes feminine, and the fancier of antique embroideries must keep a tight hold upon his or her purse lest the contents speedily melt away.

The best method of locomotion in the bazaars is upon a donkey, which can go anywhere a man can, and when not in use can wait with its driver at the next corner, subject to call.

The Egyptian donkeys and most especially those of Cairo and the adjoining country are the best with which we have been brought in contact. The wretched beasts of Palestine, which need to be vigorously whacked over the flanks every rod or two in order to be kept up with the procession, are a parody upon their race.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

CAIRO, March, 1905.—The first Friday (which is the Mohammedan analogue for the Sabbath of the Christians) we were in Cairo we went to see the howling dervishes, it having been represented to us by our dragoman and others that they are one of the local sights well worth seeing. We had an early lunch, as it was said the religious performance would begin at one o'clock, though others asserted it would be at two. It finally proved to be nearly three, but exactitude as to time is one of the myths of this land, which we seem to realize more the longer we stay. The Oriental mind seems to revolt at being on time, as we term it, and this same vagueness of definition is noticed about anything in the line of information on any subject. Our way to the dervish convent led us through old Cairo, an aggregation of dilapidated buildings and wretched hovels, redolent of dogs, rags, sore eyes and smells, which were a sore affliction to the special senses. We appreciated being in a carriage, with a fairly good team according to the standard of (livery) equine excellence in this place, with our driver and drago-

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man in front for a sort of protective barrier against the aroma. Everywhere we were assailed by children with the ever-prevailing demand for backsheesh, the Arabic word for gift, with the expectation that it will be in the shape of money.

We found the convent to be on an elevation, with a crowd of carriages grouped near the entrance, showing we were among the late arrivals. On leaving our carriage we were at once surrounded by beggars, with all sorts of distortions as well as degrees of filth, raggedness, and had quite a gauntlet to run before reaching our destination, in an enclosure formed on three sides by the monastery, with a raised platform in the center forty feet square and two or three feet high. About the paltform chairs were placed in rows three or four deep, to be paid for in advance by spectators, and overhead was a trellis with grape vines upon it. Soon after a few of the dervishes appeared on the platform and arranged themselves in a row on one side of it. They were not remarkable looking people for Cairo, although they would have been considered such in any but an Oriental country. One was in European dress, had a fair complexion, was blind of one eye, and wore the usual tarboush or fez. One very tall, black man wore a long, blue, single garment, with sandals on his feet, and looked like a Nubian. He had a turban on his head, white by courtesy, but which had not enjoyed the benefit of a laundry for some time. One lusty young fellow about the hue of a banana had his face ornamented with a chronic smile and seemed to consider the whole performance an excellent joke, it certainly was upon those who were there in the expectation of seeing something worth the expenditure of time and money. One short, blocky man, with an enormous shock of long hair, which looked as if it might be benefited by a bath, was the most earnest and serious one of all. A tall, blind, black man was led in by a young man of the same complexion and took his place in the line. By this time there were thirteen of them, though this number was augmented by later arrivals until there were thirty in all.

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A patriarchal-looking man stood in front of and facing them about 12 feet away and began to chant something in a low tone. He was accompanied by a few musicians, among them two little urchins who beat vigorously upon primitive-looking drums with a single stick each and without the slightest reference to time. The dervishes repeated the chanted words of the leader at first in a low tone gradually increasing in force and later accompanied by nodding movements of the head, which gradually became more and more defined, until the body joined in the movement and became aggravated into fierce antero-posterior movements of rapidity and force, the body leaning backward as far as possible, then being bent forward suddenly to within two feet of the floor, which the long hair of some of them would almost touch. This was kept up a painfully long time, accompanied by discordant grunts and occasional howls of the performers, and the noisy and rythmic inspiration and expulsion of air from their lungs bore a close resemblance to the puffing of a small engine. Perspiration poured from their faces, and we expected to see some of them fall down from exhaustion, which, however, no one did. Eventually, the movements became slower, until the original nodding of the head was all that remained. Afterward another man took the place of the priest, or individual who did the chanting, and several after him, the entire performance being a more or less modified form of the one just described. We must have been there at least two hours and were glad when the howling humbugs had finished, and we could run our return gauntlet of beggars back to our carriage.

While on our way to Egypt we were informed we were likely to see one of the most interesting of Cairo's sights, the departure of the sacred carpet for Mecca, to be deposited one year in the mosque over the birthplace of the Prophet. During this time it accumulates certain holy as well as other properties, after which it is returned here and placed in some mosque for all time. Thus the caravan which takes away the new carpet (fruit of Constantinople's looms, it is said) returns the old one to the place of departure, thus killing two birds with one stone, an unusual

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procedure for the Oriental, who under ordinary circumstances would be much more apt to use two stones on one bird. Soon after reaching here we heard we were too late for this noted performance, as it had already taken place. We were disappointed, of course, not yet having been here a sufficiently long time to learn that most of the rumors one hears are false, so we were much elated a few days later to learn that it had not yet taken place, but would in the near future.

When the day arrived our faithful Khalil got a carriage and accompanied us, having convinced us that he alone could secure a location from whence we could see all there was to be seen. We rode through the crowded streets, past the bazaars and citadel, to a large space in the shape of a parallelogram, around the inner edge of which was a wide track. This space is about half a mile long and one-fourth as wide. Near the center of it is a large tent, with smaller ones near it, and past them a battery of artillery. Outside of this space is a wide street, and near where our carriage stood is a large stone building facing the street, from whence the Khedive was said to emerge to put the finishing touches to the preparations for departure.

Khalil got us an excellent location for seeing everything; about our carriage were closely grouped hundreds of others, and in and about them were people of all races, sorts, and conditions. A high stone wall was at our left, upon it many venturesome men and boys, while beneath and along it the crowd surged. In all directions was a sea of humanity, and a study in color was afforded us which only an artist could describe; for, added to the multitudinous shades of complexions, were the many colors of garments more or less gay and vivid in hue, which with the thousands of tarboushes, which were different shades of red, seemed to brighten and finish it all. The beggars were there in force, and as determined as ever to have you contribute more or less willingly to their support. And salesmen of fly-brushes, fans, antiquities, cigarettes, fruits, and candies were also in evidence. The beggars made us most weary, though, and refused point blank to leave without some testimonial.

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Three young women of the demi-monde were in a carriage just back of us and did not scruple to ask for cigarettes and coin, but were just as well behaved as any other of the natives. Three men came along singing a humorous song in very bad French, accompanying the refrain by knocking off the hat of one in the middle of the group, he catching and replacing it instantly, all being done in perfect time with the music.

All at once the battery fired a salute, a carriage passed at a brisk pace containing the little son of the Khedive and nurse, followed by a mounted guard. Soon after another carriage appeared without any guard, containing the wife of the Khedive and her little daughter. Directly a second salute was fired, and with a flourish of trumpets and preceded and followed by mounted guardsmen came His Royal Highness himself, with one or two of his ministers, he looking amiably about and touching his tarbouche right and left like an automaton. They stopped in front of the building already alluded to and, alighting, entered it. Soon after a gigantic camel was led out of the large tent, followed by an escort of other camels and riders and dignatories on horseback. These moved about in a small circle three times, following the large camel, then crossed the space, stopping in front of the building which the Khedive had entered. A tall pagoda-like structure, which contained the sacred carpet, was on the back of the leading camel, and we estimated the summit of it to be 25 feet from the ground. The Khedive appeared immediately and kissed the camel's bridle, considered a vicarious way of doing reverence to the sacred carpet. He also handed 1,000 pounds (so reported) to the chief official of the expedition, wherewith to purchase the good will of sheiks of tribes through whose country they would pass, thus enjoying immunity from danger on the way, for the chiefs were not only bound to abstain from attacking it, but to defend it against any enemies which might appear.

Following the camels came a squadron of cavalry, a regiment of infantry, a mounted battery of light ordinance on mules' backs, then people on horses, donkeys, and on foot,

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making an imposing cavalcade. They moved in the direction of the citadel, and as soon as all had passed we began to extricate ourselves from the forest of carriages, no easy task, and one fine equipage was upset and partially wrecked in the shuffle.

VARIETY OF BEGGARS.

After returning to the hotel from a day's jaunt about town or among the bazaars, after ablutions have been performed and dinner togs donned, or letters to dear ones written, one can consume time very pleasantly by occupying one of the easy wicker chairs and looking upon the motley throng. If near the railing next to the sidewalk he will be accosted at once by the never-absent bootblack, who will offer to polish his shoes if he will allow them to protrude through the railing. The bead-merchant, or rather one of them (for the name of all ambulating tradesmen is legion), will accost and show him vari-colored strings of beads of glass, real or bogus amber, ebony, sandalwood, or fine cowrie shells which some of the interior tribes still use as a circulating medium. The photograph dealer will offer him sun pictures of all sizes, prices and subjects, good, bad or indifferent. A swarthy-hued Cingalese from an adjoining shop will try to sell him daintily carved boxes and jewel cases of sandalwood at a wonderfully low price, considering the amount of handwork on them. Then, lest he should become lonely, a man comes to the front selling canes of ebony "verra chip," as he says.

After he is gone his place will be taken by an Egyptian with one blind eye and the other decorated with a fringe of industrious flies, who has knives and daggers to sell. Those three in a case are picturesque, and an inspection shows it is of crocodile skin on one side and leopard on the other. No sooner has he gone his way than the space which he occupied is taken by an Arab of the desert or Bedouin kind, who has scarabei and beads from the tombs as he says, but some of them no doubt fresh from the

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hands of some expert who forged them. In order to prevent you from becoming lonesome, a tall Soudanese as black as the character of Judas Iscariot appears with a stuffed crocodile from the Nile balanced upon his head, the specimen being a very large one. In his zeal to get sufficiently near to state his case and show his goods the shout of the saurian comes over the top of the balustrade and makes an undesirably near approach to your face, causing you to dodge hastily back.

The next is a native with a trained monkey, which goes through all sorts of contortions at the word of command, taking good care to jump upon your knee when the show is over to present its cap for remuneration. A very diminutive trained donkey performs on the pavement beneath you feet, lies down as if dead and lets a monkey perform on him without protest. In order to add to your entomological knowledge, a man empties a bag of trained scorpions upon the pavement and allows them to roam about at will, apparently having trained himself to keep out of their way. They wander about with tails curved threateningly forward over their backs, and no one yearns to make a close acquaintance with them.

A wild-eyed Egyptian woman of the fellaheen or peasant class comes upon the verandah with the impedimenta of her magical craft, boxes, cups, eggs and newly hatched chicks, also a handkerchief, matches and cotton to eat while burning. She stuffs enough cotton in her mouth to fill a small cushion, sets it ablaze and immediately pulls from her mouth several yards of threaded needles. She is quite clever, and goes away upon new conquest bent, after collecting a miscellaneous quantity of coin from the bystanders.

If the pavement artists and dealers will give you a chance to extend your glance past them as far as the street you will see much there to rivet your attention, for the changes are being rung there continually. A camel ambles by with the long and awkward swing of its kind, loaded panniers at its side and a driver on its back. An ox with a dignified

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and leisurely pace of bovine race draws a wagon without any sign of a harness, only a crosspiece between the ends of the shafts, which rests on the neck just in front of the prominent withers. The unladen wagon contains the driver, with a large and heavy goad in his hand. A swell equipage dashes along preceded by two of the runners or sais, who run ahead of the stylish turnouts, of which they form an essential part, to clear the way, quite necessary in the teeming streets of Cairo. They go three or four rods in advance of the conveyance and always on a slow run. Their costume is picturesque; a cap or fez such as the Bedouins of the city usually wear, not high but fitting closely to the head, with a long silk blue tassel hanging down the back. They wear a short embroidered vest, generally red or blue, and the rest of the garments, which include a sort of kilt coming to the knees, are white. Below the kilt the legs are bare. They carry a short baton in one hand as an emblem of authority, and are always given the right of way. They are said to be short-lived, on account of the long protracted exercise to which they are subjected.

A regiment of cavalry approaches and passes slowly, followed by the admiring gaze of all. Here are seen under the best auspices the justly celebrated steeds of the Arabian family, some of them with pedigrees extending back half way to the days of the Prophet. The Arab or Egyptian horseman might possibly fail in naming some remote ancestor of his own, but never would he halt nor hesitate in giving the geneology of his horse back to the uttermost records when the first sire and dam pranced upon the sands. They are smaller than we had supposed, few of them seeming to weigh more than 1,000 pounds or exceed 14 hands in height at the withers. Their physical characteristics are small, bony heads, wide between the eyes, small ears, round and short bodies, straight backs, wide chests, powerful flanks and flat well-boned legs. The mane and tail are light almost to sparseness, the former generally short and the latter sometimes touching the ground. As to color, we look in vain for the calico and gingham effects of our youthful circus days, the colors being bay,

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brown, black and sorrel, with an occasional gray. All are beautifully groomed and shine with that lustre indicative of care and health which is a joy to the lover of the equine race, God's greatest and best gift to man. These are the matchless animals, superb in poetry and prose, famous in history and legend, full of courage in war, gentle as a lamb in peace, and of traditional power and endurance, who (for they are almost human) will carry a man from sunrise to sunset at a goodly pace if necessary, and a marked contrast to the famous camel corps, which we have seen a few times, wherein the animals are well cared for and trained, but the most liberal optimist would hunt a camel for some redeeming trait in vain.

Those two tall men who stand all day on each side of the veranda steps are Soudanese. They wear a long single garment of blue cotton which extends from neck to stockingless feet, thrust in slippers or sandals. The head covering is a spotlessly white turban of muslin or linen, in length seven times the circumference of the head, theoretically sufficient for a winding sheet. Their office is to prevent undesirable persons from going on the veranda, their task an arduous one, exacting like liberty the price of eternal vigilance; even then something contraband occasionally breaks through the line, necessitating a scuffle in the course of expulsion.

ON ITALIAN SOIL.

ROME, April, 1905.—We are looking upon the ruins of the Roman Forum and of one of the oldest business centers of Europe. It is believed that Rome was founded about 750 years before Christ, and about that time a market-place occupied a portion of the area before us. Its scope was widened later, and it became the center of varied business transactions, as well as that of a civilization which in its later development was the marvel of the world of its time, and has left its impression upon all succeeding ages to the present. It was worn by the tread of centuries before was born Julius Cæsar, founder of the great dynasties

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which played such leading roles in the world's affairs and history, as well as the brightest and most versatile man of his time. This is a spot where perhaps more history has had its genesis in proportion to its size than any place on earth. And there is a bit of sacred history closely associated with it, for just back of us was the Mamertime prison in which Peter and Paul were held before they became saints. Two churches have been built over the spot, but we have been down in the dungeon, and can easily imagine they had a dull time there. The custodian shows a concave depression in the wall made by the habitual pressure of one of their heads, while a small trickling spring is shown as an expression of divine sympathy for the captives, after they had been tortured by thirst and refused water by unsympathetic jailers. Near by is the Capitoline Hill, upon the other side of which is a live wolf to sustain the legend of the place, and some stone steps down which Julius Cæsar went on his knees after his campaign in Britain.

There are other famous twins associated with the history of "The Eternal City" beside Romulus and Remus of lacteolupine repute, for almost within reach of us are three fluted columns, sole survivors of a temple built in honor of Castor and Pollux, famous twins who watered their horses at that spot after a long ride to tell of the victory at Lake Regillus B.C. 496. Twelve years later the temple was begun, and these ruins are called by many the most beautiful ones in Rome. The elevated position of this temple made it a popular place for public meetings and addresses; on its portico the henchmen of Marius attacked Sylla 88 B. C., and on its steps took place the contest between Cato and Metellus concerning the recall of Pompey from Asia. Near it was a door opening into the Cloaca Maxima, most ancient sewer of Rome, built originally to drain the forum before us into the Tiber, lengthened later and tapped by collateral branches. Protected by a triple arch of stone, its preservation was matter of prime importance, and a legend says that Agrippa, when ædile, passed through it in a boat on a tour of inspection.

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Close by is the arch of Septimus Severus, built at the dawn of the third century A.D. in honor of their emperor of that name. It had upon it inscriptions complimentary not only to him, but to his sons Caracalla and Geta, the latter of whom was murdered by the former, who, when he came into power caused the one about his brother to be obliterated and one to himself substituted of an adulatory nature. In front of us, slightly to the right, is the spot where the remains of Cæsar were cremated after his assassination, and further to the right are the quarters of the vestal virgins, still in a fair state of repair.

Trajan did some building here with the aid of his architect, Appelodorus, and his nephew, the young Hadrian, had the nerve and audacity to criticise unfavorably some features of the architecture which did not meet his youthful taste. When he mentioned it to Appolodorus, the latter contemptuously advised him to go and paint gourds, which was a polite way of advising him to mind his own business. This had not evaporated from the memory of Hadrian at the time he succeeded his uncle, and he unceremoniously sent the architect into exile. Hadrian eventually became quite a builder himself, and caused to be erected to the left side of the Forum and over Coliseum way the temple of Venus et Romæ Urbis, which has a church built over it. When finished Hadrian wished to show the old architect that he was something in that line himself, and sent for him to prove the fact by showing the product of his skill. The old man gazed long and earnestly at the temple which was realy fine, and turning to the Emporer congratulated him saying it was beautiful and he could make only one criticism which would not be favorable. Of course Hadrian lost no time in asking wherein the architectural solecism consisted, and was informed that if one of the statues seated in a niche in the facade of the temple were to stand up he would have to bend his body forward, inasmuch as there would not be sufficient space in which to stand erect within the niche. Hadrian saw at a glance that the old builder was right, and admitted as much, paying him the compliment of saying he

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was the only man in the world who would have noticed it, and lest he might mention it to some one else he thought it a prudent thing to have him put out of the way, which was done forthwith.

Near the Corso, which is the principal retail street and popular thoroughfare of Rome, midway between an ancient palace and the Olympic theatre, is a large hole in the ground with a balustrade about it and an immense hinged lid, like that of an overgrown chest, which is closed at night, or when there is nothing doing below. This looks commonplace enough to the passerby unless he happens to know what it means, in which case he pricks up his ears, listens to all that is said and goes away wishing he had heard more, for below this spot has been lately discovered an arch built by Cæsar Augustus, nephew and successor to Julius Cæsar, whose reign antedated the Christian era. This structure, which is coming up to the surface of modern Rome piecemeal, is nothing more nor less than his Arch of Peace, of which a few straggling fragments had been exhumed in former years and wandered away to those wholesale habitats of interesting objects, the Louvre at Paris and the British Museum at London. At that time it was not definitely known what the fragments were, but now that the removal to the surface of the entire arch has become an assured fact, those institutions have consented to return the pieces in their possession, in order that the entire arch can be restored. The pieces of this arch are being laid in the grounds of the old palace alluded to until such time as all the component parts shall be present, when it will be reerected upon a higher plane than the one it rested on during so many centuries. It will be worth a journey from America at that time to see it alone, not mentioning any of the other countless attractions of this most fascinating city.

A most interesting and instructive exhibition on a small scale is one which is constantly going on near the Via Sistina, and which with my usual good fortune, I stumbled on a year ago. A dealer in antiques who for years had his shop on the Via Sistina and lately sold out, has dedicated his life and fortune to recovering as much as possible of

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HADRIAN'S VILLA NEAR TIVOLI

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the ancient galley or houseboat which was built upon Lake Nemi, up in the Alban Mountains, less than 20 miles from here. Writers disagree as to which emperor owned the craft, some saying it was Cæsar Augustus, others Tiberias, while an occasional doubting Thomas avers it was not a boat at all, but simply a village built upon piles out in the lake, which is held in the embrace of an extinct crater. Be this as it may, a fad of this dealer has been for years to spend his money and time in sending divers down into the bottom of the lake and taking charge of whatever they may chance to bring up; "their name is legion," as is fully realized by those who look upon the accumulated product of his industry. All is contained in one room about 20 feet square, with the lofty Italian ceilings which a near-sighted man must use his glasses to see. Every inch of this space, except the ceiling and narrow aisles on the floor, is taken up with the fragmentary evidence of some emperor's expensive caprice. Iron was evidently not used at all in the construction of whatever it may have been, for everything in the metallic line is of bronze. There are bolts, nails and spikes by the bushel and of all sizes. There are anchors, in opposition to the village theory, and an artistic headpiece to a prow of large size. There are good sized slabs of mosaic flooring very artistic, the subjects of their ornamentation being derived from Roman and Greek mythology. There are pieces of timber of different sizes still transfixed with nails, spikes or bolts, and the strangest thing about the collection is the fact that nothing can be purchased from it by retail, for it is the intention to sell it in a lump, the Italian government preferred as the logical possessor to be. In fact, the government wishes to own it, and has made an offer to the collector, which will hardly reimburse him for his actual expenses, without allowing him for his time and labor. It is to be hoped that the wide hiatus existing between the prices asked and offered will be filled eventually to the satisfaction of the collector, to whom much praise is due for having made possible one of the most interesting collections in Rome.

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One naturally thinks of the Borgia family, which lived at the time when a theorist and dreamer named Columbus made his memorable and important voyage to the West, of which Rodrigo (after Alexander VI) was the head. They were a bright and talented Spanish family, which in these days would be reckoned in the so-called smart set. Part of their talent found its expression in the elevation of poisoning and assassination to the dignity of a fine art. His daughter Lucretia became a past mistress in this noble art under the tutelage of her father and her brother Cæsar, who caused his elder brother John to be punctured full of holes and thrown into the Tiber, for reasons best known to themselves and shown by the side lights of history. It sometimes happens that the career of a wicked man is toned down and illuminated by one good act which stands out in bold relief, and is all the more apparent by reason of its somber surroundings. Rodrigo did one good thing, and should have full credit for it. He drank by mistake a glass of wine which he had thoughtfully prepared for some one whom he wanted out of the way, and got out of it himself.

A picture which is attracting a great deal of attention here is from the modern fiction "Quo Vadis," which is here upon its native heath, where we were so fortunate as to see it dramatized by a very good company a few years ago. It shows the gigantic body of the aurochs lying dead upon the arena, with Lygia still lashed to its horns. Ursus, the man of mighty strength, is not seen, but standing near by are Nero, Tigellinus, and a number of court favorites, Nero with a scowl upon his face indicative of much discontent, for the populace have demanded that Lygia should be set free and placed under their protection. It is a strong picture, and one lingers many times in passing.

One of the long-looked-for events of Roman life took place to-day in the shape of equestrian exercises near a riding-school a short distance out from the city upon the campagna. This takes place once a year and is fully as popular as a meet of the hounds, as well as more interesting.

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All have read of the daring feats of horsemanship by the Italian cavalry, and on the Corso are photographs of horses and men sliding down almost perpendicular declivities, as if it were a feat quite easy to perform. We went out in an automobile and came to a cliff presenting two angles, the upper about twenty degrees from a perpendicular and the lower something like forty-five, the two including approximately 65 feet. We waited long before thirty-one officers appeared with fine mounts, which took them without hesitation or casualty of any kind. One horse hesitated on the brink, but was soon induced to proceed and made the best slide of them all. The front legs are held stiff, the hind ones brought against the belly, and the rider leans back to the best of his ability, which he has every inducement for doing. At one time four were riding down together.

This being done successfully, to the relief of all present, the horsemen went to another place where was a hill of about forty-five degrees and at least 250 feet high. In approaching this from the top each horse had to leap a fence about 4½ feet high and immediately begin the descent, which was made on a gallop over a soft turf, which was badly roughed up during the performance. All went down in safety, then formed a line and ran up hill a few rods preparatory to jumping another fence up grade, which was done on a stiff gallop and without accident of any kind. The applause was loud, continuous, and sincere.

There is a graduated scale of fines for such officers as may be unfortunate enough to make a failure of the descent as if jeopardizing life and limb of man and mount were not punishment enough. A lieutenant must pay five lira or francs ($1), a captain ten, and so on up the grade. I am not prepared to say whether general officers are allowed to risk their necks in this way or not, but would imagine not.

Rome, April, 1905.—A favorite and comprehensive view of this city is that which shows the yellow Tiber, the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, with the dome of St. Peter's in the background. Among artists it is painted more than any other single view, and postal cards reproduce it very well,

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with the usual tendency toward an overfloridity of coloring. The bridge is one of the oldest, best, and most picturesque in Rome and has been lengthened two arches within a few decades, the river having been widened at that point to meet modern demands. In mediæval times a tragedy occurred on this bridge, when two small golden monuments were being taken on a mule over it on the way to the Vatican, they being recently acquired property of the reigning Pope. A crowd gathered there to see the valuable objects in transit; the mule became frightened at a banner which was being borne aloft and backed into the crowd, which pressed upon the stone balustrades of the bridge to such a degree that it gave way, and more than fifty people were precipitated in the river and drowned.

When the Emperor Hadrian reigned in the second century of our era, he conceived the idea that a man of his prominence in the world was entitled to a tomb beyond the ordinary type, and to make sure of having one, built it himself, or at least saw it well along toward completion before he was reluctantly compelled to enter it. It was then finished by his successor, Antoninus Pius, and according to a restoration of some architect it was a beautiful structure covered with white marble. Hadrian was laid away in it, and his dust reposed there a long time, until his sarcophagus was removed to St. Peter's Church, where it will probably remain for all time.

The Castle of St. Angelo is to-day almost twice as high as when originally completed, additions having been made to it in the reigns of different popes, not to the improvement of its proportions, which are somewhat topheavy. There was an outer frieze of ox heads, fruits, and flowers, and a balustrade of marble ornamented with beautiful statues, which Hadrian had collected in foreign lands in the course of his travels and campaigns. About the middle of the sixth century these were broken up and rounded into projectiles for defense against the Goths. These were not all used, and pyramids of them are shown to visitors to-day. There is a huge unfinished one which was being made from the head of a human statue, the proportions remaining with an

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obliteration of the features. A mound of earth surmounted the tomb in its early days, and on it numerous cypress trees grew. In the days of Urban VIII the statue of a sleeping faun was dug out of the ground, identified as one of the many souvenirs collected by Hadrian and, by some juggling trick, transferred to the Glyptothek of Munich, where it is a prominent and much-admired figure.

Surmounting the mound upon the tomb was a high pedestal having upon it a wonderful statue of a warrior in a chariot, driving four prancing steeds. It is believed that Septimus Severus found his last resting-place in this tomb, on the threshold of the third century. Toward the latter part of that century the Emperor Aurelian made it a part of his defensive system by bringing his walls up to it on both sides, and ever since then it has been castle, fort, prison, and barracks.

Upon entering, the visitor descends a short distance under a portal and then begins a gradual ascent without steps, winding around within the outer wall. Once this was paved in mosaic, and fragments of the pavement are carefully preserved along the sides in a few places. One comes to a drawbridge and sees the original windlass, minus the ropes or chains by which it was raised or lowered. Dungeons are there, and one must curve his spine to an unwonted degree should he wish to enter them. One was occupied by the unfortunate and more sinned against than sinning Beatrice di Cenci, and in it Leonardi da Vinci painted the famous picture representing her as being exhorted to confess by her spiritual advisers. One would think upon seeing her dungeon that she ought to have been sufficiently punished by being shut in there for any length of time, lighted by only a few feeble solar rays from one corner, too high up for her to see anything but a narrow gleam of blue Italian sky.

The treasure-room is there, with the strong boxes of massive wood covered with iron, all the riches flown. Full scope can be given to imagination to conjure up vast hordes of glittering gold and brilliant gems, for many of the popes were known to possess large quantities of both.

Hadrian was a many-sided man—ruler, warrior and con-

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queror, traveler and collector, patron of arts, and builder. I used to have a great admiration for him up to the time when was made known to me the manner in which he used up poor old Appolodorus for the honest expression of an opinion for which he had been asked, since which it has taken on a modified tone. Discriminating and fair-minded individuals would not reflect upon him for being fond of travel, and there are others who should not criticise him because he collected souvenirs as he went along. And the marvelous objects which he brought home proved his standard in art to be an exalted one, gathered in Asia, Africa, classic Greece, and other lands.

Yesterday two touring-cars filled with present and quondam residents of the United States sped to what is left of the most famous country seat of ancient times, about 18 miles over the campagna, near the storied Appennines. There one is impressed with the thought that Hadrian picked up ideas as he journeyed, whether upon conquest or pleasure bent. He had his Greek theater, his stadium, or arena for the Olympic games and races, which could be filled with water for sham naval battles and swimming contests, etc. His baths were fashioned upon a large scale, like those of Diocletian and Caracalla, with a covered passage between them and his residence. He had a private theater for royalty and his court. There were prisons for the offending—civil, military, or political—a court-room with a dais for the throne of justice, the foundation of which still stands, quarters for his slaves, barracks for his soldiers, and a banquet-hall for his family and relatives. This latter had an appurtenance of which modern homes do not boast, being a receptacle for regurgitated food, an accessory to the frequent repetition of gustatory joys. He had a wonderful dwelling for his time, to say nothing of the detached apartments, which were for his guests. In these, though small and very poorly lighted, the guests trod upon floors covered with beautiful mosaics, and the sick in the hospital looked upon others which would be a credit to modern art.

Fully impressed with the departed splendor of Hadrian and his wondrous villa, we left it with regret to the sun-

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THEATRE OF MARCELLA IN ROME

CAST OF POMPEIIAN

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shine, nightingales, which there abound, and future admirers of past grandeur and greatness, and wended our way to quaint old Tivoli near by, up grade most of the way, past hoary old olive orchards, once having reason to envy an ox team which plodded slowly past.

ITALIAN MUSEUMS.

ROME, April, 1905.—This is a veritable paradise for museums, containing more perhaps in proportion to size and population than any city in the world, each of them famous in some special line. But it requires repeated visits in order to see them all, and it was only the other day I clambered up the long flight of steps to examine the treasures of the Kircherian Museum for the first time, named for and founded by one Padre Kircher, a Jesuit priest who departed this life in 1680, in the papacy of Innocent XI. He should be entitled to the gratitude and appreciation of all interested in prehistoric archæology, for here is a collection which is almost the peer of any in Washington, New York, London, or Paris, to my great astonishment and unlimited edification. The collection has augmented in size and importance very considerably since the days of the founder, especially in the department of drift and cave specimens, in which it is very rich.

France has always been rightfully considered the classic ground of the archæologist, but Italy also had its glacial period, with its phenomena and changes, and it was almost a revelation to find a splendid quantity of drift axes found in its river beds, scientifically arranged, each specimen with an accurate label telling in brief where it was found and at what depth below the surface. The beauty and perfection of these specimens are equal to any to be seen anywhere and are studied with an increased respect for the painstaking Italian scientists who gathered them, whether ecclesiastic or secular. These axes, called "cat's tongues" by the French laborers who first brought them to light, vary in size from 3 to 10 inches and are flattened ovoids in shape.

Primitive man was quick to discover that the sharp edge

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of a flinty stone would cut wood and other substances, and to utilize this knowledge in making knives, spear and arrow-heads. This stage of human effort is called the palæolithic, or old-stone epoch. The Kircherian Museum contains thousands of these specimens, also of those of the succeeding stage, called the neolithic, or new-stone epoch, characterized by axes of better shape, ground smooth and polished by subsequent use. He made beautiful arrow and spear heads, and it would be worth a journey here to see them alone by one who is especially interested in that stage of humanity and its products. The neolithic man made beautiful knives of flint also, often struck off by a single blow, and requiring no further manipulation beyond what is called secondary chipping along the cutting edge. The largest and finest ones I have had the good fortune to see are in this collection. Italy, as well as France, had its cave dwellers, and the numberless evidences of their industry and ingenuity are as fine as found in any collection in the world. They made implements of stone, also of bone and ivory.

Italy has a wide range of archæological interest and resources, inasmuch as representatives of all the early races are found in the peninsula. Switzerland is known and famous for its lake dwellings, but numbers of them have also been discovered in Italy, principally in the northern part, nearest to Switzerland, and the articles found are precisely the same as those on the other side of the Alps.

The axes of the lake dwellers were usually set in a socket of stag horn, which was sunk into a wooden handle. Chisels and other cutting instruments had handles of stag horn also, and these are characteristic of lake dwellings wherever found. In this museum are many of them from the Italian lakes, some of them finer as to material and more perfect in make and form than any I have seen in Switzerland. Pottery is very abundant, also the bones of domestic animals and carbonized grains of wheat, rye, barley, and millet. There are very small apples resembling the American thorn apples, but a little larger, flints of all kinds, and the best and most perfect flint knives as well as the largest I have ever seen.

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The Kircherian museum strangely enough contains two very unusual specimens which are characteristic only of the Scandinavian peninsula, Denmark and its archipelago. These are the axe hammers, so well known and anxiously coveted by all collectors, giving a useful hint of a rude commerce in prehistoric times, for they had wandered far from home. The museum also contains a large and comprehensive collection of typical Danish specimens, but they were brought en masse from that country, taken from the tumuli and shell heaps. These are the square chisel, the short handled dagger, and the semi-lunar knife, and he who beholds them will think of times which antedate Odin and Thor. This museum is fortunate in possessing such a fine collection in this line, as the Danish government, alarmed at the industry and rapidity with which its prehistoric specimens were being taken away to other lands, issued a dictum that from that time under no circumstances were any more to be removed, taking possession of all that are found since that time. This was a move in the right direction from the Danish standpoint, but a great disappointment and deprivation to collectors outside the charmed circle.

Many of the prehistoric Italian tribes, as in other countries, including our own, buried their dead in so-called cysts, in which an excavation was made in the ground and lined on bottom, sides and end with slabs of stone loosely placed, that is, without being joined together. In this the body was placed with such objects as were considered essential to the future well being of the incumbent, after which another slab or a number of smaller ones placed traversely covered the receptacle, and earth was heaped over it. Several of these cysts and what remains of their contents are to be seen in this museum and are most interesting, showing that the sarcophagus of the ancients and the casket of to-day are only advanced stages in the evolution of the cyst of movable pieces. One is from the province of Cremona, containing the skeleton of an adult lying on its left side

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with a stone celt near the head, and a smaller one and a leaf-shaped flint implement at the feet. Another is from the province of Milan, within it a skeleton with three vessels of pottery near the head, an immense spearhead of bronze, a bowl of the same material, bracelet, and a kind of ornament called fibula.

Another from Brescia contains a skeleton lying on the left side, with a bronze spearhead. The next cyst contains two adult skeletons which lie on the right side, spoon fashion, as our soldiers used to say in the Civil War. Near the heads is a celt of serpentine, a flint knife, an iron spearhead and a disc-shaped implement known as a spindle whorl. The next cyst was from near Mantua, containing a skeleton lying on the left side, near the feet an immense tooth of some carnivorous animal The last cyst of the series is the resting place of a man of great importance in his day, to judge from the miscellaneous objects which were interred with him. At the head were six vessels of pottery ranging in capacity from one to two quarts. Four vessels were at the feet, all filled with earth, but were probably filled originally with food. The skeleton is on the left side, and on the right temple lies a small bone disc, while another lies on the bottom of the cyst near by.

To go to the Etruscan museum one must traverse the ancient Via Flaminia a mile or so to see an extensive collection from those interesting people, the ancient dwellers in Etruria. Here are coffins made of large trunks of trees cut longitudinally and scooped out, as primitive man made pirogue or canoe. One contains a few fragments of a skeleton. The tree was an oak, and the wood is in a fairly good state of preservation considering it was wrought more than 2,500 years ago. All the other coffins of this time are more or less fragmentary and contain no osseous remains. There is a human skull in this museum which has a series of four gold crowns which once covered as many teeth or stumps in the left side of the upper jaw. They are in one piece, and were made firm by a gold rivet through the first left upper molar,

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all the work being astonishingly good. Its contemplation suggests a group of mental queries as to whether the dentist said it would not be painful and would require only a short time, whether he asserted it would last a life time, and whether the compensation in the mind of the victim seemed out of proportion to the benefits received. Think of a dentist's bill of 700 B. C.

IN AND ABOUT POMPEII.

POMPEII, April, 1905.—There are several ways of coming down here from Naples, each with more or less to recommend it. The lightning tourist, who sacrifices everything upon the altar of time and expects to gallop through these fascinating ruins, can avail himself of one of the many trains which come here every day. One fond of ease and comfort will be apt to step into a landau at this hotel or pension and come down behind a more or less good team. The Englishman who is addicted to long range pedestrian excursions has been known to take the transportation of his forefathers and walk. Street cars will take him as far as Portici if he cares to shorten his walk, which suburb, with that of Resina adjoining, share the honor of being located above long buried and little excavated Herculaneum. A driver who is so inclined will point out his patron in one of these towns outcroppings of the lava which destroyed the city, utilized to modern demands in forming parts of building foundations.

Mt. Vesuvius, seen from north or south, looks much like two mountains shoved into each other, each retaining its separate peak. It is believed that at the time of the geological disturbances which produced it it was of better proportions than at present, with the customary single peak, not yet narrowed by the extensive loss of substance which was to take place further along in its history. This belief is strengthened by the fact that a wall painting was found here which showed it to be of

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goodly proportions, with the additional charm of being wooded to its summit.

About forty-six years after the crucifixion, August 24, 79, the great eruption which obliterated a city of about 30,000 inhabitants took place. Pliny the Younger, who was at Misenum, twenty miles away, writes of it at great length.

It is said that of the 30,000 inhabitants only about 2,000 perished, though lately many skeletons have been found outside the walls. Less than one-half of the ruins have been uncovered, and the figures representing the mortality may be considerably augmented. Those who perished were the sick and infirm, cripples unable to move with rapidity, and prisoners, of whom no one thought in the great panic. One soldier, faithful to his sense of duty and military training, died bravely at his post.

In the fifth decade of the eighteenth century, as the story runs, a man in digging a well came upon evidences of the direful eruption; excavations began, and with some short interruptions and under different regimes they have been going on ever since, the period of greatest activity being about a century ago, when France was ruling.

Afterward it fell back into the Bourbon lines, with the haphazard way of doing things. It has been only within comparatively few years that the system of excavation has tended toward the preservation of buildings. The old method was to keep digging down, and if a house would stand, well and good, but if not, it would come down and make an additional mass of debris. Now upon coming to a house, decayed or defective walls or timbers are replaced as discovered, so that it is possible to know very nearly what a Pompeiian house used to look like. In addition to this satisfactory method is that of preserving all articles of household use or ornament found within it, in situ. Formerly all such articles were whisked away to the museum at Naples, or found a resting-place in the smaller local museum near the

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Porta Marina. And gardens are preserved after the same excellent plan, and not only are some to be seen which are exactly as they were prior to the calamity which covered them so long from the eyes of man, but they are provided with the living and growing flora of that period.

Pompeii was surrounded by a wall strengthened by towers at regular intervals, and in it were eight gates, the one to the northwest being called the Herculaneum gate, because the road emerging from it led to that city, just as the northern gate of Jerusalem is called the Damascus gate. The streets were paved with large blocks of lava rock, in which the wheels of chariots had worn deep ruts in the ones where vehicles were used. When repairs were needed stones were substituted, often from less used portions of the same street, so that the rut can be seen in unfrequented places and sometimes so on streets where vehicles were never known to pass. A narrow raised edge on each side served as a sidewalk, and it is evident that property owners were obliged to keep them in repair, as is shown by the miscellaneous substances with which they were mended, such as the narrow flat bricks which have been in use from that day to this, pieces of marble or terra cotta, or stones differing in geological formation from the original material.

Two principal streets, Mercury and Nola, extended across the city from east to west, and north to south, and all the others were parallel to these. At the intersections of streets were stepping stones a short distance apart, so that wet weather pedestrians could cross dry shod. And at numerous intersections were also public drinking fountains where the passerby could quench his thirst or fill vessel of goat skin, as the case might be. Citizens drank direct from the flowing stream, as is shown by the material worn away from the fountain by the contact of their lips, and the edges show a considerable loss of substance where the hands rested while thirst was being slaked. The water was conducted from the reservoirs, which were placed upon pillars, by leaden pipes,

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some of which have stamped upon them the names of rulers during whose reigns they were made.

Great care is now taken toward the further preservation of the city, for the admiration of generations to come by putting modern roofs over otherwise unprotected rooms, and porticos over doorways. These rooms are favorite temporary habitats for artists who make copies of the subjects, with "cold speculation" in their eyes. These mural pictures have for their subjects the classic stories of sunny and heroic Greece, one of Hero and Leander and the Hellespont; Cyparissus, the punishment of Ixion on the wheel; Perseus and Andromeda; Hercules strangling serpents in his muscular infancy; Dardalus, the shrine of the Lares, with a serpent of boa constrictor-like proportions below, and many of the walls might have remained unadorned but for the countless antics of Cupid, that most playful and erratic of all juveniles.

That the Pompeiians sacrificed cattle and smaller animals to their gods we learn from the frescoes as well as their temples, and verily they worshipped strange gods, for some of them were from the Egyptian system, the Temple of Isis being a prominent ruin among others. This temple had a secret underground passage, where the priest used to descend on his way to the back part of the temple below the shrine to perform the vocal part of the worship to the wonder of the faithful and credulous.

It is easy to imagine that the first converts to this faith must have been soldiers who were in Egypt in that phase of its history when it was a Roman province, preceding the dawn of the Christian era. They brought back with them not only the religion of the Egyptians, but miscellaneous articles collected there, among them the well known scarabs and funerary statuettes. One of the latter was placed in each mummy case to perform any manual labor which might be exacted of the departed in the new life, hence it goes without saying that each statuette represented the human form.

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In the same house and gone to the same resting-place was a large mosaic representing one of the battles of Alexander the Great with the Persians, in which the latter are getting much the worse of it, to say nothing of the loss of their general. Another shows an unfortunate bird in the claws and jaws of a cat, having what the French would call a bad quarter of an hour. From the aggressive and ferocious activity of the cat the bird would hardly survive so long a time. Below it is one indicating that the citizens were fond of good things to eat in those days, for there are plethoric looking ducks feeding on aquatic plants, and below them toothsome looking fish of various kinds, mussel shells with their occupants, and crabs and lobsters in pleasing abundance.

We are sure about many articles of diet consumed by the Pompeiians, for in an oven was found a large number of loaves of bread, much overdone, of course, but this fact helped preserve them for the inspection of future ages. They are shaped like the crowns of the "beef-eater" hats in the Tower of London, geometrical creases and all, as if the number of pieces in which each loaf was to be divided was agreed upon beforehand. In an oven a sucking pig was being roasted, and its bones bear witness to the fact; the bones of sea fish are numerous. Eggs more or less perfect, as far as the condition of their shells is concerned, are in abundance. Carbonized wheat, barley, rye and seeds of various grasses were found, all useful to man and beast. Skeletons of horses and cows, also of other domestic animals, were found, some of them showing that rats and mice vexed the housekeepers of long ago, and that the cat was used as a remedy to at least modify the evil.

It is most interesting to inspect the instruments found in the house of the surgeon, many of them astonishingly like the ones in use to-day in form if not material, for all are of bronze, oxidized to a bright green. Think of the poor devil who had his leg or arm amputated with a bronze knife so long before anæsthetics were ever dreamed of. The specula of A. D. 79 are strangely like

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those in demand now; scalpels have not much altered their form; tong depressors are very little changed; probes hold their own bravely, and saws and bone instruments have been much improved upon. The surgeon's house was near a part of the city which was in bad repute, and some of the houses in that neighborhood have frescoes which would only commend themselves to the disreputably inclined. They serve a useful purpose as indices of the moral status of some of the citizens. However, all the iniquities of that time have their autotypes in the age in which we live.

Soon we leave for "the home of the brave," taking with us the anticipatory joy of seeing the many whom we hold dear, with a deep-seated conviction that this is a very large ball on which we dwell, and with a quickened appreciation of the plain and homelike comforts of Cherry Hill.

BACK TO AMERICA.

HOTEL EL TOVAR, GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA, December, 1906.—He who journeys here from the East by the California limited cannot well avoid having a luxurious time. The branch of the Santa Fe leading here is given off at Williams, but at some distance east of it, at Winslow, a sleeper is attached to the rear of the train, the accommodating porter with the expectant palm transfers your baggage, you find your berth yearning to receive you, and are soon in the land of dreams.

I have had such an active and strenuous time since early Monday morning that it has produced upon my mind the impression of having been here many days instead of only three. Upon reaching this hotel breakfast was ready, and a few minutes later I formed one of a party of six and was on the way over the rim and into the depths with a suddenness which was almost bewildering. In beginning the descent it did not add to our feeling of security to find that the beginning of the Bright Angel trail was much more abundantly supplied with snow and ice than there seemed

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to be any real need for, and we, of course, did not know but it was going to be the same all the way down. The introduction to the trail is at one of the few places where there is a perpendicular wall down to a distance not to be inspected with any degree of composure; almost at the start the zigzag gradients began, varying in length from half a furlong to 50 or 60 feet. It would be accurate perhaps to say that the average width of the trail is about four feet, and a few of the steepest grades about 45 degrees from a perpendicular.

We had traveled about an hour when my horse suddenly stopped and held up its left front foot, refusing to go any farther. The guide came back at once and found the animal had stepped on the shoe with a hind foot, partially tearing it off and injuring the foot so that it bled freely at the side of the frog. The shoe was removed, and the poor beast limped very badly, moving with reluctance and pain. It was necessary to dismount, and, just as luck would have it, it was at a peculiarly inconvenient place, the down hill side being to the left, with a very narrow margin to go on. If I had been about to alight upon a stratum of eggs at fifty cents a dozen, or upon thin ice, this feat could not have been performed in a more cautious or gingery manner by any human being on the globe. After leading the animal a mile or so he seemed to improve to such a degree that I mounted again and stayed in the saddle except at such places and times as all were required to walk.

One of these places is called Jacob's ladder, which includes about three zigzags and is one-fourth of the way down. Here beasts and human kind take a slide over a crooked, rocky surface, which ought to be trimmed down and straightened. A little beyond that we were overtaken by a party of four individuals including the guide; a lady from Pasadena, a young lady, and a physician, habitat unknown.

Soon after the new regime was instituted we came to a place where two men were putting up a small dwelling, and being in colloquial and social mood I observed to one of them that he seemed to be preparing with great zeal for a

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life of loneliness and chronic silence. The reply was without hesitation and to the effect that he had already been down there three years and had not been lonesome yet, after which I subsided, and said no more. About half way down is a cluster of small structures with muslin sides, near them a vegetable garden in surprisingly good condition, but with no human being in sight—red, white, or black.

We came to a rise soon after, and here the young lady who had joined us discovered she wanted a picture of the group, which she proceeded to take after much preparation and delay, the guide muttering something about wasting sunlight (burning it to quote his own language) in a most profligate manner. We approached the Granite Gorge and, looking down at one spot, saw our trail below with a sort of regular tortuosity, which had given it the name of "The Corkscrew." Here we dismounted and passed down that portion of the trail on foot, leading our animals, which did not seem to object to the change, then remounted, went parallel with a mountain stream for some distance, saw an opening of a mine in the solid rock to the left, and soon after noticed our guide dismounting and, following suit, went on foot around a curve and saw beneath and before us the famous Colorado River, which enjoys the distinction of having done more rock dissolving than most any other stream on earth.

The Colorado River at our stopping place is just 200 feet wide, has a gait which would put to the blush the oft-mentioned mill race, and is turbid with infinitesimal particles which it had detached from its rocky bed, for the erosion which produced this great wonder of the world is going on still, cutting the channel deeper. In contemplating it one is much more impressed with the bravery of Major Powell, who descended it in 1860 with a small party, than when he read of it in the books.

Returning to the Granite Gorge, the guide halted at a convenient spot and rounded us up to tell about some cave dwellings to which he pointed opposite us across a part of the gorge. One was built in a fissure of the rock, which he said was four feet high, and the inhabitants must have

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moved about on their hands and knees after attaining adult stature. Some of the masonry still remained, held together by the wonderful mortar which primitive man of that epoch knew how to make. Near by to the left was a cave of good size and height, but the masonry which partially closed it once upon a time had been removed piecemeal by relic hunters. We dismounted a second time at the Indian garden, and when we left there sunshine had disappeared from the lower part of the canyon. In fact, we were in the sunshine only about three times in the course of the day, for the canyon is full of colossal areas of stone which had not dissolved nor disintegrated in the countless cycles of time when water occupied the entire channel, and they remain to cast huge shadows about them. The men were still working at the little shack, and I called to them with an amiable long-range smile to my cheerful friend to ask about his progress, and was assured it left nothing to be desired.

The last quarter of the journey back was the heavy and tedious one for man and beast. The animals had not been fed at the river and had since only a drink of water for refreshment. The altitude affected them, and during the last hour of the ascent they stopped every few rods to recover their breath; I could feel the heart thumping through the sides of my horse. We were all benumbed with cold at this stage of the journey. The young physician and young lady, to whom he did not seem altogether indifferent, brought up the rear on foot, arm in arm, and whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears, consequently they reached the rim some time after dark, but we were credibly informed later that it didn't seem to worry them in the least. I assisted one of the young English ladies in getting her sister into the hotel, and we were all glad enough to gather about a big fireplace and thaw out our extremities.

The personnel of our original party was composed of the Misses Jackson, of Derbyshire; the Misses Seltzer, of Philadelphia; the guide; and yours truly. We were treated to something out of common by the guide and his mule, which latter always objected to being remounted, would spin around in a circle, and when the man succeeded in mounting

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his quarterdeck, would kick and buck energetically in efforts to dismount him. We always watched these performances with great interest, by reason of the fact that our commissary department was being spun around and bucked at the same time. A guide is frequently obliged to dismount to come back and tighten a saddle girth, and many of these vaudeville performances consequently took place in inopportune and inconvenient if not dangerous places on the trail. The safety of one of the English ladies, who rode next behind the guise, was jeopardized several times in this way.

A few rods away from this hotel and belonging to it is the Hopi House, occupied by Indians of that name, said to be the same as the Mokis, who there ply their crafts. A young squaw is weaving blankets there constantly, and the process, while crude, is very interesting to observe. Her little daughter, just beginning to walk, led me around the room a few times as if bent upon doing the honors for the tribe. At 8:30 every evening the men perform the buffalo and rain dances in this building, the lookers-on expressing their appreciation by tossing coins upon the floor to be gathered in a hat. The dances are entertaining, and more remarkable for rhythm and prolonged muscular exertion than for grace. The oldest man beats on a drum and wails aloud in the Indian way of singing. These are the Indians who can go on foot 70 miles a day, on a run most of the time. They are copper-colored, have inky black hair of very coarse texture, short of stature, rather spare, but with fine muscular development. Their features are large and coarse, but the expression of the face is not unpleasing. A young girl of about 18 who had been to school at King's Canyon could speak English quite well, could read and write it, and wanted to return to school.

The ride to Grandview, which is 14 miles from the El Tovar Hotel, is through a pine forest over a moderately rough road, the journey being made in a four-in-hand vehicle with remarkably stiff springs. We were first taken to an hotel near by, warmed ourselves before a huge fireplace, and later were served with a most substantial lunch. Before

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COMING DOWN THE BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

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doing this agreeable duty for ourselves, the boniface conducted us a few rods below the hotel and showed us a view of great scope and grandeur, the canyon being at that point 22 miles across. Beyond was the opposite rim; past that the Painted Desert, the country of 17,000 Navajos. On the horizon line was Navajo Mountain, 120 miles away, but showing up with clear definition through the pure atmosphere.

One useful purpose served by travel beside that of being a supplementary education and manner of entertainment is that of correcting preconceived erroneous impressions, for I had assumed that from here could be seen the Colorado River *ad libitum*. Error; nor could it be seen at any point in the immediate neighborhood.

After lunch we rode to Grandview, walked down an incline of a few rods, and had one of the most extensive and comprehensive views of the canyon. While at the hotel we saw a man with his mule laden with asbestos from the mines not far away; also a string of mules tied head to tail, with bags of supplies for the copper mine down the Grandview trail, to return next day with heavy loads of copper ore.

It is said there are timber wolves there, and we saw a coyote, going and returning. This journey occupies most of a day and should be taken by all means. O'Neill's Point is about three miles from here, and from thence we saw two small triangles of the river, not very far apart. At Grander Point, a mile or more away, we saw the people who started down this morning, looking like flies, and watched them traversing several zigzags. When we came away they were, as nearly as I could conjecture, about the place where my horse (and consequently myself) got into trouble Monday morning.

After lunch on the third day we rode to Sentinel Point in the same four-in-hand, from whence we had a satisfactory view of the river at four different points, looking like a small creek rather than a roaring torrent. On the way back we stopped at Crow's Point, and had another superb view while standing on clay rock with protruding petrified marine shells

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of massive size, which one of the men of the party tried to break off for souvenirs, but unsuccessfully.

The world has become smaller than ever since the last drive of to-day, in the course of which I sat next to an old gentleman whose face seemed familiar, and there was good reason for it, as we took the famous Celtic Mediterranean cruise together in 1902; and not only that, but he is going to New Zealand and Australia on the same steamer with my nomadic friends, who are awaiting me at Pasadena, and myself. He is from the noble Keystone State, and his name is Hartley.

When I stood upon the so-called "roof of the world" on Tiger Hill in the Himalayas it was the impression that I was gazing upon the greatest sight on earth, but this life is only a school, and we keep learning as we go. Tiger Hill within the past few days has been moved down just one peg in my scale of sights, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado has supplanted its place there to remain until supplanted by honest conviction.

Many times in other lands have I felt almost humiliated when foreigners have asked me about this canyon, the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone Park, when obliged to admit reluctantly and regretfully that they were unknown to me except by hearsay and the books. It should be a source of honest pride to every American to know he can truthfully say that the very greatest sight on earth, as admitted by all who have seen it, is in his own beloved land.

This hotel is a wonder for picturesqueness and comfort, and if it were not for a steamer date looming up in the near future it might shelter and provide for me a while longer. It is built of matched logs with no interior finish. The office is an enormous room having a large stone fireplace, with an arch to gladden the heart of any ghost of an ancient Roman which might stray this way. About the walls are hung the mounted heads of all the great American fauna (some of which are most unfortunately vanishing), the buffalo, elk, moose, caribou, black-tail deer, antelope, mountain sheep and others too numerous to mention.

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Who can describe the Grand Canyon? Many noble attemps have been made, but by reason of the very limited area I have seen, to say nothing of a paucity of adjectives in the superlative degree, I will refer Dispatch readers to the standard books on this subject. What most people want to know is what it is like to descend and return. Many visitors come here and content themselves with seeing what they can from the rim, and some think it the best way. When it is realized that that canyon is approximately as long as from Pittsburgh to Harrisburgh, as wide as from Union Station to Hawkins Station, and as deep as from the court house on Grant Hill to the Carnegie Library in Allegheny, one should know how hopeless a task would be an attempt at anything like an accurate description.

And it is all the product of erosion, caused by the solvent properties of water aided by the mechanical effect of the current, silent as the desert night, ceaseless as the advance of time, resistless as the approach of the winds, and the rushing river of to-day is the lineal and atrophied descendant of the mighty stream which has wrought this crowning of the earth.

STRICKEN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Christmas day, 1906.—To be in this stricken city is to have facilities for hearing chronicles of the direful calamities which visited it only a few months ago, a twofold tragedy, as if one were not enough, to be followed later and before the reactionary period was fully established by a tornado, as if all the elements felt called upon to contribute to its downfall. A valued friend who knew the story from alpha to omega, and who witnessed it all, walked miles with me over the devastated district to-day, and what follows will be but an echo of what he said.

"When we started around the world two years ago we leased our house for eighteen months, and coming back in fifteen made it necessary to board for the remaining three months, which we attempted to do by putting up at the Hotel Cecil, not far from our home, with about one hundred

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and fifty guests and boarders. We were awakened by the earthquake about five in the morning, and by the way, it seems almost a dispensation of Providence that it did not occur later in the day; otherwise the mortality would have been multiplied many fold.

"I arose and dressed, taking time to put on my collar and necktie and to comb my hair before going to find all the guests outside in all the stages of undressedness. My house stood where you see those two dead trees, one of which was the finest magnolia on the coast. You see what is left of the hotel after the earthquake and fire had done their deadly work. The fire finished the hotel, my home and place of business in short order, and I did not think to see about other properties of mine until two days later, when I found they had gone the way of the rest.

"Do you see that brownstone wreck upon that hill? That was once the famous Flood mansion. That big square white building near by is the Fairmount Hotel, which was in process of building and was ignited, not by direct contact of fire, but by the awful heat of the conflagration. You noticed the water company's office in a private residence on the way here a few minutes ago. It once called a million dollar building its home, and stood to the right of that tall skeleton of a building off there to the left. That huge building to the right was occupied by a piano store, and more than eight hundred pianos were consumed in it, the loss of stock alone being about one and a half million dollars. That immense building to the right was erected by D. O. Mills of New York, and it looks from here as if there is not much the matter with it, but Mr. Mills sent his New York architect here to examine it, and he reported that it must come down and be re-built.

"That immense building over there was once our City Hall, costing about seven millions, with a history of so-called graft of a large proportion of that expense.

"Here stood a fine theatre building, and right beside it a good hotel in which lived the chief of the fire department, and here, I think, can be found the key to the destruction of the city of fire, for the earthquake shook down a heavy

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stone chimney upon the roof of the hotel, killing the chief almost instantly. I believe they got him out of the wreck just before he died. By reason of the earthquakes which had visited this city in the past, he had formulated a theory that some day the city would be cut off from a water supply and awful fires would be a logical sequence. He had planned what course to pursue in such an emergency but had not imparted it to any of his assistants. Dynamite was used freely to blow up buildings in the path of the conflagration, but it was done in such an unskilful way that it was a hindrance rather than a help. For instance, the men would blow up a building when the fire was almost ready to strike it, the debris would take fire, and with no water to put it out you can imagine the result. You notice here and there that rubbish has been either removed, or piled up in a neat manner and that always means that the owners have succeeded in settling with the insurance companies and are preparing to rebuild.

"There is already more than one hundred million dollars worth of repairs and rebuilding contracted for, and you can see what will be the outlay further on. The most of the fire insurance companies tried to settle in some way with the policy holders, offering them from fifty per cent. up, and many settled on such basis rather than go into litigation and then wait perhaps a year or more for their money. The German-American companies tried to act honorably, but the German ones simply folded their tents like the Arabs and stole away, saying, 'If you want to see us, come to Germany.'

"These are safes taken out from this one building and there are about twenty-three of them lying here on the sidewalk. The woodwork inside some of them is not consumed but only more or less carbonized, and perhaps some of the books were saved, but I think I can safely say the contents of most of the fire-proof safes were destroyed, just as ours were. Do you see that one lying on its back on a pile of bricks down there? They broke the doors open, found nothing and left it there for scrap iron. That low building on the corner with numerous cracks in it belongs to the California Baking Company, and it did an immense amount of

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good, furnishing twenty thousand loaves of bread gratis twice a day to all who applied. Little did I think that I would be forced to play the role of a mendicant, but I stood in line many a time right there and received my two loaves, often fearing they might all be given out before my turn should come.

"While there one day I met a wealthy friend who told me all he could show just then was what he had on his back, and added, 'This rubber collar was given me by Judge Blank.' If the supply of bread would be exhausted before the line would be provided for there were always some ready and anxious to divide what they had secured. It was almost worth the price to see the bright side of human nature brought to the front by passing through the fiery furnace. We received eleven letters in one day from former business acquaintances. One said, 'Draw on us for $25,000 at once if you need it,' and others were of like tenor. You could not read them without crying, I am sure.

"We have friends who saw the fire coming toward them, knew their house was doomed, hastily gathered together a few articles and walked out to the Presidio, cooked food in the streets and slept where they could, only to find some time later that their house had escaped intact. One stout lady of more than three hundred pounds weight, who had not walked for years, stepped out of our hotel, footed a good round gait clear out to the Presidio, and has been able to propel herself ever since. One couple improvised a truck from a ladder and two pairs of roller skates, loaded it up with valuables and reached a place of safety. A man came along dragging an empty tin can with a piece of rope, and seemed to think he was accomplishing something of great importance. Another came prancing out of his house in only his underwear and no socks, but with three long loaves of French bread under one arm and a live parrot under the other. An acquaintance got out of his lodgings with most of his clothing and effects in a trunk, but could find no one for love nor money to take them away. A loaded wagon stood near by with no horses in sight, but he made space for

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his trunk, placed it on the vehicle and took his chances on its being taken away some time. Several weeks afterward he was at a dinner and an acquaintance was telling about finding a strange trunk on a wagon loaded with his goods, which led to the quick restoration of the trunk with contents intact to the much pleased owner.

"Martial law was the saving clause here, for the Government took possession of all the saloons, captured all the liquor and assumed general control. But for this, it would have been anarchy, pandemonium and every other undesirable thing. The soldiers shot all looters on sight, and shot to kill, but notwithstanding that there was looting going on in all directions. We have a new class of thugs now, the kind who brain their victims with a piece of gas pipe. Even now it is unsafe for any individual to go out alone after dark in unfrequented streets. A thug has just been condemned to capital punishment for killing a man with a piece of gas pipe, and his attorneys are moving for a new trial with the intention of trying the plea of insanity.

"Great confusion exists among former proprietors in establishing titles. A man who has owned property here for several decades has nothing to show for it, since the records have been destroyed. The method is for the owner to advertise his claim for a specified length of time, and should there be no contestants the claim is declared absolute and the courts issue a deed.

"You will notice that there are comparatively few tents standing now, and the probability is that all will have disappeared in a month or two. The parks are filled with little one-story houses of two rooms, and our beautiful Golden Gate Park containing thousands of acres was simply a refuge camp until now, when the temporary buildings are being removed to a race course, where many of the stables for fast horses are being occupied by refugees.

"Orders were very strict about the lighting of fires for cooking and of lamps for lighting purposes. The second fire was started by a woman who wanted to make herself some coffee, regardless of orders. Three times a soldier

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ordered her to put out her fire, and then he shot her dead. The custom was to order a man only twice before proceeding to extreme measures. I am very sorry to say that several women were shot dead.

"I was not obliged to remove debris, but that was a clear case of good luck. My friend Dr.—— was pressed into service, and picked up brick for some time. All the physicians were busy day and night with professional work, and many gave their services gratuitously. Dr.——— for ten nights did not average two hours of sleep a night. All the railroads furnished free transportation to fugitives to any point desired, taking only the name and address of each individual, not even asking for their notes. The Southern Pacific Railroad, which controls most of the lines here, I am told, has since received more than $100,000 sent to them by grateful and appreciative refugees.

"More than five hundred blocks were destroyed. I do not know how the devasted area compares in extent with that caused by the burning of Rome in the reign of Nero, for Rome was much larger then than now; but I do know that the area and extent of ruin in Pompeii was a very small affair as compared with this."

I heard of the fire first a few days after it happened, when coming into New York harbor from London. The pilot brought a bundle of papers on board and we read about the great tragedy. One young man among the passengers who lived in San Francisco and had been eighteen months in South Africa was almost crazy until after he had read the papers, and found to his great relief that the district in which his parents lived had been spared.

IN HONOLULU.

HONOLULU, January 5.—We tied up at the dock here yesterday about 10 A. M., after watching a dozen or so of boys waiting for coins to be thrown overboard for which to dive, returning to the surface with the coveted article every time. One of the boys turned out to be a girl, and all my coins went to her. Their lithe, bronze bodies glided through the water most gracefully.

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About ten minutes ride in the suburbs on a trolly car brings one to the extensive and beautiful grounds of the Bishop Museum, which contains the finest and most extensive collection of Polynesian specimens in the world, not even excepting the colossal and comprehensive collection in the British Museum.

On this occasion I limited my wanderings exclusively to the Hawaiian section, which is all the more valuable and interesting from the fact that this island race is gradually disappearing from the human family. There is an original Hawaiian hut which was taken apart systematically and put up again. Well it is, for the native dwellings have vanished entirely, according to statements of the people. I tried to convince myself that there was one in sight on the coast yesterday, but it was a flat failure. This building, or hale pili, (meaning grass house), is from the Kharra Valley and fifteen by twelve feet in size, the side five and a half feet and the ridge of the roof about ten feet high. On one side is a doorway five by two and a half feet large, and the wall is open on the opposite side from it about one fourth of its area, in order to allow the observer to see the manner of building, which is of posts set vertically in the ground with wattles across them at right angles, the latter bound to the posts by strong continuous bands of braided coarse grass. Upon this the bundles of grass are tied so as to cover the roof and sides with a thick thatch, the lower bundles overlapped by the upper ones in a manner intended to shed the torrential rains, for these islands are just below the tropical line.

A moveable door of plank closed the opening at night or upon occasion. There are no windows, the door answering the twofold purpose in the day time. The dwelling stands upon a platform of lava rock, the same one on which it was originally built early in the eighteenth century. The platform is one and a half feet high, and around the outer sides of the hale pili are grouped motars and pestles of lava rock, articles which played a prominent role in the domestic affairs of everyday life.

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A poi board is outside, the large tray-like utensil upon which was pounded and smashed the roots of the taro plant, first cousin of the pond lilly of America and the classic and art-inspiring lotus, much beloved of India and Egypt. The product of this domestic energy is called poi, about ninety odd per cent. starch, and is the analogue of what our bread would be if we were to consume it in the transition state called dough.

The old way is here represented by an industrial group of three natives, fashioned life size by the skilful hand of scientific modern man, and colored to reproduce nature without a blemish. The aboriginal natives as found by early navigators were built on large and liberal lines, and these three are stalwarts and physically could give pointers to the great athletes who ran, leaped and wrestled in the Athenian stadium beneath the approving eye of the Acropolis many centuries ago. One is sealed on a modern stool at one end of the poi tray, while the other is squatted on the ground with a bag on each side of him, and both are working muscularly in pounding into pulp the tuber-like roots, one with a tool of lava rock shaped like a double-headed pestle, the other with one shaped like an overgrown and clumsy stirrup of the same material, for the islands being volcanic in origin this substance was always close at hand.

The third man is bringing a huge calabash of some overgrown and plethoric member of the gourd family, filled with water, to give the mass a proper consistency, it being swung in a net or leash of braided grass and hung from his neck while being steadied with his hands.

The Hawaiian shark-hooks are huge affairs made of wood or bone, and two wooden blocks in this case are told by their printed labels to have been used in cutting up human flesh for shark bait. Imagine the once cannabilistic fisherman singing out, "What ho, Horatio, bring me quickly another man, for my bait is all gone from this accursed hook. Prithee, hasten."

All have seen pictures of the catamaran boats of the Hawaiians, in which they venture far out at sea. This museum contains one original one made for real use and

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showing indications of honorable service, not made for the contemplation of the ubiquitous and credulous tourist. It is hung from a ceiling and is exactly thirty-five feet long. The paddles are spoon shaped.

A plaster reproduction of a whale hangs overhead, sixty feet in length. A portion of one side lacks the outer wall in order that the multitude may inspect the mechanism of its department of the interior. Calabashes of all sizes are here, from the capacity of a pint to that of many gallons, many of the gourd family and only requiring emptying of the contents and drying to be ready for use. But the ancient and modern Hawaiian prided himself on the perfection of his artificial gourds, wrought laboriously from any one of a number of hard native woods, the fashioning of one from start to finish requiring many months, if of large size. On examining them it is impressed upon the observer that their original model was the native gourd, just as the habitations of modern humanity are practically artificial caves. Considering that their tools were of stone and that the metals played no role in their manufacture, they are marvels of skill and monuments of patience. Not only did the artificer take pride in having them symmetrical and pleasing to the eye, but he often adorned the outer surface most artistically by inlaying with vari-colored woods, shell or bone.

Cracked and mended calabashes are considered much more valuable by ethologists than the uninjured ones, and modern dealers have endeavored to keep abreast of requirements by producing artificial cracks and inlaying, readily to be detected by the expert. The warclubs, spears and harpoons are legion, also the idols, most of them grotesque human figures.

A miniature representation of a sacred enclosure is given here, consisting of two compounds or walled enclosures connected by a gateway. A large building is in one of them, and near it a flat stone upon which sacrifices were made, occasionally human. A huge idol towers in the air, reminding one of the ancestral totem poles of the Alaskan tribes. The Hawaiians were and are still great toilers of the sea, and here

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are represented all the food-fishes of the islands in plaster and colored after Nature's palette and brush.

And their land and marine birds are faithfully represented, as well as their eggs, young and nests. The name of the albatross, largest of marine birds, suggests a white color, and many of these are such, but there is also a black albatross of the same size and form as the other, also seen in these waters.

There is an anomaly in the shape of the Hawaiian goose, web-footed, flat billed, and the size of the domestic goose. It might as well have dispensed with the web-like feature inasmuch as it lives in the mountains, subsists upon insects, fruits, roots and nuts, and never under any circumstances ventures near the water.

One should never go away from Honolulu without visiting the aquarium at the suburb of Waikiki, reached by a pleasant trolley ride of about fifteen minutes. Not so extensive nor famous as the superb one at Naples, it contains specimens which for variety of form and brilliancy of coloring make the Neapolitan exhibit look like a quaker meeting. Art often brings into close relationship colors which quarrel with each other, or at least suggest unkind remarks. Strangely enough, some of these antagonistic shades, when produced in a live fish, do not offend the esthetic eye nor the artistic taste. Many of them are veritable chromos, but beautiful for all that, and M. & M. spoke of a relative of ours who should seek here designs for his socks, he being an artist of local fame in that line. The huge tank for the accommodation of sharks was untenanted by any of those brutes, but an unfortunate sea-turtle with marine mosses on its head was clumsily and slowly trying to get over the wall of the tank which faced the sea.

Surf bathing, one of the specialties of the beach, was rampant, and one boat load had to do some hard work in order to get ashore, for combers engulfed them and swamped their canoe, which would fill as fast as they could bail it out, and they reached shallow water almost in a state of exhaustion. A barrier reef a mile or two out is said to prevent sharks from getting in, but when we were in bathing the last time

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two years ago an attendant at the Moana Hotel bath-house admitted quite reluctantly that occasionally one would succeed in getting over the reef. As we draw the line at sharks we did not gambol in the brine this time. Compared with the possibility of being interviewed by man-eaters, camping in a lion and leopard country is a mere bagatelle only to be mentioned in a casual way. And speaking of sea-turtles, this fellow with marine yearnings was about as big around as the classic and useful wash tub of commerce.

The amalgamation of races is finally illustrated in this island city of fifty thousand, and its cosmopolitan population of Kanakas (aborigines), Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Portuguese, Americans and Britons, Teutons, Scandinavians and Danes and one interested in anthropology and ethnology will meet interesting studies at every turn. When here two years ago we were much impressed by the large proportion of Japanese among the people, but it is so much greater now as to give some color to the theory of the alarmist that, pouring in here by the thousands every month, they will in some future crises appear in the breach with an overwhelming force potent for good or evil.

Residents say the best cross is that between the Hawaiian and Chinese, the progeny of these marriages apparently possessing all the good qualities of both races; the well developed commercial impulse of the celestial and the fine physique and disposition of the Kanaka, without the indolence of that improvident race. So well was this fact recognised that at one time there is said to have been a territorial law that a Chinaman leaving a wife in his native land would be allowed to marry a Kanaka woman here without incurring any liability of prosecution in the courts for bigamy.

Historical accuracy, to say nothing of justice, demands that the Hawaiians, ancient, mediæval and modern, be absolved of the odium of reputed cannibalism either as a national or tribal practice. Under stress of circumstances only, or in obedience to superstitious belief, did they consume their kind. A formidable enemy upon being killed was likely to have his right hand and heart consumed, in

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order that the cunning and power of the one and the bravery of the other should not go to waste. It is said that a chief's own tribesmen would eat his hand and heart rather than allow them to fall into the possession of their enemies.

A beautiful custom obtains here among parting friends, by which those about to leave are presented with garlands and bouquets of the brilliantly hued flowers of the islands; the ethics demanding that as the vessel pulls away from the dock they are to be tossed back, by which the donors become also the recipients. This illustrates the sentiment of affection on both sides, always beautiful, the flowers being the symbols.

SAMOAN ISLANDS.

PAGO-PAGO, ISLAND OF TITUILA, January 12.—This island, one of the Samoan or Navigator group, is called Too-too-e-la, and the native village which gives its name to the harbor is called by its bronze-complexioned inhabitants Pango-Pango. The group occupies on the map an area included between thirteen and fifteen degrees S. and 168 and 173 degrees W., and is 4,200 miles southwest of San Francisco. The total area of the group is 11,000 square miles, of which the United States possessions account for a little more than one-half, or 5,800 square miles in round numbers.

Like many other island groups they are of volcanic origin, being the highest points of a submerged mountain range protruding above the surface of the sea; the coasts are high, frowning and in many places precipitous. The ebullitions and upheavals which produced them have subsided for ages, and there are no active volcanoes at this time, but there are frequent submarine disturbances appearing at and near the surface in the form of earthquakes; and the rainfall is very abundant, often preceded or followed by frightful and death dealing hurricanes. All can remember the dreadful one which took place at Apia in 1889, causing a tidal wave which destroyed the American and German fleets in the roadstead.

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Physically and lingually the Samoans are like the Hawaiians, many of the words being common to both languages. Racially they are believed by anthropologists to be an offshoot of the Malay Family. We heard interesting tales of half-naked giants coming on board ship and stalking about in a very dignified manner, dignity being mentioned as one of their chief assets. The celebrated English actor Mr. Julius Knight, who is a fellow passenger, told me of having been here before and trading a scarlet (property) military coat to a Samoan for something else, whereupon the native donned it and sat in his canoe like a royal statue, not condescending to look to the right or left, until his canoe was inadvertantly upset, and he disappeared in the depths an instant and came sputtering to the surface somewhat the worse for the bath, coat and all.

The chief and largest port is at Apia, on the island of Upolo of German Samoa, but the best harbor is right here, even though it be upon a diminished scale. The natives are amphibious and take to the water like ducks. They are sailors and boat builders, and like the Hawaiians, take astonishingly long cruises in their slender canoes; and this fact caused the French navigator Bougainville, who was here in 1768, to name these the Navigator Islands.

The Samoans are Christians in religion since 1830. The group was discovered by the Danish navigator Boggoveen in 1722. Prior to coming under the rule of foreign governments the islands were ruled by chiefs under the nominal authority of a King elected by noble families. The United States hold their possessions here not by right of conquest or purchase but by diplomacy, since the time when Great Britain withdrew and left the field to the energetic Yankee and the methodical Teuton. The United States gunboat Adams is anchored here, and its commanding officer is ex-officio the Governor of this island and the so-called Manna group. It is said that only recently has he had the title of Excellency bestowed upon him.

We came in sight of this island about 11.30 this morning, when my room mate came along, and, pointing to a dark spot on the horizon, remarked that that was the island we were

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looking for. In a short time other points appeared, and soon we were cruising along its coast admiring the majestic beauty of its forest-clad heights, some having an altitude of two thousand feet. Close alongside of us was a barrier reef of coral, outside of which the water was of sapphire blue and within of a jealous green; beyond were light-colored sands, and in the foreground, clear down to the water's edge, groves of stately cocoanut trees, with their feather-like fronds. Among them were numerous native huts with thatched roofs, and we could see the inhabitants here and there regarding us with more or less interest, but not possibly as much as we bestowed upon them. A little farther on the island apparently divided, leaving a small one to the port beam with more cocoanut groves, habitations, etc. Beyond this we made a curve toward the right, passed a few buoys, entered a very narrow channel, another curve to the right and then burst upon our astonished and very much pleased vision the most land-locked, beautiful and smallest harbor that was ever seen by mortal eye in these waters or any other over which we had wandered.

Samoans came alongside in their slender canoes with outriggers very like the craft of their Hawaiian cousins, but not so large nor well made, with cargoes of fruit, mats, tapa cloth, woven and braided fans and brand-new spick-span war clubs guiltless of cracking skulls or causing contusions or fractures of any sort, just made for such easy marks as we. We descended the gangway and entered modern boats manned by natives, who were a most picturesque looking group of American citizens. Upon arriving at the dignity of man's estate the adult male loses no time in having a pair of knickerbocker trousers tatooed upon his thighs, always dark blue and with diagonal and geometrical pattern effects calculated to excite the interest of the newly arrived, if not his admiration. And these were all the trousers to be seen, supplemented by the humble and useful clout or loin cloth. Some of them had their hair filled with chloride of lime which gave them a short distance away the appearance of wearing turbans. The females color their hair the same way, and we saw one calmly smoking a cigarette who had

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deviated from fashion's lines by having the hair of the front and sides of the head the original glossy black; while that of the back, stained of a brilliant red, was much longer than the rest of the hair, and trained to stand up in the air by the aid of cocoanut oil. The men have another garment tatooed over the small of the back, resembling a dislocated apron with the strings coming around to the front, and apparently tied in the so-called umbilical region.

A young man with the limbs of Hercules and the shoulders of Atlas attached himself to us as soon as we stepped from the boat, attracted no doubt by our unassuming mein and air of trustful simplicity, and was our shadow from that time until we were ready to come aboard for dinner, for nothing but fruit could be obtained in the village to modify hunger's pangs. But he earned his salary by carrying our purchases until he was loaded up to the guards and hired an assistant upon his own responsibility. He took us to the post-office, where one of us bought a pair of slippers, and to a store where we obtained postal cards and stamps, wherewith to make long-range attacks upon confiding and defenceless friends. He steered us gently but firmly to where women were squatted on the ground tailor fashion, with mats and tapa cloth galore for sale. He elbowed us among venders of fruit, and shouldered us to a place where an extemporaneous dance was going on, and no doubt by this time he has been able to retire upon his commissions on sales.

We wanted to see a chief's hut, and that happened to be right close by. He gathered in two young girls playing cricket with soldiers and said they were the chief's daughters, though they bore not the slightest resemblance to each other and seemed to be exactly the same age. Both wore low necked, short-sleeved garments. We were escorted into a large hut and invited to take seats, which we did right cheerfully, for we had walked long and far, and the temperature was that of Dante's Inferno with no imagination about it. The hut was erected upon a platform of lava rock, and the floor was a bed of stone and shells. It was about 30x20 feet large; three posts were in the centre at regular intervals, and transverse pieces rested upon them and extended to the

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eaves. The roof was like a clumsy inverted boat; the rafters were covered with coarse matting surmounted by a thick thatch of long grass. Beneath the low eaves hung rolls of matting, ready to be let down in case of need.

Our dancing girls sat down on a large piece of matting a few yards before us, and then arose and shook hands with us, evidently at the suggestion of our guide, sat down again and what might be called the first section of the dance was the only one we had beheld in which the performers remained seated, moving their bodies forward, backward and sidewise to the unmelodious rythm of sounds produced by tapping on rolls of matting with sticks held in the hands of men, who sang native songs and were also squatted on the floor. The next part was a display of more animation, reminding us of the dances of our plantation negroes of the South, with slapping of the thighs, clapping of hands, springing in the air and spinning around on one foot. The concluding performance contained a few suggestions of the much discussed Oriental dance, in which the abdominal muscles play such a leading role, with sudden dashes toward us with a most expansive smile showing superb teeth unvexed by dental art, and with an expression of the most condensed type of amiability. At the finish the guide told us it was an unusual thing for a chief's daughters to entertaintain strangers in this way, and that we were much honored in consequence, letting us infer that such being the case it must necessarily come high, as the vulgarism puts it, and upon that hypothesis we and other pilgrims who had gathered around chipped in.

There is here a Presbyterian and a Roman church, a small hospital belonging to the government, and if there is an executive office other than the captain of the Adams, we failed to see it. There are two stores, one of which contains the post-office, and postal cards are on sale in the mercantile end of the concern. The clerks are natives and speak English fairly well. Pago-Pago is a United States coaling station, not supplied by indigenous coal, but by that brought in colliers from Australia.

The fruits of Tutuila show a wide range and are superb.

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The pineapples are enormous, and we saw many which were more than a foot long and large in proportion; the bananas, though small, are of an unusually fine flavor, with a slight suggestion of the acid. The alligator pear flourishes in the greatest abundance, and the price would put New York dealers to the blush, as they sometimes ask 75 cents or $1 in that metropolis. There is a fruit here spherical in shape with all the earmarks of the succulent and much enjoyed watermelon, but which here masquerades under another name which has slipped from the archives of our memory; but no matter, in view of the well known fact that a melon under any other name will taste no worse, to paraphrase after a manner Juliet's remark about the rose to the enamored and listening Romeo. Strangely enough, the mango does not appear in this island, or at least we have not seen it, but the bread-fruit is abundant and fine.

My room-mate is a young man with a history, having served with an Australian contingent through the Boer war, in which he was wounded twice. In one action an entire detachment of his regiment was massacred excepting his captain and himself. They escaped by dropping behind a mud wall, and crawling away in the twilight to an excavation in the ground made by natives in gathering earth for their mud huts. Here they rested a while, then crawled and walked all night in the direction of their camp, which they reached about daylight. The captain later received a decoration, while he was rewarded by a purse from the government of 100 guineas, but would have far rather received a decoration also. He is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and has with him several hundred photographs which he took on his campaigns, very interesting to examine. When attending the polytechnic school at Worcester, Mass., his wife died, leaving him a little daughter a few days old. He cabled to his mother in Australia to meet him in San Francisco, and came there with a trained nurse to care for the infant which I am very glad to say is thriving.

There is no hotel in Pago-Pago, and Mr. Lewis of the

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Indianapolis *News* was hunting a place to stay a few days with much industry and no success when we said our adieux to him. There are no man-eating sharks in this harbor if Captain Trask is correct in his statement, perhaps because the water is too warm for them. At noon to-day when approaching this island the temperature of the water was 86 degrees, while that of the air was 84. Right here, to judge from our impressions, it must be something like 212 degrees, much better adapted for preparing foods than contributing to the comfort of those who "go down to the sea in ships." It is jokingly said that umbrellas are legal tender here, so great is the demand among the Samoans. Those who have been here during rains describe what a sight it is to see a native with a cocoa matting over his shoulders and not much else in the way of raiment carefully holding an umbrella up to avoid wetting his hair.

We crossed the equator Wednesday evening at dinner time, with a cool breeze blowing in the way of high temperature to suggest the proximity of the imaginary belt, but we have had heat enough to make up for it since.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, January 20.—We crossed the international date line at the 180th parallel three days ago, about 600 miles north of here, jumping from Wednesday to Friday.

The first land of this region appeared yesterday morning about eight o'clock in the shape of a convex mass on the horizon, and which was the Great Barrier Island, about 60 miles from here. By noon we were cruising between it and a smaller island to the east of it, and the rest of the day we were seeing new islands on all sides.

The great barrier is a desolate looking rock of volcanic origin, with a few copper and silver mines upon it, and about enough population to work them. It has no telegraphic communication with the mainland, and is the only place in the world, as it is said here, where a regular service is main-

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tained by carrier pigeons. The miners keep these trained birds and send their orders for supplies to this city by them, also sending letters for the uniform price of one shilling. Communications are written upon small sheets of oiled paper which are carefully folded in a small compass as possible and fastened to the bird's foot, and in letter writing the number of words is only limited to the size of the paper without any extra charge. The messenger returns on the boat with the ordered supplies. It is said they usually make the transit in less than two hours, flying a mile in something less than two minutes.

We took on a pilot just outside the harbor about half-past four, and soon after entering it anchored to await the inspection of the quarantine officials, who detained us about two hours while going through the melancholly farce of having each walk past themselves and the ship surgeons without examining him or her as names were called. The baggage examination by the customs officers was fully as superficial, and then there was a grand rush for hotels.

A British armored cruiser of the second class is anchored in the middle of the harbor, and a cable steamer built upon yacht lines is near by as if seeking good company, and the world cannot produce many harbors the peer of this in natural beauty and environment. Tropical lands can not show more beautiful foliage and vegetation than is seen here, not even world-famed Java, where vegetation runs riot in the very zenith of its splendor. The only blot on the landscape is made by the unbeautiful blue gum tree (*Eucalyptus Globulus*), not indigenous but introduced from the adjoining Australian continent, and even it looks passably well if at a moderately long distance. Huge pines abound everywhere, their foliage of a most refreshing dark green, which is velvety in effect. It is said that about 60 extinct volcanoes are within a few miles of this city, and we saw quite a number of them when approaching it.

Auckland with its suburbs has 60,000 inhabitants and looks it, and like historic Rome, is built upon many hills. It might be more accurate perhaps to say it is founded upon many ridges, which lie parallel to each other at a right angle to

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the water line. The principal thoroughfares are in the depressions between these ridges, bisected at right angles by the others, which extend over them. If dependent upon natural drainage it might do better than many places of equal size, but it has a sewerage system and all other sanitary and modern improvements. Its principal streets are of comminuted lava rock and asphalt, and remind one strongly of the London thoroughfares. In fact, the entire city looks as if it might have been lifted bodily out of the great British metropolis and set down here, not from Piccadilly, the Strand nor Oxford streets, but out Brompton or Putney way. It seems hard to realize that sixty odd years ago only a Maori (pronounced mow-ry) village stood here.

The resemblance to London is not confined to the architectural appearance of the city, for here abound people with the physical and facial peculiarities of the true Briton, to say nothing of the lingual ones. We went to his Majesty's Theatre last night and heard lady called "lidy," game pronounced "gime," and the immortal William of Avon called "Shikespeare." How and why famed Albion and her colonies produce so many skinny, slab-sided, loose-jointed, poorly nourished specimens of humanity is a problem for some one of scientific bent to study out when he may have unlimited time. Here are the same cockney talking and looking people, and colonial Bow Bells may be here for aught we know to the contrary. Here are those same young women and girls, with sailor straw hats, which when two or three sizes too large, as is generally the case, are the very apex of unbecomingness, only to be remembered with a grimace.

One would hardly expect in this land, which was until a comparatively late period largely dedicated to tattooing and cannibalism, to find a museum which would make a good and creditable showing in any large city in the world, and yet such is actually the case with this. The natural history part of it is unusually fine and wide in range, geographically speaking, and the collection of stuffed and mounted specimens of the Australian and African fauna is superb.

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The Maori section is of course the most interesting to late arrivals, and we spent most of our time in examining it, the first thing claiming our attention being a transplanted native structure brought piecemeal from a village called Javawera, not far from here, which was destroyed by a volcanic eruption in 1886. It was a council house, and was built upon most liberal lines as to size. The roof was much injured and some of the timbers broken, but they have been carefully mended by skilled native workmen, so that it can be safely assumed that it looks just as it did prior to the catastrophe which was directly accessory to its being placed here, showing the truth of the old saying about good apparently coming with an unfavorable wind upon rare occasions, for the village was abandoned then and there by the surviving villagers. Approximately speaking, this house is 80 by 30 feet large, and there is not an inch of wood in it which is not elaborately carved after the native standard. The roof rests upon many huge posts, which show on both sides of the building, while a central post in the interior extends to and supports the roof, its base being a grotesque human figure. Between the posts externally the spaces are filled with slender bamboos placed vertically and touching each other, and the corresponding spaces within are arranged in panels filled with the most ingeniously and artistically woven basket-work of fine texture painted in brilliant colors, for the Maoris did not differ from other savage tribes in admiring color effects of high degree. The posts inside and out are painted a dull red. The roof is thatched with long coarse grass, held on by transversely laid wattles. About one-tenth of the roof at its center is left unfinished and covered with glass to admit enough light for the inspection which it so well merits. The floor is of asphalt, which leads one to infer the original one was of stone.

But perhaps the most striking and interesting object of all is a gigantic war canoe, and when one considers that the trees entering into its construction were cut down with stone implements and hollowed out by the aid of fire, he is lost in admiration at the skill, enterprise and industry necessary to produce such a masterpiece. It is 81 feet long, seven

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feet wide and about four deep. The lower or level portion of the hull was wrought from a single trunk of some huge tree, and the upper portion from two others cut to equal lengths. These were fitted accurately together, and at the point of union were made watertight and strong by long single flat pieces of wood extending the entire length, connected and held firmly by ropes passed through numerous perforations along the edges. The bow and stern pieces extend about five feet above the gunwale and are profusely and from an indigenous point of view, beautifully carved. It has across it 24 seats, the longest of which would accommodate six men, and allow about 48 men to row at a time. The descriptive label says it carried 100 men with ease. There is a false bottom about two feet above the keel made of wattles laid closely parallel with the long axis of the canoe. The oars are not in evidence, but one gifted with a lively imagination can almost see this splendid craft cutting through the water with flashing oars wielded by brawny arms, each warrior thirsting for the gore of his enemies. And the artistic impulse of the Maori, past and present, found expression in the tattooing of his face and body, particularly the former, and the fierce expression of the warriors would not have been diminished by this kind of decoration. We have seen a few natives with no tattooing in sight.

There are long-handled axes of wood all in a single piece, the wood being both hard and heavy, the handle invariably more or less carved; and there are others with the bit made of iron or steel and bearing upon them the earmarks of civilized manufacture. The swords of whale-rib are most interesting, some of them of great length and weight, and probably their effectiveness in skilful hands was not diminished by the slight curvature provided by the anatomy of the huge cetacean. There is a dish of most captivating curvature, and externally carved in a manner to turn green with envy a modern Delhi ivory carver. Its lines suggest not only grace but beauty, and its pleasant function was to contain properly cooked flesh, animal or human, at some swell (literally as well as socially) banquet.

There are two skeletons of the extinct moa, a bird ap-

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proximating the ostrich type, each about five feet high. One is composite, made of bones of several different skeletons. The supposition is that it became extinct within a rather recent period, as skeletons have been found in which skin and feathers still clung to head and neck. The ancient *Diornis Giganteus* was of this island, and often attained a height of 10 or 12 feet. A cast of the egg is shown, about a foot long, and its capacity must have been more than a gallon.

Here are seen stuffed and mounted specimens of a carnivorous parrot called kea, found most abundantly in the island south of this. Prior to the time when New Zealand became a great sheep-raising country it subsisted upon fruits, as orthodox and well regulated parrots should, but later changed habit and diet and devours the kidneys of sheep, alighting upon the unfortunate animal's back and tearing the organs out with its strong, sharp beak, leaving it to die a lingering death. There are three of them in a case, and they have just dekidneyed a lamb.

Speaking of sheep, a flock of them came through this city yesterday with a dog in advance for a leader and two more at the rear for assistance. Back of all rode the owner, or custodian, engaged in conversation with another man on horseback, not paying any attention to his flock. They came to a railroad crossing, the leading dog halted the flock, looked carefully up and down the track, and seeing the way was clear, led it across. A few rods further on they came to where two streets crossed, and the leader stood on its hind legs looking back at its master for instructions, which not being forthcoming, it and the other dogs stopped and rounded up the flock until the master indicated the direction by pointing, when all moved on again. A human being could not have done more nor better than that.

New Zealand has a bad reputation for being addicted to the earthquake habit, for which there seems to be no radical cure. A majority of the residences are only one story high and of the bungalow style of architecture, with roofs almost invariably of corrugated iron or zinc, generally unpainted, and while they make no doubt rainproof and light-weight

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roofs, they are not beautiful to the eye and are the only blot on the landscape. A few are painted of a red tile color, and look quite well compared with the rest.

We rode through Cornwall Park to-day, an extensive one of many hundred acres, seeing on the way an olive orchard of several thousand olive trees apparently not producing any fruit. The loquart flourishes here, and is very prolific at this time. The rubber tree is abundant and obtains great size. The willow is seen everywhere, and is so entirely irrepressible that it is a standing menace to the country. If cut down and dug out by the roots any tendril overlooked loses no time in coming to the surface and growing into a tree. If made into fence-posts they grow at once and endeavor to make hedges.

The magnolia here attains a great size, and its blossoms are much larger than are seen in our country. Hedges of all kinds grow luxuriantly and are allowed often to attain a height of eight or ten feet before being trimmed. Huge pines are seen frequently, and cedars grow to a great height and size. This is the land of the famous kauri pine, from the rich resinous sap of which a fine varnish is made for commercial demands. It has been systematically wasted for so many years that there is danger of its complete extinction. We have not seen any of them yet, but are going shortly to coach through a region where they are to be seen in perfection, great giants said to be over 300 feet high.

ROTORURA, NEW ZEALAND, January 24.—This is the so-called "thermal district," where geysers and hot springs abound, and where occasionally the earth passes apparently through the throes of labor, producing disturbances of greater or less magnitude and sometimes a tragedy by loss of human lives as well as habitations. Ordinarily and under normal conditions the first section of this journey (from Auckland to Thames) is made by rail; but a devastating freshet caused by long continued torrential rains has torn away so much track that temporarily that portion of the road can only be used by the force of laborers who are

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repairing damages, a process involving considerable time as well as coin of the realm.

We left Auckland Wednesday morning at nine o'clock and went to Thames on an old-fashioned side-wheel steamer, passing through an autotype of the inland sea of Japan on a diminished scale, the mainland to the right and a chain of islands to the left, making a charming little journey of four hours.

While standing in the bow looking for porpoises, which are a never-failing source of amusement, a man of colloquial turn of mind came along, and being a star listener myself and he a perfect stranger, I took him in, so to speak. He had an artificial eye which glowered upon me with an expression of the most malevolent hatred, while the good eye fairly beamed with the effulgent rays of good fellowship. All he needed was a good start, which he immediately received, and thus he spoke:

"Born here? No; I was born in England, and came here with my parents when a boy, to become a citizen of the land, as it has turned out. My children are all married and are looking out for themselves, while all I have to do is to take care of the old woman, which is an easy trick. I earn 15 pounds a month, and am able to lay aside some of that for a rainy day or an occasional trip like this. I have been working in the gold mines of Australia and New Zealand forty years, and I know a whole lot more about it than I did when I started in. This is a great country for a young man to get a start in, for idlers and tramps are not tolerated at all.

"In Auckland, for instance, a young man without employment is accosted by the police and asked why he is not working. If he does not succeed in finding work in four days they give him the choice between going to jail and doing such work as the municipality may require for his board and lodging, and taking a railroad or boat ticket to one of the mines, and nine times out of ten he takes the ticket. Arrived at the mine the company furnishes him with mining tools and an order for rations enough to last him 16 days, and down into the earth he goes, tools and all, and makes

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a beginning. When the first pay day comes around he receives wages minus the price of part of his tools and rations, for they do not take it all at once. By the time the second or third pay day comes around he is apt to get square with the company, if he is any man at all, and then he has a chance to do something for himself. If he wants to go to farming, the government will furnish him a piece of land, and guarantee him work for six months at from six to eight shillings a day, and the other six months he can put in on his farm; it will even lend him money at 4 per cent., which is borrowed at 3½ per cent., and he can't very well help getting along.

"Do you see that little shanty down there near the coast? That is what we call a cocker's home, the cocker being what you call a squatter in your country. He may remain there undisturbed for years, or may be obliged to pull up stakes and get out on very short notice. Like as not he has a cow and a pig or two, and enjoys life as well as anybody.

"Sharks? Yes, there are plenty of them about here, and only the other day an enormous one was caught near here 22 feet and 4 inches long: a real man-eater, I should say, but I did not see it myself. This town of Thames we are coming to is only a mining village, and one of the richest gold mines of New Zealand is right here. This is a piece of the ore, and small as it is it contains about half a sovereign's worth of gold. These fish with long noses which come up to the surface and dart away with the speed of lightning are called gars. You are very welcome, sir, hope to meet you again."

A hungry lot of citizens of cosmopolitan personnel went into the dining-room of the Hotel Royal at Thames, and were given places at once in the banquet hall. We had four hours to wait for a train going our way, and if eating were the animus of life it was well it was so, for there were only two girls to wait upon 30 people, and their existence was a strenuous one. We found the surest way to attract their attention was to seize one of them by the gown in transit, and we saw one man go out into the culinary department and help himself to what he could

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find. There was an uninterrupted view of the kitchen, the doors being wide open, and there was fortunately no extra charge for the smoke which came in from there, for there was a great deal of it. The drinking water was warm, ice water being an unheard of luxury, and one felt like helping himself to butter with a spoon and taking it through a straw. The only menu card was in the hands of one of the girls, was written upon a colored piece of wrapping paper and presented for inspection once in a great while, with a flourish which implied being up to date. We ordered milk to drink, expecting it would be at least cool, but it came boiling hot, ready for coffee, which we shunned. Not being limited for time, we eventually succeeded in getting enough to eat, to make no mention of the suppressed hilarity over the unusual experience.

We entered finally a toy train with an engine which we would like to take home for a souvenir, hitched on to some freight cars the wrong way, and after them came the coaches as dirty as they were small, and in the stifling heat as uncomfortable as the two combined, but one can not expect Pullmans in this remote quarter of the world.

We passed through an unkempt looking country with here and there a discouraged looking farm. Barley and oats were being stacked, potatoes were in blossom and corn was aspiring to ears, this season being about the same as July in good old Stark county. We came finally to Te Aroha, which is 115 miles south of Auckland, there to stay over night. We had come only something like 16 miles from Thames, and thus discovered that the patriarchal system of traveling only by daylight obtains here the same as in Java.

We found Te Aroha and its environment almost an exact duplicate in appearance of the famous Bavarian mountain village where the Passion Play is given, and which we visited together in 1900. The climate is fine, the average rainfall 55 inches, and the temperature ranges from 56 to 89 degrees, crowding the latter quite closely when we were there, making our home the time being at the Palace Hotel. The Hot Springs Domain grounds are

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there, 60 acres in extent, belonging to the Government, and well laid out. We strolled that way after a good supper, to find there are 21 mineral springs of four different kinds, alkaline, acid, sulphur and magnesia. Five of them are cold and the others vary from 86 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The baths are known by numbers, to be obtained by buying tickets at a nominal price, and the private ones are in a handsome building recently erected by the Government, said to be the best of its kind and fitted according to the latest and most approved methods.

We came here by way of Franktown Junction, where we had two hours to wait for a train to this place, putting in a proportion of the time upon another freak meal at a place near the station. The Government owns most of the roads, and travel by rail is only in its swaddling clothes in this country. The cars are filthy, the employees do not consider it worth while to be civil, and information must be obtained after great effort, in which one feels the need of a corkscrew or club.

A lumber company is committing a wholesale slaughter of pines and other trees in the mountains, and we are told by a Government official that at the rate at which trees are being felled now New Zealand will be denuded of its forests in 15 years. Efforts are being made to provide against this by planting indigenous and foreign trees in several regions, many of them American and British varieties. And the lakes and streams have been successfully stocked with California trout and other fish, of which we saw many small samples to-day in wayside streams.

Rotorua, meaning two lakes in the Maori language, is a town of magnificent distances, with streets 100 feet wide, and is also the name of a township including the Maori village of Whakarawarewa, covering in all a space of three miles, over which many hotels and boarding houses are scattered. It is the official center of the lake and thermal district, with neat houses of bungalow style, fine gardens and flourishing plantations. Predicting a brilliant future for itself, it has discounted it by the magnificent scale on which it is laid out.

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MAORI OPEN AIR KITCHEN AT WHAKARAWAREWA

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There is a Government sanatorium here with grounds beautifully laid out and carefully cultivated, with fountains, bowling green, tennis and croquet lawns, arbors, shrubberies and pleasant shady walks. Fine open air concerts are frequently given in the evening, and we went to one soon after dinner yesterday. Here are the famous artificial geysers, which may be regulated to work at will.

One of the great attractions of Rotorua is the phenomenal trout-fishing afforded in the stream flowing into Lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti, and the fact that over 28 tons of trout were caught by rod and line during the 1905 season speaks for itself. A gay old piscatorial sport came down with us from Auckland, only 88 years old, a citizen of Adelaide, Australia. We were introduced to him, and found him the liveliest old fellow we had seen for many a day. At Thames he amused himself and got in his time by fishing from the pier and succeeded in catching a small shark, which afforded him infinite amusement.

AMONG GEYSERS AND CRATERS.

ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND, January 28.—We made a bad start here with our sight-seeing by getting into an altercation with the manager of the Grand Hotel about an early breakfast and pocket lunch, which were to be ready at an early hour and were not forthcoming. He characterized our very plain statements as "rot" and very pretty compliments were handed back and forth until he turned and went into the hotel, which we interpreted into an admission that we had the good end of the argument.

We started behind a good team soon after 8 A. M. and rode to some geysers a few miles away, stopping to watch them without getting out of the conveyance. One was performing its function quite actively, two were going on in intermittent fashion pretty much as they pleased, and not any of them were very impressive. Upon leaving there we found ourselves behind the stage bound for Taupo, more than 50 miles away, and were provided by it with

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much more dust than we really needed, until we branched off on another road, soon after which we came to an area of several hundred acres where there had been a subsidence of 50 feet at the time of the eruption in June, 1886. The margins were so well defined that it looked as if it had been taken out with some Titanic punch, such as the saddlers use.

Our guide was a plethoric looking man with a fierce mustache waxed into graceful curves, and a tongue which was the nearest approach to perpetual motion that had ever been discovered; and he discoursed of volcanic phenomena in a manner quite instructive, having made a study of them for some decades. Judging from our own limited knowledge of the subject, he was quite correct. We started down a steep grade and found ourselves at Manugaka-karamea, with the Rainbow Mountain off to the right and beneath our feet the Frying Pan, a space several rods in circumference, where ebullition was constantly going on and an egg could have been boiled hard as adamant. We walked by this place quite gingerly, for the earth was piping hot and the vertical rays of a red hot sun did not tend to cool things in the least. We came to a huge rock face where from different apertures came quantities of steam, some of it laden with sulphur which discolored and coated the rock, and some with iron. We peered down into one hole near the ground, and received some hot mud in the face for our trouble.

At one point where only hot air was coming through the ground the guide made a miniature volcano with his staff by heaping earth about one of the vents, wheu it would be immediately thrown into the air and coming down make a small mountain. He said that whether the particles weighed a grain or a ton each, the principle was exactly the same. He showed us strata of rock which had been disintegrated or dissolved by superheated steam, taking all the silica and metallic principles out of them and leaving their base, which is the fuller's earth of commerce. He ran his staff into some decomposing rock, and said that

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a plentiful supply of superheated steam would convert that whole stratum into a putty-like substance in a remarkably short time, and that the weight of superincumbent matter would squeeze down into it, causing it to move in the direction of least resistance, vomiting up mud through a crater somewhere.

He informed us that some of that steam came from the Hawaiian Islands, the Lipari Islands and from Vesuvius, though he could not prove it by us. He asserted that obsidian, known as volcanic glass and rich in silica, could be disintegrated much more rapidly by superheated steam than many of the softer rocks, and we nodded our heads in acquiescence, as if we had known it all along, and had made volcanoes, earthquakes, subsidences and other erratic and surprising things a special study to the neglect of our legitimate vocations. He pointed out a high rock surface of several strata, saying that volcanoes had written their history there in such a manner that he who tarried might read it all, whereupon we remarked we hoped they would not decide to write a supplementary chapter while we were there.

The ascents were very steep, and two of us pulled and pushed a third until she thought the integrity of her spine was jeopardized. We finally came to a point where we sat quite willingly upon the ground at the edge of a hot lake to await the appearance of a launch which was coming with tourists traveling in an opposite direction, by which we were to cross the lake. When they landed they told us doleful tales about the walking they had done, and we are wondering what they had to say about the part we had just come over. Soon after we entered the launch it was steered to the left and all were invited to put our hands in the water, which we obediently did to find it warm, an instant later it was so hot that the hands were hastily withdrawn. The lake is in a crater and is 435 feet deep, with a rising tendency and no outlet.

Leaving the launch we went up another steep ascent through ashes and small scoriæ to see a beautiful and much larger lake below, and waited for our boatman, who

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was the commodore of the fleet. We were all thirsty by this time and a pail of water was dipped out of the lake a few rods from shore, notwithstanding we had just been pointed out a spot in it near by where a Maori village of 52 inhabitants had been swallowed up at the time of the death dealing eruption. Farther on was another village of 39 people buried, and I thought that foolish people who were shy of the number 13 by reason of some vague ill-omened properties would find substantiation of their theories in the fact that both these numbers are multiples of 13. This lake was six miles long, crater in location and post volcanic in date. A tiny inlet where we disembarked furnished us with refreshing draughts of cold pure water, much appreciated. One more ascent of moderate degree found us waiting at a roadside for a four-in-hand which lost no time in appearing in a cloud of dust and turning a wide curve in a blaze of glory.

We did not hesitate one instant about getting in, and had not gone more than half a mile when we came to the ruins of a native village which was destroyed in that same catastrophe of 1886. The first souvenir we saw of that tragedy was some of the iron work of a buggy or some other vehicle protruding from the ground, once the property of a chief. Near it was the point of a Maori house gable projecting about two feet above the ground. To the left were the ruins of an hotel in which an Englishman perished, who had reached a point of safety with all other guests, and then returned to write a letter to his family. It recalls the landslide at Amalfi on the Gulf of Salerno, where a part of the Hotel des Cappuchines was chewed off by the falling mass of earth and rock, taking with it two English ladies who had escaped and then returned for forgotten jewelry.

Our coachman said he used to drive the stage between Rotorua and Taupo, being three nights of the week in the former place. At that time earthquakes at Taupo were almost continuous for a number of weeks, when at Rotorua he was troubled with insomnia, because he missed the rocking motion to be had at the other town. He said chim-

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neys are stiffened at Taupo by having scantling wired to them, and said he supposed we noticed at our hotels that our rooms had wooden ceilings and walls of burlap or canvas, which we had. But this hotel is so comfortable that we feel sufficiently provided for and entertained without the introduction of any new features.

We came to a small green lake of emerald hue almost, and a few rods past its boundary came to another of sapphire blue, the former being about 60 feet higher than the other, both in a crater with only an intervening wall of undissolved rock. Both lakes can be seen at the same glance of the eye and the effect is most strange. We came back in time to bathe and dress for dinner, after which repast we got on another vehicle and had the unusual experience of a four-in-hand race to the village of Whakarewarewa, where a Maori dance was to be seen, and quite naturally everyone wanted to be there first so as to secure good seats. We won by a neck and got some of the best places, just in time to find they were reserved for a bowling club from New South Wales, and had to secure others.

With the Sydney bowlers came the Lord Mayor of Melbourne and Lady Mayoress, and the performance began soon after by 22 Maori women and young girls entering in single file, each one with her hands resting on the shoulders of the one in front of her, convict style, after which they faced the audience in line. A famous Maori local guide named Maggie Papakura was mistress of ceremonies, and (shades of Pan and his pipes) a half-breed and an accordeon composed the orchestra, while Bella, sister of Maggie, called off the figures.

Only two of the dances by the women were worthy of description, the others being replete with the Oriental features in which the abdominal muscles and hips play the leading role, coarse and suggestive to the margin of indecency. The exceptions were the house-building dance, described in advanced by Maggie, in which the women go through the motions of cutting down trees, making plans, carving, roofing and finishing a habitation; the other was

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said by Maggie to be descriptive of the voyage to this country by their ancestors from the Hawaiian Islands many generations ago.

Next came twelve men, naked to the waist, with garments on their thighs and aprons of reeds, which made a rustling sound. They gave a war dance, in the course of which they fought, overcame and clubbed to death imaginary enemies, with an unlimited amount of muscular exertion, jumping, slapping of thighs, howling, screeching and distorting the features most horribly.

After the men had finished their dance and the howling, wriggling group had disappeared, in came twelve little boys dressed as the men were, and duplicated their performance in a most amusing manner, after which they sang a Maori song and the "Poor Old Slave" very well. Afterward they were given an opportunity to show their agility in gathering the shower of coins which fell on the floor among them. One of the bowlers, whom his companions called Pickwick, made himself conspicuous by insisting upon rubbing noses with Maggie, the Maori salutation among friends. It caused much hilarity, and later a man who had met her in Sydney had the same honor.

We were somewhat disappointed in the Maoris from a physical standpoint; the women being most of them short and stocky, especially the full-blooded ones, and they all resembled the Indian squaws of our country. The men are all short and many of them fat.

The following day we returned to the village, were guided about by a Maori woman named Miriam, who was barefooted like all the rest, and who spoke excellent English. She took us to a bridge, from which enterprising urchins jumped into the water to dive for coins. She piloted us among the geysers and porridge pots of boiling mud to a hot pool, in which the villagers used to cook until an unfortunate Maori fell into it, since which it has been tabooed, and showed us another, into which a woman fell with a similar result.

Our guide's information about the location was instructive and cheerfully given, the village containing about 200

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people, equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. A small Romanist church is there, and the Episcopalians hold services in a mission house. The Mormons have sent elders down there, and Miriam's husband is a convert, but she adds hastily that he does not believe in an overdose of wives. The population is slowly increasing, and there is a recent law prohibiting marriages between the whites and Maoris, with which the latter are pleased, as they wish to preserve their race. When asked about the legend of the first occupation of the islands by Hawaiians, Miriam said it was no legend at all, but a real solid fact, and was about 35 generations ago. She conducted us to the only finely carved building in the village, of which her mother, named Sophia, was the custodian, and who showed it to us for a consideration. Local history has it that in some emergency of dire need, probably in the course of eruptive disturbances of 1886, or possibly during the late flood, Sophia distinguished herself and earned the gratitude of mankind by saving many human lives at the risk of her own. There are no surviving cannibals in the village, but we were shown the picture of the last one, who passed on seven years ago.

A most entertaining journey from here is on Lake Rotorua to the other end of it, over a level walk of nearly a mile to a large creek, where a small boat is entered and punted to its source in a large spring 75 feet deep, and pouring out 5,000,000 gallons of pure water every 24 hours. It is in a shady dell, and is a most beautiful spot. By holding an umbrella over the spring one can see a distance in the depths, and notice coins of small value lying on ledges of the rock, dropped in to substantiate the saying that the water comes up with so much force that they cannot sink. Near the spring splendid big rainbow trout from California or their descendants were seen in numbers, and when we got back to the lake a fisherman in water up to the belt was manipulating his rod to get an unfortunate trout near enough to gaff it, which he accomplished in a short time. Although well aware of the elastic scale and general unreliability of piscatorial measurements made ocularly and

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reported orally, we had no hesitation in agreeing that this specimen was a foot and a half long, with all the irridescent coloring of the rainbow, accentuated into flashing beauty by the struggles of the unwilling and terrified victim.

At one spot on the edge of a boiling and bubbling pool of mud we were asked to sit upon a ridge of silicate deposit and feel the vibration of the earth, which was very apparent. One large seething pool had a temperature of 232 degrees F., while another only a few feet away was exactly 212 degrees, showing there was no connection between them. We were shown an alum pool with crystals at its side of the so-called double sulphate. The air was heavily laden with sulphur fumes and silver articles, and money turned black in a remarkably short time. Our car was a French one of 24 horsepower, and made more racket probably than the manufacturing plant of which it was a product. There were many sandy stretches of road on which we did a little skidding, and where the last atom of potential energy was required to keep us from coming to a halt. We went through one small stream and succeeded in getting a little water in the carbureter, but did not stop for a little thing like that. To-morrow we turn our faces and baggage toward the Wanganui River, the Rhine of New Zealand, with an all-day journey by rail as a prelude.

MAORI CUSTOMS.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, January 31.—We left Rotorua and the land of geysers and porridge pots early Monday morning, and have had rather a strenuous life ever since. While at the station waiting for the ticket-office to open we amused ourselves by reading some of the printed notices which there abounded, one being that aged persons entitled to pensions from the Government and unable to go to the disbursing office could have their checks mailed to them by filling out certain blanks which would be furnished, and sending them in. Time-tables were on sale at the very moderate price of one penny, and passengers were requested to have the price of their ticket

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ready, inasmuch as it is not always convenient to make change.

We crossed the same mountains we had come over several days before, and after reaching Frankton Junction, entered new territory, most of it rather forlorn looking country, but with here and there an oasis of well cultivated and improved land, which looked as if it might have been taken up bodily from the mother country, especially in the neighborhood of Hamilton. We saw several bush-fires in active operation, sending up huge masses of smoke, and three of them were so near we could plainly see the flames.

Late in the afternoon a larger number of Maoris got on at a small town, and we saw several of their characteristic farewells, the first a young woman with a man's felt hat on crying gently to an oldish man, who was probably her father, as they looked alike. They locked noses, and for about five minutes there was a tender parting, during which was distilled a lachrymose accompaniment in the course of which they really needed spouting.

At another station two women were seated on the ground, one with an infant suspended from her neck in a shawl. They wept almost the entire time the train stopped there, and Government trains are never in any great rush about starting in this comparatively new country. When they finally broke away the woman with the infant wiped her eyes and nose on its shawl, spat upon the ground, and cheered up as if nothing of a depressing nature had happened. My informant told me it is not generally known outside the country that they practice polygamy, and told of a wealthy farmer who had lately died leaving to each of his four widows an income of 400 pounds a year. An acquaintance of my informant died leaving a wife and grown-up daughter, and another acquaintance of his of sympathetic nature had married them both. He said the Maori moral status is low prior to marriage, after which they are very apt to remain faithful to their vows.

We came to a small settlement where there was a gala day, and about 100 Maoris of all ages, sizes and sexes were there, each one holding in his or her hand a sprig

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of the scrub evergreen called manuka, and our carload of Maoris joined them without any loss of time. It is asserted they are very liberal when they have money, and are apt to invite all of the clan to have a good time when payday comes around, bringing riches as royalty on their timber.

Next morning very early we left for the banks of the Wanganui River just a few rods away, and found a launch and four canoes moored there waiting for the crowd. Some days before an enthusiastic acquaintance had regaled our ears with an account of descending this river in a Maori war canoe of great length and capacity, and marvelled at this strange mingling of the present and the past. Here were the canoes surely enough, and fashioned upon Maori lines. We entered the largest one, 68 feet long, which carried 35 people, most of them Australian bowlers, and a crew of three brawny Maoris. We started first and bent a pitying glance at those we were leaving behind, but we had not gone a mile before we ran aground below the very first rapids we came to, and had the humiliation of seeing all the rest of the flotilla glide gayly past and making sympathetic remarks upon our hard fate.

Our crew finally poled us loose only to repeat the performance in a short time, and that spot was our post-office address for more than an hour, during which time the Australians were bemoaning their stupidity and hard fate in not having brought any whiskey with them. In fact, when the flotilla passed us one of the occupants held up a large sized bottle with a very convivial look, and our fellows seemed to think that was the last straw. Our crew jumped into the water, shoes and all, and by using their poles as levers finally pryed us loose. We had 30 miles to go in the canoe, and it took us more than two hours beyond the accustomed time in which to reach a house-boat, where we had lunch in its second story. One of our delays was caused by water getting into the cylinder, as somebody said; at least the engine was out of order, and we thought regretfully that if there had been less where it did not belong and more in the stream we would have all been winners by it. In fact, it was impressed upon our minds

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more thoroughly than ever before how very essential water was to river navigation.

Occasionally a small tributary stream would come sauntering along to lose its identity in the larger and more rapid one, and once in a while a cavern would be seen; here a rill or rivulet, there a cascade or waterfall caught the admiring eye and claimed the willing attention. Black diving birds, called skags, were numerous, said to be unfit for food by reason of the strong fishy taste of their flesh. Magnificent large pigeons were seen very frequently, some at least three times as large as in our country, of the same colored plumage and graceful flight. There were birds built upon the lines of our robins, but with brown bodies and white wings. We saw several wild ducks like some of the American varieties, hawks frequently, and long-legged wading birds rarely. It has often been mentioned and wondered at that New Zealand has so few birds, but it was still more poorly provided with fish until American enterprise and California trout were introduced here, since which time the latter have flourished and multiplied in a very satisfactory manner.

It is said New Zealand has no reptiles of any kind, and the only poisonous insect is a small brown spider with a red streak on its back.

That evening about 6 o'clock we landed at Pipiriki, ascended a very steep zigzag grade to an hotel of the same name, and were given rooms ordered some days before, small but free of unwelcome interlopers. That night the moon was radiant in its brilliancy with a promise of an eclipse soon after 10 o'clock, but we had been shipwrecked so many times and were so tired that a clean bed after a refreshing bath possessed all the attractions. We met at that hotel Colorado acquaintances who had come down with us from Honolulu.

We left on a small steamer next morning soon after breakfast and had just turned down stream and gone a few rods when the skipper cried out in agitated tones for some one to see what the —— was the matter with the steering gear, when it was found that a woman's dress had caught in the chain and was hastily extricated, somewhat the worse

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for the experience. In the meantime we were drifting broadside on and went over the rapids stern first, to turn about in the deeper water below.

We passed many native settlements and camps, and were greeted by the people with more or less enthusiasm, replying in similar degree. We passed London and Jerusalem after stopping and taking on passengers, and a few times we stopped to take on letters which men would wave in the air to attract attention. We finally came to tide-water, were interested in seeing large and small pieces of pumice stone floating about numerously, and were met by sea-gulls a few miles before landing at Wanganui, where our journey of 150 crooked miles of river travel ended. In attempting to describe the river as observed during its eventful descent, mention must be made of the multiplicity of its rapids. The printed matter describing it does not mention the number, but any one who has descended it will bear me out in saying there are at least 150 of them between Tamaranui and Wanganui.

At Wanganui we drove about to see the sights of the town, which did not occupy much of our time, there being a college there and not much else worth mentioning. After refreshments at a tea-house we took rail for Palmerston, leaving the bowlers to play a match game with the citizens. At Palmerston we put up at the Club Hotel, said to be the best in town, where our rooms were illuminated by the so-called light of other days, with a stringent admonition fastened on the wall against reading by candle light under any circumstances; a needless one so far as I was concerned, as there was barely enough candle to get me to bed.

A young New Zealand farmer from the Canterbury district, from whence the very best mutton comes, gave me much needed information. In his neighborhood the "light" land, which we call poor, is worth from ten to fifteen pounds an acre, and will carry (meaning support) one sheep, while heavy or good land will bring thirty pounds and will carry from three and one-half to four sheep to the acre. A good driving horse will bring from thirty to forty pounds, a farm horse about one-third less. A day laborer, called

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"teamer," will earn about four shillings a day, and it is hard to get a good one. Many come from Australia and London, and it is difficult to tell which is the poorer specimen for the work. The Londoner always knows it all and can do anything, until it comes to the practical demonstration, and then he is done. He is so far away from home, though, that he has to stay and shifts from one thing to another. It is different with the Australian, who is much nearer home and is consequently more independent. It is difficult to get servant girls who are willing to work in the country, especially those who are town born and bred.

One of the morning papers contains an erudite article by a geologist who is a native of this place and who was educated in England. He has made seismic science a special study, and cheers and encourages the citizens of his native town by telling them they live in the exact spot where three lines converge which indicate a dangerous thinning of the earth's crust, consequently that they stand a chance multiplied by three for being in great trouble sooner or later, adding it is not likely to occur in the near future, which has a tendency toward bracing up our drooping spirits. For if there is any one thing more than another for which we have a special repugnance it is seismic disturbances where we happen to be present.

This city capital of New Zealand, named for the Iron Duke, is on many hills and has a population of more than sixty thousand. Be the crust of the earth here thick or thin the city boasts brick chimneys instead of iron, the hotel rooms have real plaster ceilings instead of wood, and the walls are covered with orthodox material instead of pasteboard or textile fabrics of any kind. And we saw brick chimneys in towns and villages coming here, and it seemed well to see them. Iron chimneys and roofs have much to recommend them in a land exposed to the manifold contingencies of this, for they are cheap, strong, light in weight, and in the event of trouble will not come crumbling down about one's ears. But as a thing of beauty or a joy forever from the esthetic standpoint they are a flat failure,

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and allowing them to remain unpainted is an insult to the landscape.

Wellington has a college, botanical gardens and a museum of Maori souvenirs, which is a close second to the fine one at Auckland. It is said to be one of the windiest towns on earth, and will dispute the honors with Chicago, it being affirmed that this is really the original place where the thrifty citizen bows his head and places his hand upon his hat when about to turn a corner, lest he might be obliged to purchase another hat. It is the commercial centre of New Zealand, has a fine harbor, and is about to construct a new dock at a cost of 200,000 pounds, the old one being inadequate to all the demands upon it.

The leading thoroughfares are paved, and most of the surface in the lowest or business part of the city is made ground, replacing marshes. The electric street car system is in use, and the service is as good as can be found anywhere, except that the transfer system is not one of its features. The City Hall is a fine and imposing building, which would give points to the one in Pittsburgh, and is made of brick, covered with stucco to resemble stone.

Coming down through the gardens we utilized seats placed at points favorable for a fine view. Here are the superb tree ferns which seem to attain the very zenith of their perfection in this favored land, the oak, pine, manuka, bracken and pampas grass, which latter is seen in abundance most everywhere; all the other native trees, including the one with lanceolate leaves which are called New Zealand postal cards, from the fact that they are occasionally used for correspondence, their surface showing a black line when scratched with a sharp point. Here are fuchsias from 8 to 10 feet high, daisies which look like undersized sunflowers, in fact fully as large as the California sunflowers, and all the flora of the North and South islands. But there are dandelions in numbers not conducive to the beauty of public grounds, and other weeds fully as undesirable.

DAVENPORT, NEW ZEALAND, Feb. 1.—In looking at the map of this country the observer is struck with its resem-

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blance to Italy, both being leg-shaped and booted, the former apparently taking a long distance kick at the equator from the south, the latter from the north. And the resemblance does not end here by any means, inasmuch as just as far north of the equator as New Zealand is south of it, both having about the same area in square miles. This part of the North Island is about as far below the equator as the Straits of Messina are above it, and New Zealand will almost hold Italy level in its multiplicity of railway tunnels.

New Zealand's system of education is free, secular and compulsory, and it has 1,806 State schools for primary education with a staff of 3,516 teachers. It has 95 Maori village schools, maintained by the State, and there are also six mission schools and as many boarding-schools for the Maoris. It has 7,549 Maoris and half-caste children attending the Maori village and public schools of the colony. It has six schools for the higher education of the Maori children, which are supported by religious bodies. The Government offers 123 scholarships, tenable at these schools, and beside this six scholarships are offered to Maori youths to whom it is advisable to give university training. Three of these are reserved for medicine, the others are open. It had 1,153 students attending the university colleges in 1905. The University of New Zealand last year conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts on 55 candidates, of Bachelor of Science on 11, Bachelor of Engineering on 9, Bachelor of Laws on 17, Bachelor of Surgery on 11, Bachelor of Medicine on 11, Master of Arts on 25, Master of Law on 2, and Bachelor of Music on 1.

Its defense force consists of 19,276 volunteers, beside a small permanent force known as the Royal New Zealand Artillery and Royal New Zealand Engineers. It has 264 public school cadet corps, with a strength of 14,115 boys, under control of the Education Department. Its Public Trust Office is guaranteed by the Government, and is said to be consequently fool-proof, rogue-proof and thief-proof. Its Public Trustee may be appointed administrator or executor of a will or an estate.

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New Zealand has been frequently and rightfully called the working man's paradise, and we were more fully impressed with the fact in receiving information about the employer's liability insurance. A law of the land dictates that any man sustaining injury when employed by another, if unable to work, must receive one-half wages during the term of his disability, whether for a few days or a year. And the injury need not be received when laboring in order to make the claim valid and eligible to the benefaction. It might be on a Sabbath, when no one works, or before or after working hours. Insurance companies issue policies to employers protecting them against this contingency, just as they do against fire or accident.

When we first came here a few weeks ago we were told of a beautiful lake near here, rejoicing in the musical name of Takapuna, the source of which is subterranean springs having no outlet nor inlet, and the source of water supply for this place. Thither we hied ourselves one bright morning a few days ago in a three-in-hand omnibus, one shilling the round trip. We went over hill and down dale until we came to a place four miles out, where the driver allowed us to dismount and indicated the way we were to go on foot. We reached the lake, sat down in the shade near its edge, began to smile audibly and make comparisons between it and the one on which our country club at home is situated; not unfavorable to the latter, which can double discount it in the point of natural beauty, to say nothing of the good cheer for the inner man near by.

Lake Takapuna, like some other features of this most interesting country, is considerably overadvertised, but we are glad to think we need not reproach ourselves for omitting to see it. We are here for new impressions and we are getting them daily. Upon the theory that life is a school and we are students, we are making an unqualified success of it. It is a crude country in a transition state, and its railroads and hotels leave much to be desired in several ways.

One day when we were going with our guide to the hot lakes we told him we were surprised at the excellent con-

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dition of the country roads, whereupon his thoracic measurement became considerably augmented. He said, "And did you mind our railroads, too?" We told him with a withering smile that we had indeed minded them very much, more so than we cared for in fact, and volunteered the opinion that some time must elapse before the railroads could possibly arrive at the dignity of the swaddling clothes stage of their career. The roads are all narrow gauge, and to have a repast on a New Zealand dining-car is an experience to be remembered, with the meats almost as high as the price of admission. And they are sociable trains, too, making stops at stations which admit of establishing friendly and social relations on the way. One day we almost foundered ourselves in sprinting for an omnibus to go to a suburban village. Immediately afterward the conveyance stopped in front of a residence and waited ten minutes for an old couple who finally came sauntering out and got in. The driver said they had been unusually prompt, as he had gone to a house the day before and waited 20 minutes for two ladies, who at the end of that time changed their minds and did not go.

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand, Feb. 2.—The Rhotomahana, a little old steamer long past the zenith of its career, brought me down to Port Lyttleton on the way here. Its staterooms are the smallest ever seen since the days of Captain Noah, and I was fortunate in having a so-called shakedown allotted to me on one of the tables in the dining saloon, consisting of two sheets, a blanket and a pillow. All the tables and sofa seats along one side of them were occupied in this way, and other temporary accommodations were under all the tables, occupied by men and women who slept in their clothes and had much better ventilation than the unfortunates in the stuffy little state-rooms, most of which contained four individuals. We had a race with a fine large Australian steamer called the Riverina, and she went past us as if we were "tied to the fence," as the horsemen say.

Port Lyttleton was reached in about 12 hours from the time of sailing; a train was in waiting there, and we had a

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brisk run of about 15 minutes to this place, most of it being through a preposterously long tunnel. It is the next largest town in the colony with a population of 60,000, and is the only large place which is not also a seaport.

Christchurch is the capital of the province of Canterbury, and is of ecclesiastic interest and importance as the See of the Primate of New Zealand. It is about seven miles from the sea, at the termination of the Great Northern and Southern railway. It has a fine cathedral, Government offices, supreme court, theater, free public library, hospital for the mentally infirm, convent, numerous banks, club house and college. It is largely engaged in manufactures and the flour trade. It reminds one of an English university town and is situated on the Avon River, named in honor of the one made famous for all time, which runs through Stratford-on-Avon and back of the church which is the custodian of the dust of Britain's greatest bard. Strangely enough the two rivers are of about the same size, have willows and other trees alike, and bear more resemblance to each other than the mere name implies. It is noted for its parks, gardens, and the charming residences of its citizens. The suburbs are numerous and most attractive. Communication between the various parts of the city is kept up by motor omnibuses, electric and steam tramways, and the service is fully as good as in any city in Great Britain. Hansoms and other public vehicles abound, and the charges are about the same as in London.

In approaching the exposition, which is at once the animus and Mecca of this journey, one crosses a wooden footbridge spanning the Avon, and finds himself gazing upon a huge quadrilateral wooden building surmounted by British and colonial flags, having in front of it extensive and beautiful well-clipped lawns and exquisite flower beds too numerous to be counted, making an approach of striking beauty. A ticket-office, turnstile and wardens are there, and a shilling is the price of admission, given up right cheerfully, inasmuch as what has already been seen is worth more than that and the rest will be clear profit.

All the exhibits excepting the art gallery and sideshows

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are contained in the one building with its 80 acres of flooring, and the first one noticed after entering and turning to the left for a long ramble is the one of Lipton's teas from the island of Ceylon, showing all the grades and prices.

There is in this country a Government bureau for the information of tourists and prospective immigrants, a most excellent and useful institution, by which we have profited more than once. Its exhibit is an extensive and most instructive one, contained in an area 100 feet square. The floor is covered with a coarse green fabric and the walls with burlap of light green, adorned with paintings representing the most salient and popular landscape features of New Zealand, also with the stuffed and mounted heads of its large fauna and its incomparable rainbow trout of American origin.

There is a native wild boar, with no mounted heads to prove it by, but a number of long, vicious-looking tusks curving upward and outward, some of them being fully 8 or 9 inches long. There is a wild goat resembling strongly the ones found occasionally in our Rocky Mountains, and evidently about as hard to bag as the latter, for there is only one head to show what it is like. It is white like ours, of the same size and has a rural-looking beard as long in proportion as that on Michael Angelo's statue of Moses in one of the churches in Rome not far from the Coliseum.

The trout are beauties, especially the rainbow variety, with sides decorated with the most brilliant coloring. They range in weight from 10 to 20 pounds, but larger ones have been caught. There are paintings in this exhibit of all the game birds, among them one we have seen often in marshy places, called the pukaki, larger than the domestic fowl, with a blunt red beak, a clumsy-looking head and body, the neck, back and wings jet black, and the breast blue. It is not web-footed and is said to be excellent eating.

But the apteryx or kiwi (native name) is the most enigmatic and paradoxical bird known to this country. Most any orthodox well-meaning bird of any clime would be expected to have wings, tail and feathers in order to be in good standing in the great ornithological family, but this

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freak has none of them, seeming intent upon setting all laws to one side and establishing a genus and species all by itself. It is the size of the average Plymouth Rock fowl, and is an animated interrogation point, stealing and carrying away for future examination anything which is portable, and with no reference whatever to its being an article of diet or not. One would hardly expect such a nondescript to lay eggs, and yet it actually does, this being one of its few features in common with other birds. It is said to be edible and its eggs are very good, but we have seen only stuffed specimens, as it is becoming rare. A close examination shows that the hair-like filaments growing on its body are something like feathers after all, but at a dstance they look exactly like coarse hair.

There are herds of wild horses and cattle in New Zealand, and sportsmen are fond of hunting the latter, which are almost as fleet of foot and hard to approach as the deer.

The horses are degenerate descendants of escaped domestic animals and rove in herds, much diminished in size, deteriorated in disposition, and difficult to tame when captured. By inbreeding they are reverting to the original type, which is small and inferior, a modern instance of atavism. The Maoris round them up occasionally and ship them by carloads to the markets, selling the choice for about two or three pounds and ranging from that down to a few shillings. The farmers say they buck, kick and bite like our Western bronchos, and never seem to have any confidence in mankind.

There is a collection of heitikis (usually called tickeys), which are grotesque figures of greenstone or New Zealand jade representing the human form. An educated Maori guide told us they are intended to represent the human fœtus, and if so they are a great success. They are worn suspended from the neck as a pectoral ornament, and there are very large ones as long and wide as the adult human hand. A high valuation is attached to the ancestral one which has been in a family for centuries. There are only two surviving Maoris now in the country who can

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make them by the old method by hand, but quantities made by machinery are on sale everywhere.

The Fiji court in this building is to me one of the most interesting spots of all, anthropology and ethnology being among my favorite fads. Here are shown all the productions of this group of islands, and their number is not small. One of their principal crops is the sugar-cane, which in these islands grow to great size, and many of the living plants are shown here in their native soil, in huge tubs and in a most flourishing condition. They are grouped about two huge piles of brown sugar, dark and light colored. In addition there are many boxes containing other grades, showing as many shades and degrees of excellence as are seen in the Sugar Exchange in New Orleans. There are a few grades of coffee, the berry rather larger than we are accustomed to seeing; rice, beans, peppers, turmeric, bananas, copra, pimento, cotton, gum, crude rubber, ginger, corn, dried sea-slugs, sea-shells, corals, and last, but not least, the inevitable tobacco, woven or twisted in rolls and made into large coils like rope cables. Fijians make large and small vessels of pottery, and surprisingly good ones.

The Fijis have been an attractive feature of this exposition, but many of them have returned to their homes. A group of them were so-called professional fire-walkers, and gave their exhibitions here frequently until about three weeks ago. They would stroll in their bare feet over stones which had been heated as much as hot fires burning over them could make them, and apparently without pain or inconvenience. In one of the illustrated Christmas papers was a reproduction from a photograph showing these island cannibals walking serenely and comfortably over a pavement of smoking stones, with a crowd of people standing around looking at the unusual sight with wide-eyed astonishment.

I visited what was left of the Fiji village, and entered a large hut about 30 by 20 feet in size and 18 feet high at the comb of the roof, built of poles and bamboos lashed strongly together, with a doorway in one end and side. About a dozen Fijis were stretched asleep on mats on

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their stomachs, but they were awake, and of these two spoke English fairly well. They are as inquisitive and curious as children, and one of them took hold of an ornament hanging from my watch and chain and wanted to know all about it, asking numerous questions, by which he gathered that it was a talisman or religious amulet which I bought of a bare-footed pilgrim in Delhi, who had brought it on foot from Cabul, Afghanistan; that the characters engraved on one side of it were Arabic, giving verses from the Koran, and on the other Persian, presumably from the same source. At first he got the idea that it was two kinds of stones and seemed much puzzled over it, until I succeeded in making him understand it was only one stone with two kinds of characters on it. He told me there are many Indian coolies on his island (which he pointed out on the map), in the sugar plantations, and when I described their thin arms and spindle shanks he nodded his head, laughed and seemed greatly pleased. He wanted to know what the talisman cost, and would have questioned me all day no doubt if I had stayed.

The Art Gallery is a detached building of brick and intended to be permanent, with an admission fee of a shilling, well worth the price, for all are modern pictures principally by British and colonial artists. One illustrates the contingencies of Australian life in the so-called Never Never Land, the dry and arid interior region which is the analogue of our Western deserts. In it two horsemen with wide-brimmed hats, ready looking huge revolvers, and belts which were arsenals for ammunition, had alighted from their horses to look at a ghastly object on the ground at their feet, it being the skeleton of a man with a gun lying across it, a large hat near by and only a few shreds of clothing. The skull was lying on its side and the lower jaw was partly detached. The living held in hand the watch of the dead, and the expression of their faces showed that they knew the man. Near by was the skeleton of a horse, the bridle still on the glistening skull. It told its own story of hunger, fatigue, and most terrible of all, of thirst, im-

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placable monsters which laid many a good man low after an awful struggle for existence.

There are several meat-freezing plants here, and they all have exhibits with hundreds of slaughtered sheep and cattle, for this is a great cattle country, and we have had as fine roast beef here as we ever had in New York or anywhere else. Many of the inhabitants of this (the southern) island are Scotch or descended from that hardy stock, and their loyalty and love for the mother country demonstrated itself in the transportation here and raising of the long-haired cattle so well delineated by Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. Some of the stuffed and mounted heads of these shaggy cattle form a feature of these exhibits, and the long and wool-like hair bears a certain resemblance in density and color to that of our great American buffalo, now most unhappily disappearing.

There is a post-office department, with exhibition stamps which are nearly all used up, and more are not going to be printed. When I applied only a few of the kind for threepence were left, and they were gathered in without any hesitation. They show on one side the landing of Tasman and remind one of the picture of the landing of Columbus in our Capitol at Washington, reproduced upon some of our beautiful bank notes; for we have the finest and most artistic looking money in the world, beside which the plain and prosaic notes of Britain look like wrapping paper. The Maoris departed from their "pa" to-day, meaning thereby their village here, which is soon to be tenanted by a Hawke's Bay contingent.

A battalion of 300 Wellington school cadets is going into camp here, to be followed by other cadets at short intervals. A special effort is made to please the majority of the people during the numerous band concerts. Ballots are provided upon which each person writes the name of his or her favorite selection, and the ones having the most votes will be given at the following concert. It is said this method is followed daily, and it speaks well for the accommodating management.

Rates have been cut down almost 50 per cent., with a

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view to increasing the daily attendance. There is a tower in the building, from whence a splendid view of the grounds, city and adjoining country may be seen. An account has been kept of the number ascending it, and the twenty-five thousandth man was in it to-day, to be surprised with a handsome gift presented by the committee.

From this tower the celebrated Canterbury Plains look down, dry and dusty, and the visitor is informed by citizens and the papers that the South Island, usually well supplied by rains, has been afflicted with such drought that sheep are dying by hundreds; while the North Island, only 200 miles away and usually dry, has been drenched with floods.

The papers here are amusing, especially among the advertisements, in which one meat shop is called a "Butchery," and a meat dealer is a "Flesher." Here are "Fruiterers" and "Poulterers," who incidentally sell fish also. A dealer in bicycle supplies advises you to remember his name "until it worries you," and another hopes you will think of his until you "have it on the brain." Rabbit-poisoners are wanted, and can have steady work at 26 shillings a week.

It is cooler here than at Auckland, and it is slow work becoming accustomed to the idea that the farther south one gets the more clothing he needs, and that the hot winds come from the north. This is the Paradise for the working man, and most especially for the poor one, who gets as good wages as the expert; legislation being founded on the hypothesis that there are more inferior laborers thar skilled ones, and being in the majority they must be shown the favors, and the working day is eight hours. By the S. S. Ventura for which we are waiting, we expect to leave for the land of the bushman and boomerang, the kangaroo and the plague.

AT THE ANTIPODES.

SYDNEY, New South Wales, February 19.—We left the enigmatic land where beggars are unknown, where wood sinks (one variety at least) and stone (pumice) swims, where the veriest bungler stands on the same plane with

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the skilled mechanic, where hotel tips are unlooked for but accepted with true Christian resignation when tendered (meaning by this of course the over-advertised New Zealand), and came rolling and pitching across the Tasman Sea in a craft which was hardly seaworthy and has since gone into limbo for much needed repairs. We had a gale soon after leaving Auckland, during which the racks were on the tables and the attendance hardly worth mentioning; cabin baggage careened gaily about in staterooms, performing all sorts of aquatic stunts, and a German lady, thinking she was on the high road to Himmel, filled the air with lamentations just as if she did not aspire to go there.

The first view of this country for us was a dim hump of something at the horizon line on the starboard beam, which grew until we could see the famous Sydney Heads guarding the entrance to the harbor, much vaunted by the Australians for its beauty. To the north was the Newcastle district, where excellent coal for marine purposes is obtained. Between the two the coast is a perfect cemetery for large and small vessels, which have come to grief on the rocks and foundered. It was enough to transform one's few surviving hairs into vertical bristles to hear of the number gone down within the past few years.

Sydney harbor resembles in outline an oak-leaf, the lobules of which are represented by small lateral bays, and the unfortunate wight who falls into it fears another contingency beside that of drowning, for man-eating sharks abound, and we could see their hideous big dorsal fins sticking out of the water as they moved restlessly about, no doubt wondering why no one was accommodating enough to fall overboard.

Squalls come up on short notice, and apparently slight provocation, and many a small sailing craft is capsized, with more or less loss of life. Not long ago a young engaged couple were taking a sail, and were with their friends thrown into the water by the overturning of the boat. They climbed upon its bottom and were taken off in a very short time; but the friends who tried to swim to shore were destroyed by the sharks. To-day a small

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sailing craft was upset by a ferry-boat, but the few occupants clambered on the bottom in very short order and were taken into a rescuing boat with nothing worse to tell of than a ducking and a fright. At Manly Beach, a winter (hot season) resort not far from here, there is a swimming-pool of several acres in extent, but it is carefully enclosed by closely driven piles, to keep away the watchful and predatory sharks.

It must be remembered that as Australia is the antipode of Europe, it is also its antithesis in the matter of climatic conditions, and the winter corresponds to our summer. Straw hats and light garments are in evidence everywhere, and there is a luxuriant wealth of flowers and fruits which appeal most pleasantly to the observing and appreciative eye, causing the mouth to water at the same time. And fruit is not only abundant almost beyond belief, but it is correspondingly cheap, and as delicious as the most esthetic gustatory nerves could wish. For a shilling one can buy more beautiful flowers than he would wish to burden himself with this hot weather, even if his sweetheart lived only a few squares away. He would have to hire a cart to transport the same value in lucious grapes at twopence a pound, and good honest pounds at that.

Sydney is situated in the southeastern part of Australia, in one of the five states of the commonwealth called New South Wales, is built upon more hills than historic Rome ever dreamed of, and has more than half a million inhabitants, more or less cosmopolitan in character, as are most large seaport cities, but the vast majority of them are either transplanted Britons or their descendants. The same peculiar custom obtains here as in New Zealand in regarding Great Britain as home, and calling it by that endearing name.

The kind fates placed next to me at table at our hotel (Petty's) one of the pleasantest and most genial of men, as full of anecdotes as he generally contrives to be of alimentary products toward the end of the repast. He plumped a yarn at me first thing to illustrate the coincidences and queer things constantly happening to those

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who are of migratory habits and have not sense enough to stay at the place where they can be most comfortable, of which poets have told and minstrels sung so often and so well, apt to be decorated in theory if not in fact with vines and fig trees. He is a Londoner, and like many of his fellow citizens more or less addicted to early morning walks as a prelude to breakfast; and for years at one stage of his walk he met daily another citizen taking his constitutional and appetizer in the opposite direction, and although it happened thus for years they never became acquainted.

My co-trencherman and informant had occasion to travel in Italy not long ago, and brought up one night at a little mountain village remote from the beaten paths of travel, and was obliged to stay there over night. He was not favorably impressed with the appearance of the village, people, hotel or his landlord, and as he had a goodly sum of sterling gold with him, to say nothing of his watch and other articles of value, he could not repress a sense of increasing uneasiness, which did not diminish when his beetle-browed landlord showed him to a room which had the appearance of being "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." What he most particularly disliked above all other things in his environment was a low partition between his room and the adjoining one, so that no matter how secure he might make his door or window he was not invulnerable in that direction. While musing uneasily about his unpleasant situation he heard the door of the adjoining room open and footsteps of two persons, accompanied by the feeble illumination of one candle power. He recognized the gruff voice of his landlord and heard him leave the room after bidding its occupant good night. My acquaintance made up his mind shortly after that he was going to see what manner of man that was, so quietly placed his hands on the top of the partition and noiselessly drew himself up only to meet another face on similar errand bent, whereupon both exclaimed in the same breath: "Is it you?" And lo, the other fellow was his walking citizen of London town! They let themselves down, the other man came into

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his room; they have been friends since and lived happily ever after—up to this time.

But, speaking of Sydney, it has an unenviable notoriety just now by reason of being afflicted with the bubonic plague, though not to the extent of being harmful to commerce. Occasionally a neglectful citizen is haled up before justice and made to pay a fine and make promises to be good in matters sanitary hereafter, simply because his premises have not been kept up to the standard prescribed by municipal ordinance.

Sydney is the possessor of many fine parks, which it calls recreation grounds, excepting Hyde Park, named in honor of the more celebrated one in London. Not one of them is as extensive as Schenley Park, but several are of goodly dimensions. There are warnings posted at intervals admonishing people not to walk upon the grass, but they tramp all over it, and there are actually paths worn through some of them in various directions. There are benches beneath wide-spreading rubber and banyan trees, which are first cousins if not more nearly related; pepper trees are quite popular and numerous, and in most of them, and very fortunately, the hideous eucalyptus is conspicuous by its absence.

There is a fine museum, but, strangely enough, the Australian fauna and flora are not as complete as the stranger might wish them to be, the tendency being to prefer those of other countries; all right, no doubt, for the citizens who know all about them, but disappointing to outsiders. There is a public art gallery full of beautiful modern paintings, with one section devoted to the so-called old masters. One of the most superb historical paintings I have ever seen is there, by one E. J. Poynter, R.A. It is about the size of four bed quilts and represents the visit of the Queen of Sheba to the many-wived Solomon.

There is a superb public library here, located most pleasantly on the edge of a beautiful botanical garden with a paved thoroughfare between them, and in it I was glad to see a recently added copy of "Abyssinia of To-day," London edition. I have spent considerable time there pro-

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fitably in reading the authorities on the aborigines of this country. Though large, it is insufficient to the demands upon it, and a splendid building of colossal proportions is in process of construction near by, of the sandstone of which all the public structures are built.

Sydney boasts a fine zoological garden with a sunken garden in the center of its area containing several acres. It is said that some of the oldest and most prosperous citizens are ex-convicts, who upon finishing their time nominated by the laws of Britain, were shy about returning to the mother country, and engaged in business here, fully convinced of the error of their ways. An Englishman told me that some of them can be identified by the halt in their gait originally caused by their shackles, modern instance of the habit surviving the necessity, and that it is not always safe to make ancestral researches lest they might lead one to the inspection of prison records instead of crests. New Zealand is not faultless, but it has no beggars, while this country is well supplied with them; and the majority of them seem to be able-bodied men, big husky fellows with hard-luck stories, but with complexions which indicate they are votaries of Gambrinus or Bacchus, or both.

And one need not hunt for mosquitoes, as they save him the trouble by seeking him in the most aggressive way, and the beds are provided with nets. A crafty Australian tells of his favorite method of deceiving the unwelcome insects. The nets are folded at the head of the bed in daytime, but he says he lets his down all day, with one corner looped up to allow the mosquitoes to enter freely. Just before retiring, he says, he lets the corner down, making prisoners of all which have entered, and then camps out on the floor.

THE JENOLAN CAVES.

BLACKHEATH, NEW SOUTH WALES, February 23.—We came here after a long journey by rail, and have had a few days of coaching and motoring since, being in the Blue Mountains, of which orthodox Australians are so

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proud, 3495 feet above the Tasman Sea of turbulent memory. The journey by steam power was through an agricultural and grazing country which is said to be quite fertile, and is no doubt much better than the so-called Never Never Land, where only crows and other unclean birds can prosper. In good old Stark or Allegheny county it would look absolutely apologetic by comparison. The farm-houses and other buildings, like those in New Zealand, are small and poorly built, and have the somewhat temporary appearance of camps, as if the owners would pull up stakes and leave the very first opportunity which would be kind enough to present itself.

After lunch we walked down several zigzags to see the Wentworth Falls, some of us falling by the wayside and going no farther. Upon seeing the falls we realized how scarce water is in this semi-parched land, and appreciated the fact that it would only require an unlimited quantity of it and a beautiful environment to make a great waterfall and a most attractive spot. It also demonstrated to us how well-meaning and enthusiastic the Australians are, and how liberally they are endowed with lively imaginations; a sanguine race of optimists.

We entered our coach rather depressed for the moment, and went many miles over a mountainous road until we came to Katoomba, a mountain village which is a winter resort, and is to the Blue Mountains what Darjeeling is to the Himalays. It has two or three very pretentious looking hotels, one of which our Jehu said had 100 rooms and is full all the time in the season with Sydney and Melbourne people; but that when the chilling blasts of summer come around the hotels, boarding-houses and the entire village are like the one described by Oliver Goldsmith, with absolutely nothing doing.

The highways are of sandstone, which crops out everywhere with very little soil along them for forest vegetation, so that the easily nourished eucalyptus and the honeysuckle tree are plentiful everywhere. Torrential rains occur here at times, and the water rushes in the direction of least resistance with force, by reason of having no soil worth

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mentioning to soak into, and occasionally serious accidents occur, jeopardizing life and property. Not long ago a small picnic party were enjoying themselves at the side of a small brook which trickled along near where we were when the story came up. Like a clap of thunder from a clear sky came a tremendous rainfall and the entire party were seized in a roaring torrent of a stream and carried down it to a bridge to which they all clung until they were rescued. In an hour from that time the sun was shining brightly, all the water had shed itself and the people might have gone back to their picnic if their clothing had been dry.

After passing through Katoomba we dismounted and descended more zigzags to see another waterfall and saw it such as it was; and here, and for the first and only time, the eucalyptus helped to make a fine landscape, and came as near as it ever will to being beautiful, for we were looking down from an eminence right into the tops of the trees, with the naked and ungraceful trunks unseen. The eucalyptus, like many other Australian trees, is a sort of freak, having deciduous bark and permanent leaves. Often the bark hangs in ropes and shreds, causing it to look more unattractive than ever, if such a thing be possible. And there are other arboreal anomalies which will be considered further on in our tale. We did see one very interesting thing at this place from a geological standpoint in the shape of what is called a pothole, where in the early watery days, when there really was water, with a current and erosion going on quite actively, a stone came rolling along borne by the rushing water and halted in a depression in the sandstone. The inequality or sunken spot was of sufficient extent to hold the stone there but not to keep it quiet, so it moved in a circumscribed area, making the depression deeper and also wearing away some of the protruding parts or angles of the imprisoned stone; which process going on for ages perhaps made a spherical stone in a circular space shaped like the inside of a kettle, and this pothole was a beauty.

We still had one more stupendous waterfall to see before

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the protecting shades of the Ivanhoe Hotel here should claim us for its own, and this was at a place called Govett's Leap, where a hypothetical fall went over a pseudo precipice.

We were most favorably impressed with the view at this point, not on account of the tiny rivulet which fell apologetically over a rock, and which a thirsty cow or two would have caused to disappear entirely for a while at least, but because the deep valley beneath our feet resembled in a small way our colossal and magnificent Grand Canyon of the Colorado. And we gazed upon and enjoyed it in reminiscent vein, notwithstanding repeated attacks by carnivorous flies.

Next morning we entered a waiting motor car of small size and 14 horsepower made in gay and giddy Paris especially for mountain work, and took a 40-mile run to the Jenolan Caves, over which the average Australian becomes enthusiastic and poetic when he speaks. We went many miles along the edge of a wide and deep valley, and over a smooth and hilly road decorated at long intervals with small buildings more or less badly out of repair, relics of the days when thousands of unhappy convicts made the fine road, cutting down and removing trees, digging out stumps, removing stones and smoothing the rough places. It was necessary to have hundreds of soldiers to guard and oversee these men, and the buildings were once the officers' headquarters. The soldiers had tents, it is related, while the convicts had the earth for a bed and the starry vault of Heaven for a coverlid.

Soon after starting the chauffeur pointed out a sheep station in the valley, and said he would show it to us at closer range later on the opposite side of the valley, which he did at the proper time. We asked what the sheep subsisted upon, for it was wretched looking land, and grass seemed at a premium. He explained that the sheep were very skilful about finding grass in places where it did not seem to abound, whereat we marvelled and felt glad for the sake of the sheep, which he said were "mud fat," adding that it required more land, of course, to "carry" a

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certain number of sheep. We made two voluntary stops at wayside inns to "water the horse," as the chauffeur put it, and two involuntary ones for the purpose of removing punctured inner tubes and putting in good ones, taking about an hour for the two mishaps, but reaching the Jenolan Hotel in time for a lunch, which we did not shirk.

We were led through spine-curving and side-scraping passages to various caverns, where were shown the infinitesimal and multitudinous forms of carbonate of lime crystals formed by carbonic acid (carbon dioxide) brought down by rain from the atmosphere and soil, and subjected to chemical changes while passing through overlying lime rock. Here was demonstrated, better than any of us had ever seen before, the formation of the stalactites above and stalagmites below. To give an idea of the slowness of the formation, the upper and lower points at one place approximate each other to within the sixteenth of an inch, and the guide said they had been just so for 37 years.

At one point we stopped on a slender bridge which spanned a chasm, and looked down into a subterranean river, which was so clear that the light from the guide's magnesium wire showed objects in the bottom very clearly, and gave the water the appearance of being but a few inches deep instead of several feet. Fish have been seen there, but were not visible to the naked eye at that time. We finally came to another iron gate, and were let out at a place where wallabies hopped awkwardly about, so tame that they hardly considered it worth while to get out of one's way, they being protected by the Government within a radius of five miles from that place. The wallaby is a member of the kangaroo family, much smaller in stature, but fully as graceful in its gait as its larger relative.

Next morning at 9 o'clock we started to examine a second cave, not quite as extensive as the one of the preceding day but fully as interesting. We saw there several cave products which we had never met before, in the shape of so-called helictites, which might be described as stalactites with a spinal curvature, the theory being that they are formed where a current of air has access to them, blowing

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the pendant drop of water to one side, which on dropping leaves its microscopic particle on that side, thus producing the unusual shape.

We are shown a place where a man had fallen through an opening in the roof of the cave 70 feet to its floor below, striking several projecting pieces of rock on the way, which had the effect of partially modifying the force. Someone asked if he was killed, and the reply was in the negative, adding that being a civil servant he merely had his skull fractured and an arm broken; also that he had since figured as co-respondent in a divorce suit.

Near the exit of this cave we were conducted into the depths, and found ourselves seated on a ledge of rock with a river at our feet, and in its bottom a few yards away was part of a column of stalagmite which had a plane surface on its summit. It appeared to be only a foot or two below the surface of the water by reason of the clearness of the latter, but the guide said it was over six feet above the top of the column. Scattered about the base of the column were hundreds of silver and copper coins, the former far in excess numerically, and they came there by tourists attempting to throw them in such a manner that they might rest on the top of the column; in which event ten times the value of the coin is paid to them. It is a sort of pious gambling device, and the hospital which is the beneficiary always wins by a wide and deep margin. Two coins rested on the desired spot, one a half crown and the other a penny. Being asked as to the probable aggregate value of the coins in sight, the guide said he would be glad to give 15 pounds for the privilege of diving down and keeping all he could bring up. They are collected this way every four weeks, and the annual outcome is considerable.

After emerging from the depths and partaking of a luncheon we entered another French automobile and started for this place, making two stops to allow some of us to walk up very steep ascents on account of faltering power of the engine, and as many for watering the machine. We passed through a little mountain village where we were

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informed that a marriage, a christening and church dedication were going to take place that very afternoon. We overtook guests hieing themselves there, and met others on foot, horseback, and in all manner of vehicles hastening thither, with no ancient mariner to buttonhole and detain them with a weird tale of nautical woe.

The last ascent up which we walked the chauffeur said was a "brute of a hill," but that the Government in the near future contemplated expending 15,000 pounds upon a short cut, which would leave it to one side and out of the line of travel. In our three days of coaching and motoring we frequently met and overtook small groups or single individuals, whom we sometimes call pedestrian tourists, but which the unpoetic Australian describes as "humping blueys," the latter word being applied because they carry a more or less faded and ragged blue blanket as part of their impedimenta. They bear with them a kettle or some other culinary vessel, and occasionally one will have a small stock of merchandise to sell on the way.

AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.

La Perouse, New South Wales, March 7.—In reading or hearing about the Australian aborigines or bushmen one is reminded of the description of the Chinese given by a naval cadet, in the course of an examination when required to tell about their manners and customs. The answer given by the lad was, "The Chinese have no manners, and their customs are barbarous." Ethnologically, they, the bushmen, cannot be classified with the Polynesians, Papuans, Malays or Negroes, differing from them all in stature, physical and facial characteristics and language. They seem rather a composite race, being as short as the Malays, shorter than the Mongolians, as spindle-shanked as the East Indians, and as aromatic as the negroes; the latter being partly due perhaps to a deeply rooted antipathy to water, a sort of racial hydrophobia, combined with a fondness for annointing the skin with fats or fish oils. The head is narrow and small and the brow low, cheek-

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bones high, the ears are slightly pricked forward, and they belong to the tribe of Esau in being very hairy, many of the women, even, having flourishing mustaches and rudimentary growth of hair on the chin.

The intellectual status is low, but they have a certain rude imitative faculty, and as trackers of men and beasts they are unsurpassed by any living race. Among the inferior tribes removed from civilization the children are trained from tender years to recognize the tracks of different animals, and to make drawings of them on the ground with sticks. It is said the adults can reproduce the track of any animal in this way, with so great a degree of accuracy that the mere common woodman or ranger would be deceived.

Their diet would not commend itself to the outside world, unless to some tribe in darkest Africa, consisting of snakes, lizards, toads, larvæ of insects, white ants and almost anything subject to mastication and furnished by Nature gratis. They are fond of kangaroos, wallabys, opossums, or any other animals, birds or fish they can catch. In warm weather they wear no clothing and have no sense of shame. Aged people are abandoned to their fate, and male infants are much more cherished than females. They use a digging-stick, called the dorak, for unearthing material for diet, a thick and narrow shield by which to ward off spears or other weapons, and nulla-nullas, or warclubs. It is said that occasionally even now a bushman will come into Sydney with his shield, and for a few coins will allow people to throw things at him to their heart's content, afterward spending the proceeds for rum and tobacco.

The nulla-nulla is a fusiform throwing club or stick, sharp at the ends and bulging in the center. It is generally thrown so that one of the points strikes the object aimed at, and a terrible punctured wound is the result. The warclubs are always of hard and heavy wood, and I have just purchased one from the native who made it. The boomerang is perhaps the best known and most discussed of any weapons of the bushman's armamentarium, and I have been enabled to believe that it returns to the thrower

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MAKING KARA
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AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN
(The one standing taught the author to throw the boomerang)

AUSTRALIAN BUSHWOMAN
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not only by seeing it demonstrated over and over again, but by doing it myself under aboriginal tutelage and after several trials. Each boomerang is a little smaller at one end than the other, and the orthodox method is to hold it by the smaller end when about to throw it, the larger end pointing forward and thrown very much as the average boy sends a club into a hickory tree after a sharp frost or two. Whether held vertically or obliquely it loses no time in turning parallel with the earth's surface and makes innumerable revolutions while pursuing a course describing the arc of a circle, which generally terminates at or near the starting point by falling to the ground and sliding a short distance from its momentum. At one time I had two natives throwing for my entertainment and instruction, and as one of the boomerangs was a left-handed one and the throwers were standing near to me I discovered that the weapons had a morbid penchant for coming toward my head, which was especially embarrassing when they came at the same time from opposite directions.

It should have been mentioned, when speaking of war-clubs, that they are much more used by throwing than by striking when held in the hand. All bushman spears have a hollow cavity in the handle end of the shaft, and the native throws it with great swiftness and force by the aid of an implement called a womerah, which is a flat piece of wood about two feet long and three and a half inches wide and one-half inch thick, having a short handle and at the opposite end a projecting point or beak about half an inch long, set obliquely forward and intended to fit in the circular depression in the end of the spear shaft. It is said that by the aid of this device they can throw a spear to a great distance and with tremendous force, grasping the womerah in the palm of the hand with one or two fingers encircling the spear until it leaves on its errand, retaining, of course, the womerah. Those who have seen it done say the eye can hardly follow the flight by reason of its bullet-like swiftness.

The husband and father is the autocrat of the family and the wife the ceaseless drudge, liable to be clubbed,

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sacrificed or speared if unsuccessful in providing sufficient aliment for the needs of the family. At the age of 12 or thereabout a boy is circumcised, and later undergoes the operation of subcision, in which a portion of the urethral canal is sliced open. Further on in his evolution toward the adult estate his skin is slashed with a flint knife all over the upper portion of the body, and raised welts and scars are the result. Later his body is painted with red or yellow ochre, and finally when a full-fledged man (literally) he decorates himself with the down and feathers of birds stuck on head, face and body in fantastic shapes and patterns, after which he is fully qualified to take unto himself a wife or fight against hostile tribes. At this stage of his career and prior to his marriage the young man enhances his beauty by running a skewer of wood or bone through the lower portion of his nasal septum. It is from six to ten inches in length, and must be removed at such time as he assumes the cares and responsibilities of the matrimonial state. At fourteen or fifteen a girl is considered of marriageable age; the marriage ceremonies are revolting.

Many tribes bury their dead in a sitting posture, the excavation being sufficiently large to allow for a bench of earth to be made in it. With the body are placed his or her articles of value, and the earth covers all. An intelligent Australian told me that he used to know some bushmen in his youth who worked for his father, and that when there was a death the body would be covered with limbs, leaves and grass only; the bushmen saying that when he would come up again he would be a white man. He said they were lazy, improvident and unreliable.

They have meetings or celebrations which are called corroborees, probably intended to give expression to some form of religious impulse, in the course of which they do all sorts of queer and unaccountable things. They decorate their bodies with down or small feathers, first pricking the skin in the desired pattern, so that they will cling to the surface by means of the small amount of blood which appears. They have sham battles, and also attack the gro-

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tesque figures of animals which have been outlined in relief on the ground.

This is an aboriginal reservation supplied by the Government, and on the theory that the most interesting study of man is man, I have made two journeys here and feel amply rewarded for the time and trouble. The very primitive conditions which still obtain among some interior tribes are not found here, where there are huts of corrugated iron, tents made of Government blankets, and men and women more or less clothed, all speaking English and some of them speaking it very well. They seem to enjoy sitting on the ground and talking, and the men are quite fond of tobacco. They produce fire with sticks and friction, but prefer the more convenient and conventional match, and no one can blame them. They make and sell boomerangs, nulla-nullas, clubs and ornamental shell work. Most of them wear shoes, but of these all do not indulge in the luxury of stockings. They are converted to Christianity, and with some pride pointed out their little iron church which I had supposed to be a dwelling. Near by is a small schoolhouse, where the children go with the white youngsters to learn the rudiments.

The men were much cleaner looking than the women and wore more clothes. One old patriarch who had a jungle of white hair and beard, and was one of my three instructors in throwing the boomerang after the correct bushman method, did not know his age, but when asked if he had not surpassed the allotted threescore and ten, said he believed he had. He was a full-blood but spoke English remarkably well, and worse grammar than his has been heard among people who have had far better early advantages than were his.

IN A ONCE FAMOUS PLACE.

BOTANY BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES, March 1.—A long time ago this place was famous, or rather infamous, as a penal colony for the malefactors of Great Britain prior to the time when it was transferred farther north to Port

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Jackson (Sydney), and later to Tasmania. As an illustration as to how evil repute may cling to a place as well as an individual, it may be related that its occupancy as a penal colony was only for the short period of one year or thereabout, but for many decades afterward all criminals doomed to transportation from the United Kingdom were sentenced by the judges to Botany Bay. To-day no trace or reminder of its occupancy for that purpose can be seen. It was first described by the ill-fated Captain Cook in the days when he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and I have just read the description in his log-book, which is dated "New South Wales or East Coast of New Holland, May, 1770."

I have just seen a Bible published in Oxford in 1765, which the widow of Captain Cook said is the one he used on his three great voyages in reading to the officers and when conducting services; also a large collection of articles which he gathered up as he wandered about, and he must be given credit for obtaining the very best of each kind. One can tell where he went in inspecting these interesting souvenirs; but there is a ghastly one which causes the observer to muse and moralize on the uncertainty of life, in the shape of an arrow, part of the shaft of which purports to be formed from a leg-bone of the Captain. With it is a testimonial from a high ecclesiastic, written at Croxall Vicarage, Lichfield, England, which runs as follows:

"In the year 1869, having just returned from the Sandwich Islands after a visit to England, I stated in a conversation with Kamehameha V the circumstances which were related to me by Mr. W. Adams while I was in London, whereby he had become possessed of an arrow left behind by Likoliho's party when they returned to the islands in 1804. It will be remembered that Likoliho and his Queen died in London during their visit that year. I described the human bone forming part of the shaft and named the tradition of its being from the body of Captain Cook. The King said, 'It is quite probable, but I will ask my father, Kutuanoa.' The latter and Boki were two high chiefs who came with the king in 1824. (Boki died soon

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after, Kukuanoa survived till 1871.) Subsequently resuming the subject, the King said, 'Kukuanoa did not mention the gift of an arrow to the medical attendant of the royal party. It was probably given by Boki, and that what was stated about the bone being Captain Cook's was most likely to be true.' The natives are reserved with foreigners as to the customs, and this is all he would say.—F. U. STALEY, late Bishop of Honolulu."

Australia does not rely upon this spot for assistance to establish its claim for numerous beautiful flowering plants and interesting trees, of which latter one is an arboreal freak of the most pronounced type, parasitic in character at least in its infancy, and the name of which is only one of the many things which have slipped out from the archives of my memory; but the name would not add very materially to its interest. It first appears as a white, slender filament emerging from the ground and beginning to climb and cling to a tree, and it remains a thread-like filament until it reaches the summit of the topmost twig, when it gracefully droops downward and separates into terminal divisions. Just about this time the original plant sends out lateral filaments, which encircle the trunk of the tree at right angles to its long axis, and just before it gets half way around it divides into sub-filaments, which meet others like themselves and unite like the tips of fingers with them, making a sort of slender belt. This description will give a useful hint as to the fate of the unfortunate tree, for the original plant widens and spreads, as do the lateral prolongations; the canopy grows wider and longer, and after a few years the tree is clasped and enveloped in the deadly embrace of another one, which makes for it a living tomb; but only for a short time, as, literally smothered to death, it soon perishes and turns to dust.

There is an Australian mahogany called jarrah, with which I first became acquainted in the exposition at Christchurch, New Zealand, a few weeks ago, and my attention was attracted to it by seeing a huge cart-wheel about eight feet high which was made of it and had been in use without

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any tire for 40 years, according to the label. The circumference showed the dents, scratches and scars of long service, and the wheel looked as if it would be useful for at least 40 years more. There were telegraph posts of jarrah which had done service for 20 years, and the buried ends were perfectly sound; also piles which had been driven in the bed of the Swan River for 72 years were undamaged, beyond being saturated with salt water. They had never been injured by that pestiferous marine worm-like mollusca, the teredo navalis, which will even bore into stone.

The beautiful Norfolk Island pine flourishes as it does in New Zealand, and here also obtains the prodigal waste of it which will in a short time result in its extinction. The teak tree grows here, and is being hurried toward extermination. There is the tea tree and the wattle, of which latter the aborigines are fond of making boomerangs and of the former nulla-nullas and waraclubs, of which more will be said further on. The rubber tree thrives in Australia, also its cousin, the banyan; but the tendrils growing down the trunks and underside of the limbs of the latter do not seem to reach the ground so as to enable them to take root there. Instead they become matted in large bunches and seem to be content with a demonstration of that extent. Some of the rubber trees are the fig-bearing variety (*ficus elastica*), and the birds of the air banquet upon the small globular figs, sweetish to the taste, but provided with more seeds than the pomegranate. There are sycamores, but we have not seen the fig-bearing kind which abound on the African continent. All have heard or read of the cherry which grows here, with the substance on the inside and the circumference decorated with numerous seeds or pits.

But the greatest curiosity of this continent of freaks exists in the shape of the duckbill platypus, known to zoologists as the *Ornithorynchus paradoxus*, well and appropriately named. It establishes its claim to be numbered among the ovipara by laying an egg, and to being classified with the mammalia by suckling its young, having invisible (externally) mammary glands without nipples. It has the bill of

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a duck, and the general shape of the head is suggestive of that useful fowl, which it resembles also in being amphibious. Its tail and feet are like those of the beaver, and it has a furry skin like that of the mole. It is a timid creature, approaching extinction, and is protected by the Government ostensibly by a heavy penalty for offenders, which however does not prevent fine specimens from straying into the curio shops every once in a while. The full-grown animal is a little more than a foot from tip to tip, and the furriers are addicted to sewing its skin in the center of fur rugs and robes. There is an undersized native bear closely resembling in proportions the largest Teddy bruins of our country, and just about as amiable and unaggressive as those popular plantigrades.

Ornithologically speaking, this country has a wide range, and one of its most interesting representatives is the bower-bird, stuffed specimens of which, with their nests, eggs and young we have seen in the museums, also their bowers or parade grounds; and we were fortunate in seeing near our hotel at the Jenolan Caves one of the latter, which is formed by two deep rows of small twigs and stiff grasses, stuck in the ground parallel to each other by the industrious pleasure-seeker. If the twig or grass has a curvature it is placed in the ground so that the concavity will face the opposite side. The bower is about two feet long, the sides eight or nine inches high, and the space or lane between about four inches wide. On the ground all about it were scattered little used up bags of indigo from former washings, small fluvatile shells, a few bits of glass, a piece of tinfoil from a package of tobacco and a small tin disk. They evidently make a specialty of highly colored and brightly shining articles. We only regretted the birds were not there to receive us. The bower is a playground always built under the shelter of a tree or large bush, and the birds amuse themselves by running through and around it. It is quite within the range of probability that this parade ground and gaudily colored articles are a natural demonstration of some sexual impulse. Another of the interesting birds of New South Wales is the lyre-bird, shaped

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very like the game cock but somewhat taller, of dark brown pumage. The shape of the tail, which is like the frame of the stringed musical instrument from which it derives its name is the attractive feature which makes it famous as "a thing of beauty." But its powers of mimicry cause it to be "a joy forever," as it can reproduce exactly the note or song of any bird which it happens to hear, and most always makes a point of so doing. It also reproduces other tones than those of birds, such as the creaking of rusty hinges, the sound of escaping steam, the whistle of an engine, and the characteristic cries of animals. It builds its nest in the mountain ravines, and after laying one egg proceeds to hatch it, thus providing quite effectually against over-production.

This is the habitat of the bird of paradise, and mounted specimens of it are extremely rare and very expensive. One in the Sydney museum is said to have cost that institution something like one hundred guineas, and there is one other in an ornithologist and furrier's shop which has been offered to it at a much lower price, but declined by reason of lack of appropriation. The plumage is principally of a jet black with green trimming and from each side of the head grows a long single feather, which extends backward past the tail and looks as if it emanated from that portion of its anatomy. The bird is about the size of the crow, with a longer and more slender beak than the latter.

The emu is the national bird of Australia and is represented on one side of the coat-of-arms of the commonwealth, the corresponding position on the other side being occupied by the kangaroo, the motto, "Advance Australia." The emu belongs to the ostrich family, which it resembles somewhat closely except in the shape of beak and neck.

A very interesting and useful bird here is the large member of the kingfisher family known by the extremely prosaic name of laughing jackass, protected by law on account of the wholesale manner with which it disposes of the undesirable and dangerous fauna which here abound, for it is said that Australia is full of venomous snakes, to be fully as much feared and avoided as another kind to

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which many Australians are liable by reason of chronic conviviality. The laughing jackass seizes any snake, regardless of size or degree of venomous potentiality, taking care to take hold of it by the neck, ascends to a great height and drops it to the ground, seizing it again before it can rally from the shock and repeating the performance until the snake has succumbed. The note of the bird is a cross between a derisive human laugh and the discordant bray of the ass. It is considerably larger than the crow and its colors are white, brown and gray.

Parrots and parroquets are seen wherever there are trees, and the plumage of most of them is brilliantly beautiful. A bird called the native companion is of the stork family and contemplative mien. No one seems to know why it is thus named, and we have not heard any mention of storks' visits since coming here. In its domestic life it is a monogamist in the strictest sense of the word, choosing its companion for life, whether for better or worse. Some say in the event of bereavement the survivor never pairs again, but remains constant to the memory of its consort.

Anthropologists assume that there have been two epochs of immigration into Australia without being able to settle satisfactorily whence they came; but agree that the first race were inferior to the present one; that they gravitated to the South at one time; that there was continuity of land between Victoria and Tasmania; that the latter island became separated and Bass Straight appeared, leaving the primitive race south of it. These savages knew nothing of shields or womerahs (spear-throwing implements), but they knew the art of making fire by friction between sticks of wood; had wooden clubs and spears with heads of the same material as the shafts, also of flint or stone. They had rude stone axes of the so-called paleolithic (earliest) kind, and their crania indicated a grade of intellect but little above that of the simian family. The vanished race of Tasmanians were their descendants, of whom the last man and woman passed away within a few decades, and their portraits are shown in the books.

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It is an interesting and instructive thing to see the natives produce fire in a remarkably short time by the use of fire-sticks. I have seen only two kinds of sticks, and have read of another method which is said to obtain among the interior tribes by rubbing a womerah, which is always of a hard and tough wood, across the edge of a shield which is generally of wood which is softer. The shields are concavo-convex always, and the friction across the edges produces fire in two places instead of one, which would have its advantages, of course. The kind I have seen used consist of a cylindrical stick of hard wood about one and a half feet long, and a flat one about a foot long, in one end of which is a small excavation about half an inch in diameter and one-fourth of an inch deep. A short lateral groove connects with this and extends to the corresponding edge of the stick. The native kneels down with one foot steadying the flat stick, places an end of the cylindrical stick into the cavity, and rapidly revolves it between the palms of the hands. An impalpable dust is generated by the motion and soon begins to smoke. A small quantity of dry shredded leaves or grass are at hand over the lateral groove, and by blowing on the mass when the smoke ascends there is soon a small flame.

The other fire-producing apparatus consists of two long pieces of bamboo or other cylindrical wood. The dry or working ends of these pieces when not in use are always contained in a socket of wood or some other material invariably coated with gum and decorated with numerous small disk-shaped seeds, which seem to belong to the locust family. I have not seen them used by the natives, but a man who has, went through the performance all except making fire, because one of the sticks snapped off before that stage was reached. In one end of one of the round sticks was a small cavity without any lateral passage. The man laid this one on the ground with the cavity upward and inserted in it one end of the other stick. The process was practically the same as has been already described.

The bushmen apparently know or care but little about personal adornment. The women wear necklaces of shells.

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The men daub their bodies with ochreous colors and stick feathers and down to their bodies for their mystic ceremonies, and both men and women of some tribes decorate their skins with scars which are the product of incisions in the skin which are kept from healing for a certain length of time by burning with the end of a red-hot stick or the insertion of foreign substances, causing a ridge-like effect supposed to be exactly the proper thing. Men and women make long parallel incisions clear across the abdomen, chest, or around the shouders.

While the bushmen of to-day are evidently sprung from one original stock, strangely enough all do not have the same kind of hair, that of some being kinky and others wavy, both kinds being seen in one immediate family. In the case of half-castes this might be accounted for, but it occurs in the full-blooded natives. Like our American Indian, each individual has his distinctive mark or totem, generally represented by the figure of some familiar animal or bird, although there are also symbolical figures representing their deity, fire, wind and the sun. But the bestowal of the totem by the parents upon the child involves certain obligations on the part of the latter. A very popular totem is the kangaroo, which animal figures prominently in the dietary of some of the tribes. The boy or man of this totem (or woman either as far as that is concerned) must never under any circumstances eat kangaroo, even should that be the only food to be had at the repast; and should he be at an opossum dinner, and should his father or mother have the opossum totem, he might partake of it, but very sparingly. The vandicoot is said to be a popular totem, an animal of the marsupial or abdominal pouch-bearing family, very good to eat and quite easy to catch.

The fox was introduced in this country several decades ago with a view to furnishing the Britons and their descendants with one of their favorite pastimes, but there are enough sportsmen in the country now to prevent them from being a general nuisance and a menace to the perpetuity of some of the most rare and beautiful of Australian birds, among them the lyre-bird, which lays only

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one egg in a season, and after hatching that and bringing it up, thinks it has done its whole duty for some time. Strangely enough, it always builds the nest in a tree which has an oblique direction, and Reynard is quite prone to run up that tree among the dusky shadows of the night, and use up the family, young and old. The animus of life, organic and inorganic, is reproduction, excepting with the lyre-bird which seems to take the most elaborate precautions against the perpetuity of its kind in the ways just alluded to.

But to come back to our bushmen and women for a last fond lingering moment. They have a method for decoration which would not be recognized nor used in most countries, in use principally among the women, and consists in the removal of one or two of the upper incisor teeth. When at La Perouse I wondered why so many of the gentler sex had lost some of their front teeth, but the authorities have made it quite clear. The dental operation is generally performed on the girl before marriage by another woman, who causes the patient to lie on the ground with her head in a depression made for the purpose. She places a stick against one of the teeth and generally one hard blow on the end of the stick with a large stone is sufficient to remove the tooth and produce the requisite cosmetic effect. They think it adds to their beauty, and anyone who has seen them will freely admit there is much to be desired in that line; but they also believe that it imparts an additional relish to what they eat.

Clothing is not in great demand in many of the tribes except some of the border ones, for which the Government furnishes reservations, where its use is made obligatory as nearly as possible.

Though they hunt and consume the large fur-bearing animals they do not make garments of the skins, notwithstanding the fact that in their coldest season the temperature is often below zero. At such times they stay inside their huts and rely upon small fires to keep them from freezing, only venturing outside when the sun is shining. This is only true of the interior tribes, upon which civili-

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zation has not yet encroached sufficiently to introduce clothing. They make vessels of wood, generally of the bean tree or eucalyptus, and are fond of cutting parallel striæ on their outer surfaces with a flint implement fastened into a wooden handle with gum and the sinews of animals. They also finish many of their shields in this way and the work, considering the rude character of the tool, is done remarkably well. The lines are seldom straight, though they are intended to be, but the distance between the striæ seldom varies.

They have what are called by anthropologists tribal stones, and they are held in such esteem by the natives that the whites can seldom get hold of them. I have seen just two in the possession of a dealer here, and they were taken by ghouls from bodies after burial. One is a nodulated sphere of what looks like meteoric iron, the other a clay stone of flattened oval shape with one end cut off at a right angle, the latter being about three-fourths of an inch long and the former two inches in circumference. They were owned by man and wife, the latter the meteorite and the former the stone. The man made a natural pocket in his chest by cutting and detaching the skin, while the woman wore hers under the breast. The men of some of the tribes who have not yet arrived at the dignity of demanding clothing carry what is called a dilly bag, intended to answer the useful purpose of a large pocket. It is made of the spinifex grass which is sown in spots by the lavish hand of nature all over Australia.

It remains to tell of the most cruel custom among these savages as practised against the unoffending widows. It does not seem enough that they must slice their scalps open and make an unsightly cicatrix, but they must cover their bodies with white clay for one year; during all that melancholy time they are not allowed to talk even of the virtues of the departed, the very quintessence and zenith of barbarity.

We have an acquaintance here whom we first met in New Zealand and who is a mining prospector. He takes long journeys and is sometimes gone for weeks or months at a

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time, often knowing the pangs of hunger and thirst. His brother followed the same vocation and perished miserably in Never-Never Land. He takes with him whites and blacks as servants, and one of the latter in a spirit of candor and flash of confidence told him that he had many times been tempted to brain him with a club when his back was turned; adding as an extenuating circumstance, no doubt, that it is an almost irresistible impulse which most Bushmen experience toward the whites under circumstances favorable to themselves. Nice travelling companions those. Added to the pleasure of hunger and the joy of thirst and weariness there may be the added luxury of incessant watchfulness to prevent a wily savage from carrying out a natural impulse of his race.

The papers have much to say about "the yellow peril," forseeing a predatory campaign for the acquisition of the northern portion of this island by Chinese, Japanese or Malays, all of about the same complexion. But a greater danger menaces the country than that and a more terrible one, for this is a land of drinking and guzzling. All the hotels have taprooms on the ground floor, and many of them are in front. In trying to get tickets at Her Majesty's Theater for Robin Hood, I was shown into five bar-rooms in the building on different floors before finding out that the tickets were to be obtained several squares away, a fact which the papers had omitted to mention. Staggering on the streets is fully as prevalent here as in any of the British capitals, but there are fewer women among the unfortunates.

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

UNDER THE EQUATOR, April 1.—We were all sprawling on deck chairs, including the Captain, who was in a mood both colloquial and reminiscent; a gentle trade wind was blowing enough to produce white caps, and we were near the island of Norfolk, associated in an indirect way with the descendants of mutineers of the Bounty, some of whom came there for a time because Pitcairn Island had become

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over populated and was too crowded for them, but they soon became homesick and returned to their relatives and friends. A lady asked about the mutiny of the Bounty, and the skipper spoke as follows:

"The British navigators who had visited the island of Otaheite (now called Tahiti) and other South Sea islands had been much impressed with the nutritive value of the tropical fruits and vegetables, especially the bread fruit, and George III was importuned to send a vessel there to collect and transport some of them to the British West Indies, where it was believed they would flourish and be of great use to his loyal subjects there. His Majesty graciously consented, and the Bounty was fitted out as a sort of combination of merchantman and cruiser, being armed with a few guns. She was commanded by Lieutenant Wm. Bligh, called Captain ex-officio for this voyage. He had sailed with Captain Cook, was an able navigator, but a man of most irascible temper, and was in addition overbearing and cruel to his junior officers and men. The Bounty reached Otaheite in safety and anchored there for a long time, during which the sailor men formed strong attachments, which were reciprocated by the native belles, and to such a degree that when the time for departure came there were mutterings of discontent both numerous and deep. A few days after the Bounty sailed the first gunner, who was a man by the name of Fletcher Christain, who with others had been the subjects of renewed cruelty on the part of the commander, stirred up a mutiny and with his fellow conspirators seized Captain Bligh and 18 officers and men, placed them in a boat with a supply of provisions, rum and water, and cast them adrift.

"This happened not very far from here. Captain Bligh took a northern course and in few days they came to an island where they landed, but were attacked by the natives so fiercely with stones and other projectiles that they retreated to their boat, pursued for some distance by their enemies in canoes. Many of the whites were injured, but none were killed. The boat was small for the load it had to carry, and was in the water up to the gunwales all the time.

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They had several storms and at such times it was all they could do to avoid swamping by all hands bailing out water. They suffered severely from cold, wet and hunger, for the Captain was obliged to dole out small rations in hopes of keeping them alive until they should reach an island near Java, more than 1000 leagues from Otaheite. The drinking water gave out, but they occassionally caught some during rain storms and the rum helped to keep the outcasts alive. A few times they were fortunate enough to catch marine birds and fish, which were divided equally among the men and eaten raw, entrails and all. When a bird was caught it was killed by allowing the weakest of the men to drink its blood. They all reached their objective point alive, and were taken by a passing vessel to Batavia, where several of them died. Captain Bligh and the survivors reached England about a year from the time they left it, and later he was promoted to Commander. With all his faults he certainly took good care of his men in the dilemma in which they were placed, partly by reason of his own shortcomings."

"The Bounty and crew of mutineers put back toward Otaheite, but anchored at an island of which they liked the appearance, and must have had some idea of settling there, as they built a fort in a strong position, most likely with the fear of retribution in the event of the discovery. They did not remain there long, however, but resumed their journey to Otaheite, which they reached without any adventures. Several of their men, some of whom had become mutineers against their will, deserted them there. The rest stayed long enough to stock up with fruits and pigs, and when they sailed bore with them six or eight native couples and a number of young unmarried women who were among the belles of the island. The course of the Bounty was set to the south-east, and eventually brought up at Pitcairn's Island, named for a Captain who had discovered it. Here all landed, the cargo was discharged, and everything which could be of any use was removed from the vessel, after which it was burned as a possible source of incriminating evidence. There were only five white men

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in the group, as something like sixteen or more had remained in Otaheite. They were Christian, the arch conspirator, McKoy, Adams, Young, and a Scotchman whose name I have forgotten. They found themselves on a most unpromising island, but managed to get along aided by the supplies from the Bounty, the fruits and pigs, and lost no time in planting seeds for future necessities. The supply of liquor was soon exhausted, and the Scotchman, who had worked in a distillery in his native land, knowing that the juices of many plants are susceptible of vinous fermentation, macerated some of the island plants and obtained an alcoholic product which he utilized at once. One day when under the influence of this result of his ingenuity and while hunting for eggs of aquatic birds among the rocks and cliffs of the island, he fell, and was killed instantly.

"Before this happened the whites had taken unto themselves native wives, and not long after this accident the wife of McKoy came to an untimely end in exactly the same way, though alcohol played no role toward her sad fate. She fell from a high rock when hunting eggs, and that was the end of her. Not long after this the bereaved McKoy took a fancy to the wife of one of the Tahitians, and killed the latter in order that he might obtain the former without any after results. This led to a race war, which resulted in the killing of all the native men, the whites being aided by the women. Hard feelings were engendered between the whites and McKoy by reason of his murder in order to secure a wife, and they showed their displeasure by killing him in his own hut. His granddaughter is still living, and tells of her mother witnessing this murder and remembering how the inside of the hut was spattered all over with blood.

"This left Christian, Adams, Young and the Tahitian women as the population of the island, and the present inhabitants are descended principally from them. They lived together promiscuously, and the population steadily increased. When a skipper of a sailing vessel I was there several times, and the last time was on a Saturday afternoon several years ago. Soon after we anchored we saw

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boats putting out, and when they came near enough we saw they had with them a supply of vegetables and fruits. They accosted us in very good English, and asked permission to come on board, which was accorded them. They declined to do any trading, however, until after six o'clock, because missionaries had been there and made Seventh Day Adventists of them. They finally brought their stuff on board and we made a trade, I giving them canned fruits, empty tin cans and empty barrels, shirts, salt beef and an old derby hat. They gave me an immense hat of their own make, in addition to their vegetables and fruits. My wife was down there once with me, and gave one of the men a discarded silk gown for his wife. We learned afterward that it was the cause of much jealousy among the other women, who accused her of putting on too many frills and of being stuck on herself, so to speak.

"Some of the islanders are nearly white and 'range through all the intermediate shades between that and the chocolate color due to their Tahitian ancestry. They have intermarried and are all more or less related to each other.

"Soon after the result of the Bounty expedition was made known, the Pandora was fitted out and went to Otaheite to fulfil the original object of that ill-fated enterprise. It found the mutineers who had remained on the island, promptly gathered them in and clapped the irons on them. It stocked up with fruits and seeds for transplantation, but was wrecked on the way north; three of the mutineers went down in her, because for some reason their irons were not removed. The survivors had all sorts of hardships before reaching England, where the mutineers were tried and five of them sentenced to be hanged, but two were pardoned later. A public execution was made of the three, and to disseminate the lesson portions of crews from every English port were sent to witness the carrying out of the mandate of the law. I believe that eventually the British West Indies were successfully stocked with some of the most desirable flora of Otaheite, including the breadfruit which was the principal animus of all the attempts.

"Just about a century ago this very time an old whaling

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skipper of the Antarctic seas came across Pitcairn Island in the course of his wanderings. About 20 years had passed since the mutiny and it had almost been forgotten. One or two of the original founders of the settlement were still living at that time. He was told that within a very few years after reaching the island Fletcher Christian became moody and misanthropic, built himself and wife a home in some almost inaccessible location, haunted by a fear of retribution. My impression is that he finally committed suicide, but I am not quite clear on that point.

"Along about 1814 a British ship called there and at that time Adams (who had changed his name to that of Alexander Smith) was the sole survivor of the famous mutineers, a white-headed old man. He had established a kind of patriarchal government over the people, who reverenced and obeyed him as a father. He had given them religious instruction and training, and it is said the moral status of the people was on an elevated plane. The son of Fletcher Christian was one of the first to board the ship, a young man of fine appearance, who had married a Tahitian woman much older than himself. Old man Adams was shy at first about going on board, perhaps through fear of punishment from delayed justice, but his fears proved groundless. So far from attempting to punish him the British Government later sent the colony a liberal supply of clothing for all ages and sexes, agricultural implements, books and other articles for their comfort and improvement."

SOME WHALES.

At Sea, Jan. 13.—The possibilities for seeing strange sights are numerous in "the roaring forties" even in the winter, and I have just come from beholding one of them. Quite likely no human being since the time of Noah or even Jonah has embarked upon a sea voyage without hoping to see a whale or two some time in its course. Many are disappointed, especially those who put in the most of their time sleeping on their deck chairs when not engaged

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in disposing of the many meals which are served on the big ocean liners.

He who sees one whale in crossing may be called fortunate, but what will be said of the one who sees three of them, side by side plowing the mighty deep? This has actually happened within a few minutes, but candor forces me to say they were not of the largest variety. Anyone who has travelled much on the Mediterranean Sea has had facilities for seeing the kind of whale which seems to flourish there, perhaps the only one, and it is known as the blackfish, a member of the family of cetaceans in good standing; an air-breathing animal, suckling its young after bringing them forth alive, and liable to drown the same as a man if detained under water too long. These three animals were probably not more than 30 feet long each, but they looked huge after seeing nothing but a few porpoises, which by the way are their cousins, differing principally in their diminished scale as to size. The three blackfish moved along with such a degree of exactitude as to speed and distance from each other as to suggest the idea of careful preliminary training, and they were watched by all who happened to be on deck until they were lost in the distance.

But a much more interesting and impressive whale experience was in 1882, crossing in the same latitude and direction. Several passengers were standing in the bow of an Anchor Line steamer watching for something worth seeing beside water, of which there seemed to be an oversupply. We passed by a spar of some ill-fated sailing vessel covered with barnacles, those marine crustacea which are fond of attaching themselves to most anything movable or stationary and growing up there. Soon after another dark object appeared and then went under, came up again, and we saw it was an enormous whale which was about to cross our course, and did so just a few rods ahead of us, after which it turned toward the bow and actually touched the hull of the steamer before it suddenly disappeared beneath the surface. It had a huge square head, was of light brown color, and

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its little eyes seemed as if they would have been in better proportion in a much smaller animal. It was the first whale that most of us had seen, and we asked a sailor man who was working in the rigging above whether that would be called a large whale or a small one. The reply was that it was the largest one he had ever seen in those waters; that it was a "true whale," usually called the "broadback." The officers said its sudden disappearance was caused by hearing the disturbance made by the propeller. Nearing San Francisco several months ago on a steamer from Australia a huge whale dashed past our bow, going a gait which would have kept a good horse busy to emulate on land. That same steamer on a preceding trip had run into a whale and literally cut it in two, the water for a wide area being discolored with its blood.

After seeing two whales almost close enough to the bow to touch them with a long fishing-pole one can realize the situation as being easily possible. A strange thing happened to another steamer of that same line, which is so slow that it does not really require the aid of any adventitious circumstances to contribute to its slowness. It was plodding along in the usual way on the South Pacific until it was observed by the officers, upon consulting the patent log which trails from the stern of all modern steamers, that the headway being made was not adequate in proportion to the amount of fuel which they were consuming. An investigation of the bow revealed the fact that they had struck a huge shark exactly amidships, and had bent it around the bow where the resistance offered was of course immense. They stopped the screws, the shark disappeared and the steamer resumed its way rejoicing. Anyone who has journeyed along the Pacific side of the United States by water has no doubt been much impressed by the large number of whales to be seen at frequent intervals, and there are several whaling stations on the California coast. They seem to pay no attention whatever to a steamer, even should it pass within a stone's throw of them. I have seen two side by side without any motion except the slight one given them by the so-called ground swell, perhaps tak-

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ing a post prandial nap. That same day we passed by a whaleboat upside down and with one of its sides partly crushed, as if it might have been struck by a mighty fluke.

The generally accepted belief among land lubbers including myself has been that these animals spout up water, but an old skipper who has hunted them assured me that they spout only their breath which resembles so much steam and is very warm at the time of expiration or expulsion, adding that water in the respiratory tract of a whale would be fully as injurious as in that of a man. While crossing between Gibralter and New York in a North German Lloyd steamer in 1899 a great whale exhibition was seen by me near the Azore Islands, where there is a whaling station or two. There was a school of huge whales having a frolic of some sort, about a dozen of them as nearly as I could determine, and anyone upon witnessing their gambols would have realized that they were having a high old time. On that same voyage and possibly on the same day, I was lying on a deck chair and glancing toward another passenger who was an American but lived on the island of Capri, and who had been having the same strenuous occupation as mine, I saw him jump up hastily and look out upon the sea. Quite naturally I did likewise, and saw an enormous whale not more than an eighth of a mile away jump clear out of the water three times in succession, and with a rapidity which was simply astounding for such a huge bulk, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. Tons of water fell from its sides each time, and there was a wide area about it where the commotion amounted to that of a storm.

The officers explained that the animal took this method for ridding itself of barnacles, tearing them off when falling into the water. Before this information was given us we had imagined that some natural enemy was pursuing or attacking it, such as a swordfish or thrasher shark. That same year going the opposite direction, a whale came alongside early one morning, and rubbed its sides along the steamer to remove the barnacles which vexed it sorely. Unfortunately this happened before the passengers had

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arisen for the day, and only a few officers witnessed it.

There are plenty of marine fauna beside whales which are interesting to travelers, and among them are the sharks, voracious and omnivorous monsters of the sea. They are seen in many waters, but are most abundant in the tropics. One of the first I ever saw was a short distance out from Sandy Hook, about as long as a New England orthodox sermon of colonial days. A short distance behind it came two porpoises swimming side by side as if they were attendants of the huge brute. I was standing in the bow of a steamer with a retired officer of our navy, when he directed my attention to them. The waters of the Malay Peninsula, of Sumatra, Borneo and Java swarm with them, where in many localities they are competitors of the crocodile, but outnumber them by a large majority. At one place in those waters the skipper told us about a friend of his who wished to take a bath, and asked his servant if it would be safe at a certain place; in other words whether there were any sharks there. Being assured there were none he went in and had a fine plunge and swim. After coming out he asked his servant how it happened there were no sharks there when they were so numerous everywhere else, and was told it was because the crocodiles had driven them all away. We heard gruesome tales down there about the ravages committed by the sharks, and we did not encounter any crocodiles.

And now comes a legend of the sea which will tax the credulity of the average reader to the very uttermost limit. It was given us in the balmy breezes of the South Pacific by a loquacious Captain, and purported to be an experience of an old skipper friend of his who had abandoned the sea after a long life of honorable service, but who had since gone into dry dock, as he expressed it. It would be best to quote the language of this rollicking son of the sea and disciple of Neptune.

"I have an old skipper friend, and as good a man as ever refrained from using profane language when conditions made it absolutely needful, for many a good ship has been saved from going down by properly italicised remarks by

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master or mate. He was in these waters, but going down Cape Horn way bound for Baltimore. One night they struck one of those uncharted rocks which we hear or read of every once in a while, which stove a hole in the ship's bottom big enough to run your leg through. That does not sound very formidable, but I want to tell you a great deal of water can come through an aperture of that size in a very short time. The hold began to fill, and all hands were put at work on the pumps in relays as this was a sailing vessel of the olden time. They found they could barely keep the old thing afloat by using the utmost exertion, so they headed for Valparaiso, which was the nearest port, hoping to reach it and undergo repairs. Their headway was slow, and about the time that all hands were pretty well worn out it was found that for some reason the water was no longer gaining on them, and they reached Valparaiso in safety. When the ship was pumped out dry it was found that a large fish had been carried by the rush of the water into the aperture, and being too large to pass through had become wedged in tightly and served the purpose of an involuntary plug."

We looked at our skipper earnestly, who returned our gaze with one which seemed absolutely free from guile; but although he was a real good fellow and brought us safely into port, we always regarded him with more or less suspicion after that.

The sea-serpent, almost a mythological figure and regarded currently as a figment of the brain, has evolved into a potent fact. When crossing between Naples and Boston a few years ago, and not long after touching at the Azore Islands, two of the passengers who were out earlier than the rest saw a sea-serpent, and not only described it but made drawings of it, and they were not men of convival habits. Anyone who has gone through the splendid aquarium at Naples, filled with the Mediterranean Sea fauna only, and has observed the large snakes alive there in the bottom of the huge glass tanks, would not consider the sea-serpent as a flight of the imagination. Many years ago, when crossing the Firth of Forth in Scotland,

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we saw a school of porpoises a short distance away swimming in a line. Often two or three would be jumping out of the water at a time and a lateral view produced upon the mind of the observer the effect of one long undulating continuous body, and we thought we had discovered the genesis of the sea-serpent, but we know better now.

When a certain retired rear admiral of our navy was young in his naval career he was at one time in the Asiatic squadron, a service of which the junior officers were not especially fond. One hot day when lying in his bunk reading, the cabin was suddenly darkened, and looking up he saw the head of a sea-serpent which had come through the porthole and was making a survey of the quarters. He made an involuntary movement in his astonishment; the head was hastily withdrawn and did not reappear.

ON PORTUGUESE SOIL.

LISBON, Portugal, Jan. 28.—We were to have left Southampton at 12 m. on the 24th, and at that exact hour the gangway was removed and everyone was ready to start except the Captain. A dense fog was on, and at such times the channel is a most dangerous place for navigation by reason of the multiplicity of shipping there at all times, and the short distance between coasts, comparatively speaking. In London the fog was so dense that when on the way to Waterloo Station in a cab there were forebodings about reaching it in time for the steamer train, which proved to be without foundation. Several passengers for the same steamer went to Southampton the day before sailing, to provide against any possible delay in transit.

One of the officers had been talking about the lost boat, and it reminded him of an experience of his own which had come to him not very long prior to that, but on a different steamer. They were in the channel and a fog was there fully as dense as the one which was delaying our start. They came as close to the coast as they dared near their destination, anchored and kept the foghorn going three or four times a minute incessantly. Some fishermen heard the

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horn, and with the thrifty idea of making hay while the sun shone provided themselves with quantities of the daily papers and moved out to the steamer, selling the papers at the slight profit of about half a crown per capita. When they returned to the shore they bore with them many telegrams which they had contracted to send, being prepaid at a good round price. These messages were intended to allay the apprehensions of waiting relatives and friends, but not one of them was ever sent or received, the shrewd and wily toilers of the sea keeping the messages and the price.

Lisbon, capital of Portugal and the province of Estremadura, is situated on the north shore of an estuary of the Tagus, one of the largest rivers of Europe. The estuary varies in width from five to eight miles, and all the fleets of Europe could anchor in it. A constricted portion leading into the estuary is defended by fortifications on elevated points, which frown down upon it like Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine. The city extends several miles along the water front, at which point it is low, but rises in a sucession of terraces to a great height. The long streets running parallel with the water are more or less level, but the ones bisecting them at right angles are steep grades. The city is divided into four parts; the Old Town or Alfama on the east, New Town or Cidado Baiea in the middle, the low quarter next to the Tagus, and the Biarra Alta on the west. It is not fortified on the land side, and runs into suburbs bordered with attractive-looking villas. The old town is built around a hill upon which stands the Castello de Sao Jorge, an ancient Moorish castle now utilized to the requirements of more modern times as barracks for soldiers and a military prison. This is the only part of the city which escaped destruction by the earthquake of 1755, and it still contains a number of Moorish and Roman remains. The streets are paved with cubes of lava rock, and many of them, most in fact, are narrow and more or less crooked. The pavements are wider than in many of the old European cities, and are inlaid with geometrical patterns in black and white.

There is a large number of churches, in one of which

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RIO DE JANEIRO

A PORTUGUESE FARM TRAM

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(St. Vincent's) the poorly embalmed remains of the late Dom Pedro II of Brazil are shown for a trifling consideration. One's heart goes out in sympathy to this poor old man, better qualified perhaps as member of philosophical and geographical societies, as archaelogist, anthropologist and humanitarian than as ruler of an ungrateful people, doomed to a banishment which broke his big heart, and to have his dust exhibited at so many reis (pronounced rays) per capita by a fat old monk of Falstaffian proportions. One church, the Le Patriarchal, dates from the twelfth century. The new town is regularly laid out, has wide and fairly clean streets, and is traversed by numerous street railways with electric and mule power.

Facing the water front is the largest square, the Praca de Commercio, surrounded by imposing looking buildings and containing a statue of King Joseph in the center. On this square are the general post-office and naval arsenal, exchange and custom house, ministerial buildings and city hall. From this place extend eight parallel streets, one going under a triumphal arch of marble and all terminate at the Praca de Dom Pedro IV, with a bronze statue of that monarch of colossal size, and two bronze statues. This large quadrilateral space, what we would call a park, is paved in black and white in an undulating pattern which is said to make the hyper-sensitive feel queer in the head as in an early stage of sea sickness, and the arrangement does give it a billowy appearance. From this square runs the largest and finest street of the city, the Avenida de Liberdade, one mile long and 300 feet wide with a double row of gorgeous palm trees, boulevard fashion. It passes near the Botanical Gardens, said to be among the very finest in Europe, which is saying a great deal.

Near by is a polytechnic school and astronomical observatory, also the beautiful Estrella Garden, opposite the church of the same name, the most conspicuous building in the city, with its white marble cupola and two bell towers that can be seen for miles around out of the city. To the west stands the royal palace with its superb park. Lisbon has a medical and normal school, several high schools, of com-

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merce, agricultural and navigation, academies of art and music, several museums and a national public library containing 200,000 volumes, 10,000 manuscripts and a large collection of coins.

The population is about 400,000. It was called Olisipo by the ancient Lusitanians, but the Visigoths changed it to Olisipona, and the Moors to Lisbima.

It is said to have been founded by those restless wanderers, the Phenicians, and taking into consideration their predatory, aggressive and colonizing propensities it seems quite resonable. It was their capital of Lusitania when visited by the Romans, who were by no means low themselves when it came to wandering and acquiring. It was taken by the Moors in 716 and held by them until 1147, when it was recaptured by Alfonso I with an army of crusaders, principally English. Portugal lost possession during the Spanish occupation, between 1580 and 1640. When visited by the great earthquake of 1755 between thirty and forty thousand people perished. In 1807-8 it was occupied by the French.

Soon after we landed a gas explosion near the docks set fire to a building; an alarm was given and in about ten minutes the fire-fighting apparatus came jogging along at a leisurely gait propelled by a pair of big, fine mules. Possibly the delay was occasioned by the necessity of catching and harnessing the mules, or perhaps they had not finished their morning repast. We did not wait to see the result of their activity, having much more important business on hand. I must do the mules justice by saying they got over the ground with fully as much celerity as their shorter-eared cousins in London on similar errand bent.

After wandering in many lands and climes I have come to behold for the very first time an ambulatory meat shop on the back of a donkey. Across its back two large panniers were suspended, while between them and situated just over the withers of the patient little beast was a small platform of wood padded on the under side, and having upon it a large knife, small cleaver, a

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saw and a pair of scales. The panniers contained beef and mutton, while the owner was bargaining for a hog's head to complete his stock before going his rounds. A government inspector was examining a large quantity of these heads. An assistant would lift one and hold it before the officer, who would put a tenaculum in it and make a deep incision in the cheek with a scalpel. They all looked alike, but occasionally a condemned one was tossed aside.

Portugal has lying heavily upon it the curse of the lottery. Men, women and children sell the tickets everywhere on the streets, and it is just as hard to get away from them here in Lisbon as in the old French market in New Orleans on Sunday, which is their busiest day.

Beside horses, mules and donkey, oxen play a prominent role in the daily business life of Lisbon, as drawers of the largest loads to be seen here. They are huge animals, in stature at least, with the immense horns of the cattle of the Campagna about Rome. They are generally black, are shod with iron half shoes, and are seldom yoked in pairs. They walk off with a mountainous load piled upon a monumental cart with great clumsy wheels. The shafts are heavy enough for bridge timbers, and a cross-piece almost as heavy at the small end of them sustains the load upon the patient beast's neck and is also the harness. It is quite evident that these draft animals are closely related to the famous fighting bulls of the Iberian Peninsula, according to color, size and sweep of the mighty horns.

Beggars abound, but are not as numerous nor persistent as those of the Italian school, a term used advisedly, as many of them are carefully trained for the vocation.

AT THE MADEIRAS.

FUNCHAL, Madeira Islands, Jan. 30.—This group of islands in latitude 32 degrees, 37 minutes and 45 seconds north, and 16 degrees, 55 minutes and 20 seconds west longitude, is off the west coast of Morocco and be-

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longs to Portugal. There are but two of the group which are inhabited, this one and Porto Santo. The others, three in number, are mere barren rocks of volcanic formation and are named Desertas. Any one cruising past them will be impressed with the appropriate and descriptive quality of the name. This island is in communication by submarine telegraph with Portugal and Brazil, the line belonging to an English company. Madeira is 30 miles long, 13 wide, and has a coast line of between 80 and 90 miles, its long axis lying east and west with a mountain range 4000 feet high for a backbone. A great part of the island is uninhabited and untilled by reason of the vast area of rocky surface, denuded of such soil as it may have had at one time. The north coast is much more precipitous than the south, so made by erosion. On the south side of this island is a forest which furnished the etymology of the name by the Portuguese word for wood, "materia." It has only one lighthouse with a flash light, which can be seen at sea for 25 miles.

History vaguely conjectures that the islands were discovered by the Phenicians, and in the absence of more definite information this might be a shrewd guess. Pliny mentions certain purple islands about here. The inhabitants are of Portuguese descent, mixed with negro and Moorish blood among the lower classes. The costumes of the peasants are peculiar and rather picturesque, men and women wearing a head covering called the carapuca, a small funnel-shaped cap of blue cloth. The men wear tight linen trousers terminating at the knee, and are fond of boots of yellow leather, and a coarse shirt and short cloth or knit jacket completes the outfit. The women's outer garments are a gaudily-colored gown and a coarse cape of scarlet or blue cloth. The population is increasing in spite of immigration, which is quite active by reason of the limited acreage of arable land. The Governor is appointed by the Crown, and is apt to be a military officer who is also commandant of the small body of troops which the

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island can boast, consisting of a battalion or two of infantry, a battery of light artillery and a limited number of militia.

The majesty of the law is upheld and administered by four chief judges who try both civil and criminal cases with the assistance of juries, while magistrates elected by the people decide upon cases of minor importance. A Bishop is at the head of the clergy, and the established religion is Roman Catholic. Education is obligatory, according to a law which is not however rigidly enforced. All children between certain specified ages are supposed to attend school, but there are no truant officers to gather up delinquents.

The leading productions are wine, sugar and tobacco, the former having been introduced from the islands of Crete and Cyprus soon after the occupation of the islands by the Portuguese, but not systematically cultivated until the sixteenth century. The vineyards are often ravaged by their entomological enemies, the phylloxera among them. Sugar cane, wheat, barley and indigo are cultivated, but not in sufficient quantity for home consumption. The vegetables are sweet potatoes, and a tuber like the taro of the Pacific islands is cultivated, also cabbage, onions, carrots, beans and peas. The fruits are loquarts, figs, mangoes, bananas, alligator pears, pine and custard apples, the latter being so delicious that the fortunate consumer, after banqueting upon them, feels like writing a dissertation on pomology in metrical style; it being the peer of the no less famous mangosten of the Malay Peninsula, Signapore and Java. Its substance or pulp resembles in consistency, flavor and color the delicious custards which our blessed mothers made in our young and happy days, but they are an expensive luxury to the stranger. Date palms are seen, but not abundantly, and their fruit does not attain the high degree of excellence obtained in more typically tropical countries.

There is no dock, and vessels anchor out, loading or unloading steamers being accomplished by lighters and

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small boats. There is a small fort with antique looking guns which command the bay, and a large fortress back of the city on an eminence which, if equipped with modern ordnance, would be master of the situation under ordinary contingencies. The principal edifices are the cathdral and churches, the Governor's residence and the custom house, and there is a very good market. The laboring people carry heavy burdens on their heads, such luxuries as trucks and wheelbarrows being unknown. There are a few daily papers published here, and there is a small public library. Horses are few and far between and oxen are the animals for heavy draft.

An inclined railway runs up the mountain side a long distance and to a great height, it occupying quite a while in making the ascent. You can buy a round trip ticket or only one way and walk back, or better still, come down on the toboggan slide, which is built parallel with the railway, paved with lava rock and with transverse ridges of the same every three or four feet for the convenience of the men who guide the toboggan going down, and ascending later with the vehicles on their heads. Upon reaching the upper terminus of the railway you enter the church there, take a look at the small leper chapel near by, and then arrange to descend in a toboggan, which is very like a clothes-basket on runners. Two attendants accompany you behind, each holding in his hand a rope about four feet long attached to one of the posterior corners of the vehicle, if it may be dignified with the name. You start, and there is something doing until you reach the bottom. The slide has curves, around which you are steered with the ropes. At times where the grade is very steep the men push, and at other and more precipitous places they jump on behind and ride a few moments. Soon after starting down we met a sledge load of tourists coming up the steep ascent, with two yokes of oxen ahead of them tugging and straining, occasionally being obliged to stop and pant for breath in a way pitiful to see. This was probably the result of a whim on the part of some lusus naturæ, who had within his heart no thought of cruelty to dumb beasts. About two-

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thirds of the way down and on the right hand side of the slide is a little wine shop, and your men stop there, and by their panting, puffing, blowing and mopping of perspiration from their faces allow or actually compel you to infer that they are quite tuckered out, that tired nature requires the sweet restoration of the fermented juice of the grape, and you are in for it, as the sly rogues well know. You don't mind taking a little yourself, and the rest of the descent is finished without further incident.

It is more than likely that some of our wandering Pittsburgh friends who were here with us in 1902 may recall this place and fact to mind. In most Southern harbors and a few Northern ones, incoming steamers are met upon anchoring by small boats containing men and boys who dive for such coins as may be tossed to them, silver of course preferred; and this place is no exception, but, so far to the contrary, some of the best and boldest diving we have seen is right here. The divers climb to the highest point attainable on the steamer, and will go down head first for a specified sum—paid in advance, of course. Most of them hold their hands together orthodox fashion, but occasionally one will let his head strike the water first.

The view of Funchal and the adjoining country from the sea is beautiful and imposing. The town extends from a water front of a mile or more up the slope of the mountain for quite a distance, and beyond are pretty villas and small properties with beautiful foliage and flowers. The bougan-villea, most gorgeous and abundant of flowers, here flourishes in prodigal splendor. One side of a ravine is heavily clothed with it, and this and one villa as well supplied can be distinguished by bulk and color miles out at sea. When we anchored clouds were covering the summits of the mountains, the sun was struggling for recognition beyond them, and the result was the splendid spectacle of an illumination of part of the scene with the beautifully blended prismatic colors of the rainbow. Later, as we steamed rapidly away and kept our eyes upon this vision of loveliness, it grew smaller and fainter until nothing was left but a pleasant memory.

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A SPANISH COLONY.

St. Vincent, Canary Islands, Feb. 2.—This is the day when the woodchuck (unpoetically called the groundhog) emerges from his residence and state of hibernation according to the accepted belief in the United Sstates, or to the legend at least, and looks about him with an idea of mapping out his Spring campaign. Should the sun be shining, thereby making it possible for him to see his shadow, he heaves a heavy sigh of discontent and retires to the privacy of his apartments for six weeks more.

The Canary group of islands, while politically a Spanish colony, geographically belong to the great African continent. There are about 13 of them, of which only seven are inhabited, the rest being barren rocks of volcanic origin. The flora are like those of the African countries bordering on the Mediterranean, with the addition of the dragon tree and the euphorbia or giant cactus, found in equatorial Africa and adjacent latitudes. The fauna are the famous canary birds, red partridges and lizards, and the islands must have been visited by St. Patrick some time, as it divides the honor with Ireland of being free from snakes. The omnivorous goat is the principal domestic animal, usual in the dairy as well as on the trencher, and there are a few camels on some of the islands, not native, but brought from Africa's adjacent shores as bearers of burdens. Man should be included among the fauna of a country, so we will allude to the aborigines of the group of islands whom ethnologists are disposed to think were Berbers. These interesting people now inhabit Morocco, Algeria and the northern border of the Sahara Desert's oases principally, and are lineal descendants of the aboriginal races of Northern Africa. It is believed they were Semites, but those of the southern tribes have become mixed with the negroes; in fact they are now a composite race with quarterings from their successive conquerors as well as neighbors. They were at one period Christians in religious belief, but after the Arabs drove them from their fertile plains along the Mediterranean coast they degenerated and transferred their

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allegiance to Islamism. They are a pastoral and agricultural people as well as warlike, and pay considerable attention to the raising of fruits.

We came here via Teneriffe, both of which places are coaling stations, and not much more. Columbus gave the group a place in history by turning back to it on the occasion of his first voyage of discovery, to repair his caravels after the damages they had sustained from disturbing gale and buffeting wave. It was not on this island, however, but an adjoining one where the mending process took place. Teneriffe is the largest of the Canary Islands, situated a little west of the centre of the group, between the islands of Palma and Gran Canaria. Its area is 782 miles. Teneriffe or Pico de Teyde is a dormant volcano 12,192 feet high. The base of its enormous cone consists of pasture land interspersed with forests of chestnut and oak. The upper portion of the cone is covered with scoriæ and the summit is snow-clad in winter. The last severe eruption occurred in 1704. The climate is mild and healthful, and the islands are considered as a health resort and refuge from the chilling blasts of Northern winters. The population of Teneriffe in 1900 was 137,302. The capital of the island and the entire group is Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, to be pronounced in four syllables. The peak cannot be seen from the coaling station, or the quaint little old Spanish town.

The approach to St. Vincent from the North causes the mariner to coast along the island of St. Antonio for a long distance. Both islands look naked and barren enough, but the skipper tells me that St. Antonio has vaileys back of the rugged, frowning walls of lava rock upon which the eye is forced to rest, and in them vegetables and fruits are cultivated in large quantities not only for its inhabitants, but for the wants of the small population of St. Vincent, and steamers and sailing craft which touch here for coal and other supplies. The coal is brought in steam colliers from Wales. Not a thing will grow on St. Vincent except a scrubby tree which resembles our sage brush of the Western and Southern deserts, and this grows in the sand dunes near the water. The mouth of the harbor looks to be

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about two miles across, and about the middle of the entrance to it looms up a huge rock as if standing guard, grim sentinel of the ages, ever on duty.

As we approach the harbor a large steamer is about to leave it, and there are five other big ocean liners awaiting their turns to have their bunkers filled. Back of them are half a dozen sailing vessels, and their proximity to the coal heaps suggests that some of the fuel may have been brought from far-away Wales by the agency of the trade winds, which are very brisk here, and the sand is blown about promiscuously where it is not needed.

Sharks abound in this harbor, and the library steward of this steamer told me of an unusual combat which he witnessed once upon a time when a black agreed for a certain number of pounds sterling to go into the water and kill a shark for the entertainment of the lookers-on. The money was produced and handed him; he stripped to the nude and jumped into the water with a large, keen-edged knife held tightly in his teeth. He had not long to wait for his adversary, and then the fight commenced without any preliminaries. The shark tried to get behind and under the man, who was too quick for him and finally plunged the knife into its belly as it turned to seize him. There was a commotion for an instant, at the end of which the man reappeared triumphantly at the surface followed involuntarily by the huge brute, which floated there until a hook attached to a winch by a line was sunk into it and it was brought up on deck. It proved to be more than eight feet long, and there is no doubt that the man earned his money.

One day the skipper sprang up from a deck chair upon which he had been reclining, stepped to the rail and pointed out two large whales disporting themselves in the water and having a fine time; not any minnow-like blackfish only twenty or thirty feet long, but the true leviathans of the deep.

But this is not telling about the island of St. Vincent, which is the subject now in hand, and which will not take much time nor space to describe, for a most excellent reason. The habitations are few and principally of the bungalow

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style of architecture, the principal ones belonging to the cable officials and operators' families, the humbler ones to the delvers in coal. There is a school-house, a church, post-office, a few wine shops, and last but not least a market place. There are a few shops and stores, and the hamlet is too small and insignificant to boast a bull ring.

We are not very many leagues from the coast of Sierra Leone, which is located in the heel of Africa. All who have studied geography have noticed that the great African continent resembles in outline a huge, overgrown foot, not of the most classic type, and with a well defined tendency to walk upon its toes. These islands are about due West from the bulge of the heel, and Teneriffe at a point corresponding to the insertion of the tendon of Achilles, as described by the anatomists.

LIFE ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

FERNANDO NOROHNA ISLAND, Brazil, Feb. 6.—The details of life on an ocean liner cannot fail to be interesting to those who do not "go down into the sea in ships." Imagine yourself on this splendid big steamer, Amazon of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, running between Southampton and Buenos Aires, and this is about what would be presented for your observation.

About seven o'clock in the morning your cabin steward will tap gently on the outside of your door, and before you have time to say "come in" or "stay out" will enter with coffee or tea, sandwiches, fruit or anything you may have ordered. Early after starting he will have learned what you prefer for this prelude of the day's doings, and in the absence of later instructions will continue to bring it to the end of the voyage. Soon after the bath steward announces that your bath is ready, and you stand not on the order of your going but go at once, otherwise some more prompt individual will gladly appropriate it without ceremony, possession accounting for nine points of the law on sea as on land.

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After this it is time to array yourself in purple and fine linen (should you have it), especially if you aspire to take a stroll about the promenade deck before breakfast. The dietary of this meal is extensive and on the steamer everything seems to be of the very best. Later you go up to the promenade deck with your book and sea rug (especially if near England) and settle in your deck chair perfectly willing to be entertained.

You may have time and inclination to squeeze in a quiet nap before the deck stewards at eleven o'clock come around with refreshments, which here in the tropics consist of ices and small cakes of the kind which our English friends call biscuits. While these delicacies are changing locations an orchestra is discoursing sweet harmony close at hand to make things as pleasant for you as possible; and after this interim you settle back to your book or nap, or both, as the case may be. At 12.30 a lusty steward rings a large bell with great vigor, and you get up, yawn and go to the dining-saloon to tackle your trencher, and more than likely with a good appetite, as there is a certain quality in the sea air which keeps the appetite whetted up to a keen edge most of the time. Again the band plays, and you survey an extensive bill of fare with pleasant anticipations, and will be apt to wade through a goodly fraction of it before admitting that you are vanquished. If not disposed to take a stroll afterward you are always entitled to the sustaining comfort of your chair, and in a temperature like this you will seek it early and stay in it long. You must be equipped with an almost superhumanly good book if the narcotic principles of the sea air do not get in their deadly work upon you for an hour or more.

At four o'clock, in order to avoid the horrors of inanition, a deck steward comes along mentioning with an amiable smile that tea is ready, and after a short mental and physical struggle you will arise and go into the depths to indulge in one of the favorite tipples of a British steamer and people. There you will find really good tea, grown and cured on Ceylon's spicy isle, and with it most at-

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tractive looking cakes, which you are extremely apt to sample with more or less diligence. Now you conclude to try the seductive merits of a book and chair, and if someone is not talking to you nor you to someone else, the chances are that to provide against the horrors of insomnia "tired nature" will interpose its "sweet restorer" so highly praised by honest Sancho Panza, who exclaimed to the wondering Don Quixote, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep," forgetting for the moment its higher derivation.

About six o'clock, should the heat have modified somewhat, you may feel disposed to stretch your legs by a quiet stroll, and at 6.30 the bell of preparation is rung, giving warning that you have only half an hour's time in which to make yourself beautiful for the great repast of the day. At seven you go down to find that not only the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, but also the animals of the forest and the fishes of the sea have been levied upon that the pangs of hunger need not assail you; and while you are disposing of your share, which is apt to be a generous one, a band is playing near by in a manner to cause rejoicing that you are living, and that the vine-clad hills of the Rhine could spare you such fine musicians.

About nine o'clock this same band appears on the promenade deck, where a piano is bolted to the floor, to provide against its going over the rail into the sea under certain conditions, and Terpsichore reigns supreme until eleven o'clock, when the ruddy-faced and yellow-haired Teutons fold, not their tents like the Arabs, but their music stands, like good subjects of the Kaiser, and instantly go below for a gallon of beer each. But the end is not yet so far as intermittent alimentation is concerned, because before, during and after the dance, sandwiches, cakes, tea and other goods things may be had in the dining-saloon, to say nothing of hard and soft drinks ordered from the wine-room, and which are on tap all the time; and they are also served in the smoking-room at the same time. Later, in your stateroom, should any cravings so dictate, fruit or any other article of diet will be cheer-

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fully furnished on short notice by your obliging cabin steward. John Bull may have a fault or two of his own, but neither of them will consist of underfeeding those entrusted to his care. Games are in progress on deck most of the day, among them the time-honored shuffleboard, bullboard and quoits.

Yesterday about noon we crossed the equator, and as on former occasions, with one exception (going from Singapore to Java in 1904), the weather was not as hot as just before and immediately following, though literally under the sun, the nearest point to that great luminary. It was a red letter day, not only by reason of equatorial attractions, but because it ended with a grand fancy dress ball to which all were invited and went. About one hundred by twenty feet of the promenade deck on the starboard side was marked off and sprinkled with French powder, to lessen friction twixt leather and wood. Above were numberless arc lights inside of Japanese lanterns; the sides of the space were beautifully and tastefully decorated with all the bunting employed in the British marine service, and in the most conspicuous place alongside of the British flag was the finest and largest piece of bunting in sight, the Stars and Stripes; a most pleasing sight to the one American present, to say nothing of being an appreciated one, for we can't help feeling a little bit sentimental over our own colors.

When the space was filled soon after by a gaily and grotesquely dressed throng, there was a spectacle of life, color and splendor which will linger long in the memory of many who were fortunate enough to be there. There was a preparatory march, in the course of which cake walk specialties were introduced, to the music of the famous and widely extended two-step, for which our country is responsible, together with many other of the good things of the earth. There were printed dance programmes, and the making of engagements and writing of names was rife. There was a Portugese form of the lancers danced early in the programme, and these people entered into it with an abandon only to be emulated successfully by two pro-

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fessional cake-walkers, involving much interlacing of waists, rapid whirling of ladies from their feet by centrifugal assistance, and other features almost appalling to the shy man. And the splendor of the gowns and jewels worn by the Spanish and Portugese ladies suggested late visits to Parisian modistes, or very clever imitations by those of other countries. The sounds and scene of revelry continued long after the midnight hour, and Captain Budd, as good and diplomatic a disciple of Neptune as ever trod bridge or deck, wound up the affair with a composite dance, in the course of which he drew into the charmed circle a lady of each nationality present.

The island of Fernandez Norohna, practically ignored by most of the maps, lies off the northeast coast of Brazil something like a day's journey from the mainland, and is our first substantial glimpse of South American environment. It is a small island with surface indications pointing toward a volcanic origin, of bold and rugged outline, equipped with a range of hills which might almost aspire to the dignity of mountains, full of the vegetation of the tropics, with palm trees as the dominant feature. The deep green of the verdure is grateful to the eye wearied with the chronic blue of a waste of sky and water for many days, and reminds one of the rich herbage and foliage of Donegal, one of the northern counties of the Emerald Isle. For a long time this was a place for the transportation of felons, and its only village was a penal settlement. Dedicated now to a happier purpose, probably because the Brazilian Government discovered it could take care of its criminals better nearer to the base of supplies, it is a thing of beauty and a passing joy to the voyager.

The island became celebrated in rather a negative way, and for a brief period of time a few decades ago, when a skipper sailing in this latitude and longitude found by consulting his charts and taking his bearings that it had disappeared, and reported the strange circumstance at the earliest possible moment. A warship which was cruising along the coast was ordered to repair to the spot and see if the report had a more solid foundation than the island.

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After a reasonable time it returned, and the dictum was that it was true, and that Brazil was short one colony and a large number of undesirable citizens.

But about that time along came a rollicking son of the sea hunting for a job, owner of a small sailing vessel, and he made the assertion that the island was still there and he would locate it and bring back convincing proof for a certain amount of coin of the realm—no find, no coin of the realm. The Government acceeded to the terms, and away went the skipper. Very soon he returned, bringing not only some of the flora and fauna of the island, but a convict or two to make good his assertion about the normal condition, location and prospects of Fernandez Norohna. All of which goes to show that even navigators may occasionally go wrong.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL, February 7.—This city is blessed with two names, the other being Recife, the Portugese word for reef. Its etymology is founded on the fact that a sea wall in the bay is built upon a natural coral reef. It is the capital of the state of Pernambuco, situated in the right shoulder of Brazil, south of the mouth of the Amazon several hundred miles, at the mouths of the Biberibe and Capeberibe rivers. There is a natural break in the coral reef to allow the passage of large vessels. There is a lighthouse in the harbor, which is defended by several forts.

It has some of the finest churches and public buildings of Brazil and numerous charitable and educational institutions, the latter including a celebrated law school and two colleges. The harbor has several navigable passages and there are twelve steamers at the docks, but those of the tonnage of the Amazon must anchor out a short distance, and landing is accomplished by lighters or small boats. Being the nearest to Europe of all the ports of Brazil, and in the path of all South American steamers, it has great shipping advantages, often sending out more than a million tons a year. It is a station of several Atlantic lines, and

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FRUCHAL LIVERY TEAM

SANTOS DUMONT SQUARE, PERNAMBUCO

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is the principal sugar market and outlet for Spanish and Portugese America. The exports are sugar, cotton, rum, skins and hides and a variety of colonial products. It is the seat of a United States Consulate. It was founded in 1504, was held by the Dutch from 1630 to 1654, but was then a mere village and did not acquire much importance until it superseded Olinda as the capital.

Brazil has an area of 50,000 square miles, with a low coastal plain extending 30 or 40 miles inland, and beyond that elevated plateaus and mountains. The Sierra dois Irenaos is the watershed of the Parahiba and San Francisco rivers, and into the latter flow the inland waters of Peru, neither river being navigable on account of rapids and cascades. The climate varies in the different zones, being moist in the "malta," or forest which follows the seacoast, while in the desert uplands it is dry. Forest fires are seen all along the coast, the trees being felled and allowed to dry before burning. This cleared land then grows sugar cane, cotton, tobacco, cacao, cocoanuts, and among the important drugs, ipecac. Rum and hides rank next to sugar and cotton as the most valuable products.

Pernambuco is the third city of Brazil in population and wealth, a citizen informing me that it contains 200,000 people. It has cotton factories, oil mills, machine shops, ship yards, cigar manufactories, sugar refineries, and it also manufactures glassware and shoes. The streets are paved with Belgian blocks. The population is a mixture of Portugese and blacks largely. The informant alluded to says that many of the old families of Pernambuco, wishing to preserve their blood in its purity, pulled up stakes and formed an extensive colony in Paris. He says that affairs municipal are in the hands of a lot of politicians, and he sighs for the good old times when Dom Pedro II was Emperor of Brazil. He says that everything is sacrificed for Rio now, and the customs duties go there. There are no Indians living in or near the city, but they abound further north in the Amazon country.

When we anchored here plenty of boats came out to us from the city, but not any of the professional divers, and

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we were told that this is the wholesale supply station of the world for sharks. This hardly needed corroboration, as we could see them more numerously than in Sydney harbor last winter. And we had the unusual experience of seeing a large shark caught immediately after anchoring, when a stoker who was off duty aspired to have fresh fish for his breakfast and dropped a line alongside with a baited hook, which was a small one. Instantly he had a bite, as the boys say, and soon discovered there was a shark at the other end of his line. Two men in small boats, which were laden with vegetables and fruits, succeeded in passing a looped line over the tail of the huge brute, and it was hoisted on board by block and tackle. Then ensued a sight not soon to be forgotten. In floundering around, the tail of the fish struck a sailor and knocked him down flat upon the deck, whereupon two others stood upon the tail to keep that much of it quiet, and every sailorman who had a knife plunged it into the abdomen of the fish, making original remarks while so doing. In no time at all a rod or more of alimentary canal was out on the deck, which was slippery with blood. One stoker cut out the jaws while the victim was still alive, and he had a strenuous task in so doing, for it took him half an hour to do it, while the perspiration literally poured from his face.

After the jaws were removed, a long keen knife ripped the beast from stem to stern and the viscera were thrown overboard without the contents of the stomach being examined. The spine was cut out next for a souvenir, and I made a bid for the jaws after they should be subjected to a long session of boiling to remove the soft tissues. A passenger furnished a keg of beer for the stokers and sailors, who seemed quite happy in consequence.

The "Amazon Minstrels" gave an entertainment last night, fashioned after the plan and methods of the American negro minstrels, and it was almost as dreary and melancholy as London on the holy Sabbath, which is making a very strong comparison. Half of the performers were attired in the well-known favorite costume of the average darkey, viz.: Tuxedo suits with red collars and cuffs; the other half in the

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easily recognized costume of both ante and post bellum times, green silk knickerbockers, with neckties of flaring dimensions and the same material. It began with a cake-walk, which really turned out to be a jig, and very well executed.

We take on all sorts of fruits here—the lucious pineapple, perspiring with saccarine richness; the mucilaginous, elusive and terebinthine mango; the aqueous watermelon; something which resembles an overgrown muskmelon, but is really a vegetable known as the marrow; figs and a fruit called cuja, which looks like Dante's inferno, smells like Araby the blest, and tastes like Paradise regained. This enigmatic fruit grows (apparently) on an apple tree, reminds one of a ripe and plethoric red pepper, and has a stem which also does the reproductive service of a seed, shaped exactly like a lima bean. The natives take this bean stem or stem bean, remove the pericarp, string it on a thread and sell it as a necklace, which has the twofold advantage of looking picturesque up to the time when you weary of your necklace and eat it. They call it castan, probably from the *Castanea vesca,* which they say it resembles and of which it is the peer. The fruit has a yellow pulp and no seeds inside, and is almost as delicious as the custard apple or the mangosteen.

THE BLACKS OF BAHIA.

BAHIA, BRAZIL, February 8.—When we took on a pilot approaching Pernambuco he brought the sad news of the assassination of the King of Portugal and the Crown Prince, which occurred two days after we left Lisbon and while we were at the Madeira Islands. He brought some Portugese papers with him, which were quickly appropriated by passengers of that nationality.

Bahia (pronounced bah-ee-ah), the Spanish and Portugese word for bay, has a second section to its name which gives it the distinction of possessing the longest cognomen in Brazil, the literal signification of which is the "bay of the Holy Saviour and all the sacred Saints." Although thus

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handicapped with a name a chapter long it is the second city in size in Brazil, with a population of more than 200,000 and an annual increase of about 6000. It is the seat of an Archbishop who is Primate of Brazil. It is on the east shore of the bay of Todos os Santos, and is 440 miles south of Pernambuco and 800 northeast of Rio de Janeiro, with both of which cities it is connected by cable. It is divided into the Cicada Vaila or lower city, and Cicada Alta or higher city. The former is a business portion, with narrow, close and very dirty streets, while the higher part is, comparatively speaking, clean and cool, commanding a magnificent view of the sea. Hydraulic elevators connect the two parts of the city, and passenger traffic is also effected by means of cadeira or sedan chairs, the streets being so steep in many places that carriages are not available. There are small squares and circles in the upper city, made attractive by orange, banyan, acacia and mimosa trees. The beautiful pepper tree of California and the Riveira also flourish here. Flowers are abundant and cheap, and some of the exquisite orchids we have seen are cultivated here.

The Cathedral and the palace of the Archbishop are here, the former edifice said to be the finest in Brazil. It is abasilica, and is constructed of marble brought from Europe. The principal educational institutions are the University, Normal School, Medical College, Museum and Public Library. Bahia is ahead of Pernambuca in having electric street lines, and is the starting point of a railroad running into the interior of the country. The harbor is protected by a natural breakwater formed by the island of Seapaica and is an excellent one, with a circumference of 112 miles, deep enough for the largest vessels, which, however, can not unload at the quays by reason of the heavy ground swell from the open sea. The ocean liners of the chief maritime powers of the world are represented in the shipping trade of Bahia. The bay and city are defended by an excellent system of fortifications, making it the most strongly protected city of Brazil. Of these defenses the best is the Fort do Mar, or sea fort, situated on an artificially enlarged island in the middle of the harbor. The city

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has numerous industries, and has been for half a century the largest producer of cotton cloth, sugar, cotton, coffee, hides, dye woods, jute ware and tobacco. Customs restrictions prevent a full expansion of its trade. It is the seat of a United States Consulate, and is the oldest city of Brazil.

Bahia is the paradise of the negro, the blacks enjoying complete social and political equality with the whites.

We went ashore in a small boat with two sturdy blacks for power, one of whom consulted a passenger who could speak his language as to the probability of receiving his fee, evidently being tortured with doubts as to our financial status. He brightened up considerably upon being informed that his prospects for compensation were at par. We came back in the same boat under sail several hours later, and almost capsized just before reaching the steamer. Upon landing we went through a short side street decorated with sleeping blacks in all manner of picturesque if not graceful attitudes, to one of the principal streets of the city, and had not been on land half an hour before realizing that compared with Bahia Constantinople is a shop of perfumes, Jerusalem near the wailing place of the Jews as the spicy breath of Ceylon, and only Canton, China, can give it points in aroma and still retain a balance in its own favor. A poetically inclined Spaniard once yielded to the impulse inspired by the muses and wrote verses about it, saying that beautiful flowers were upon every hand, and excrementitious substances in every corner. It is needless to say he has not visited Bahia since, for he told a truth which hurts the pride of the citizens.

We went up one of the inclined planes to the elevated part of the city to take breath and compare notes. The shops and stores all over Bahia are entirely open in front, without any doors or windows. This is desirable in hot weather, but would have its disadvantages at other times. We were much impressed with the apparent preponderance of blacks, and the complexions of many of the whites looked as if they had been tampered with. We went through small squares with beautiful shade trees, many of them with gorgeous blossoms in tropical profusion. We walked over

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a freak pavement, which was considerably narrower at one end of a block than at the other. We saw all the small industries in full blast, if this can be said of a place which is far more somnolent than phlegmatic Lisbon. We were constantly dodging street cars in narrow thoroughfares.

We had heard much about the gigantic negresses of Bahia seen most in the market place, and thither we bent our steps to gaze upon the colossal Amazons. We had heard them described orally and had also read of their being almost a sui generis, having no autotypes elsewhere in Brazil or Latin America. In the course of travel one is at times subjected to rude jolts when preconceived impressions are dispelled or shattered as a mist by sun and wind, and this was one of them italicised. The negresses were there it is true, and just as black as they were represented to be; a few of them were gigantic in adipose tissue, but not in stature. One of them, fearful of being shot with a kodak, hid her wooly pate in her apron and was in that posture when we left. The market was filthy beyond description, only the fruits looking in the least attractive, and speaking of fruits we saw here some former acquaintances of other lands and former journeyings. The alligator pear is in evidence, the sapadilla, which we met in the Phillipines in 1904, and the aromatic or rather odoriferous durien, which in an unguarded and most unwise moment we tackled in Java. The Brazilian durien is, however, an improvement upon its Malay cousin in that it does not smell so much like carrion nor taste so much like spoiled custard flavored with onion and limburger cheese. Made wise by former experience we did not invest, but a curbstone fruit dealer lifted up a morsel of it on a nail and gave it to us directly in the mouth, and the impression upon the gustatory nerves, hardly convalescent from the shock of Javan experience, was in the nature of a pleasant surprise. Eating the morsel with an apparent relish was the occasion of great hilarity on the part of the blacks, which we could still hear after passing out of their sight.

In the course of our wanderings about town, and shortly before returning to the steamer, five of our party of six

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wanted something to drink and entered a cafe, while I remained outside taking in the street scenes, which are always more interesting to me than cathedral facades or carved pulpits. I had taken off my coat by reason of the intense heat and was carrying it on my arm. A crowd gathered about, and I soon discovered I was the cause of the gathering. In a few minutes a nice-looking citizen approached me and in pantomime directed me to put on my coat, which was haughtily refused, because it was my coat to do with as I pleased, and beside I happened to have on a clean shirt. Soon after another citizen advised me in a similar way, with the same result, but when an officer came and went through the performance, on went the coat. The crowd did not disperse, and a black sailor man was there who could speak a little English. He explained that the reason I was ordered to put on my coat was because I was blocking commerce" by having it off. One of our party was a man of Portuguese parentage, who had been educated in England. A citizen was talking with him a short time prior to the incident just described. He said, "You English think you are refined compared with the Brazilians, but there is a barbarian of your party with his coat off walking through the streets."

Parrots common as sparrows, and almost as cheap, are for sale at all the fruit stands and many of the shops. The blind here are as numerous as in many of the Mohammedan cities, and the ravages of specific contamination are seen everywhere. The majority of the citizens are of small stature, black, white and intermediate, which is perhaps the reason that the plethoric ebony-hued females of the market place seem notably large by comparison. Lottery tickets are as abundant as in Lisbon, and are hawked about by all ages between the cradle and the grave. There are fountains here and there, where water is purchased at wholesale, and placed in wine kegs on mules' backs to be retailed from door to door.

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A CITY OF FOURTEEN HILLS.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil, Feb. 9.—Early yesterday morning we saw several points of land over the horizon ahead, and were told they were about the "River of January," the capital of the republic of Brazil. We entered the harbor about three in the afternoon, and anchored at four about a mile and a half from the landing, one of the disadvantages in Latin-American ports in being on a large steamer, and about the only one. The harbor or Bay of Rio has been favorably compared by many visitors with those of Naples, Italy, and Sydney, New South Wales. To my untutored eye it is a great improvement over Sydney Harbor with its setting of gaunt, dry and naked hills. The harbor here is beautifully decorated with rocky islands almost covered with verdure and foliage, and has a frieze about its circumference of eighty miles of beautifully green hills and mountains, all apparently of volcanic origin. Upon them, as well as on the islands, the graceful, feather-like palms are the salient features, and upon some of them rest beautiful villas with light-colored walls and red-tiled roofs, making a beautiful study in colors mingled with the rich green for a background, most pleasing to eyes which have not seen much beside water for a few weeks.

Rome has seven hills, but Rio has at least twice as many, and it has 700,000 inhabitants, black and white, striped, streaked and speckled, but fewer blacks in proportion to its size than Bahia. The beautiful parks and plazas, palatial residences, and exquisite gardens and fine public buildings make it impress us as one of the most beautiful cities we have seen. One new street, built from end to end within two years, is called the Avenida Centrale, is about 90 feet from curb to curb, with sidewalks as wide as many of the streets in the old part of the city, and paved in black and white figures, as are the sidewalks of Lisbon. All this paving in figures was done by workmen brought from Lisbon for the purpose, and a few of them present the undulating effect which is said to cause hypersensitive people to feel groggy. All the principal streets are paved

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with asphalt, and are kept quite clean as compared with odoriferous Bahia.

The electric street-car service is managed by Americans and controlled by American capital, and is as good as can be found anywhere. A trace of the antique lingers in some of the cross streets, where mules are used instead of electricity. But to jump from mules to mints, the latter here is almost unique in one or two particulars: that of printing revenue and postage stamps, and educating a large number of poor boys. The mint cost 1,000,000 dollars and the printing annex half as much. The Cathedral and Government buildings are fine, the markets interesting and instructive, and the principal racecourse the peer of Longchamps, near Paris.

We had read and heard several times that the botanical garden of Rio, in addition to being one of the stock sights, is with one exception (which has often been vigorously contested) the equal of the famous one at Buitenzorg, Java, described by me a few years ago in a rather poor and inadequate way. The one here is made famous by its avenue of palms, of which tree the garden has only 900 varieties, and thither we bent our willing steps to see what the comparison would be like. The garden is but a few miles out in the suburbs, and so beautiful is vegetation here that it was practically a botanical garden all the way. The famous avenue of palms is bisected at right angles at its center by another just as fine and of the same altitude, all looking as if they might be at least 100 feet high. Most of their trunks are smooth, but some had growing upon them parasitic vines, making a very graceful and pleasing effect, however deleterious to the well-being of the tree. Here are orchids of many kinds, and upon one tree, under the protecting shade of which I rested and cooled off, there were parasitic plants of three different varieties. As in Java and Singapore, in fact in all botanical collections that we have seen, the scientific and popular names are given. It may be that the Buitenzorg collection may have a greater variety of trees and plants than this, but unless the image of the other has faded and degenerated by time, the one here is

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far more beautiful and attractive. There is the bread fruit, banana, orange, lemon, and for the first and only time we saw the durian growing upon its native heath (tree rather), which was in a dark jungle where workmen were clearing out a dense growth of bamboos to make way for something else. Fountains and well trimmed hedges abound, and shady nooks with inviting benches, for old Sol blazes fiercely down here upon human kind.

Two modern structures of steel and concrete and each nine stories high are approaching completion on the Avenida Centrale, one of them the property of one of the daily papers. They have not yet reached the decimal system of architecture, as in our country, where the question is not how many stories buildings will contain, but how many tens of them. Beggars are few and far between, and thus far we have only been accosted by two. Time was when yellow fever committed great ravages here, people dying off as do the less than half-fed coolies of India with the plague, but Doctor Cruz, who came down with us from Lisbon, has emancipated Rio from the scourge, so that it no longer plays a leading role in the mortality list. So thorough was he in his inspection that he caused all the walls of the city to be examined to see if any of the fragments of broken glass upon them would contain water after a rain. He discovered that among the fragmentary protectors against wall-scaling marauders were the bottoms of old bottles set in the cement, and had them filled with some material or removed and replaced with other fragments.

In speaking of the public buildings of Rio mention should be made of the one in which the Pan-American Congress was lately held, attended by our Secretary Root, and called the Palacio Munroe. Those who attended the St. Louis exposition and admired the Brazilian building were gazing upon the autotype of this, which looks like white marble, but is not above the suspicion of having a stuccoed exterior. It is intended for public gatherings, and is most beautifully situated near the water's edge, with one of Rio's many superb parks in front of it.

The citizens have not yet ceased talking about the recent

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visit of the United States squadron here, and the chronicles of that time are rife and multitudinous. In London we noticed by the papers that the marines and jacky boys were very well behaved, and there was also some of the usual prattle (drivel rather) about a diabolical plot to blow up the flotilla. Right here it may not be out of order to remark that the world has had one object lesson following the blowing up of a warship, at a time when we were not quite as well equipped as now for administering it. Private letters on board the Amazon intimated that the sailors did very badly here, so we had a talk with two reliable citizens, one of whom spoke as follows when we were standing on the rich and handsome Avenida Centrale.

"The sailors did well while here, and they practically owned the town. You know nothing delights the soul of a husky tar quite as much as climbing the quarter deck of a horse or mule the first possible moment after coming ashore, and from the time they came until the last one had gone on board every livery conveyance, horse and mule had a most strenuous life of it. They had races up and down this street every day, and most of the time the police were instructed not to notice any infractions of municipal law except those of the most glaring kind. In the course of their races many fell from their mounts, but the oftener they tumbled off the better they were apparently suited, and the more cheerfully they crawled on board again, and not one of them could ride for shucks. In cultured Boston they would not have won a dish of cold beans apiece, but that troubled them not at all.

"Over 3,000 came on shore every day, and you may well believe they left a good deal of money here, about all they had in fact. There were no brawls nor fighting to amount to anything, but you could not expect that many sailors to be turned loose in a big city without there being something doing once in a while."

Of the many peaks surrounding the Bay of Rio one of the most noticeable ones is the well known Sugar Loaf, which can be seen at the approach to the city at least 30 miles out at sea. The shape of the commercial white sugar of

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our ancestors suggests the name. It is 120 feet high, and once upon a time an enterprising British tar crawled up to the summit of it, to the no small risk of neck and limb, and planted there the Union Jack of Great Britain and Ireland. It stayed there several years and was a constant cause of discontent among the Brazilians, who were afraid to attempt taking it down, but used to make a target of it from the nearest adjoining peak. Finally they hired some sailor to climb up and remove it, since when it has ceased to be a source of vexation. Another and a much higher peak is the Corcovado, 3000 feet in altitude, and traversed to the top by a rack railway, from whence is obtained a view of quite a large fraction of the universe, over land and sea. The ascent is very steep, with many meanderings and twistings, and anyone who has not abundant time on his hands had better stay below. The ascent requires about an hour and a half, and the round trip including the stay aloft takes about four hours. The expense is trifling, and if it were great would be justified by reason of the splendor of the view. The train this monring went through a cloud, and later looked down upon it. Every other train only goes to the summit, the other stopping at a station about three-fourths of the way up. At the summit is a pavilion with refreshments and souvenirs.

Your room in the Hotel dos Estrangieros will be a surprise and also a pleasure, for everything is immaculate, the furniture is mahogany and there is a good deal of it, consisting of bed, dresser, washstand, clothes press and a desk with bookshelves above it, guiltless of books. Upon the bed is a thin coverlid and a sheet, and you wonder what the former is for and only use the latter. The apartment is at least 20 feet high, doors about 17, double, narrow and provided with a transom. At seven in the morning a servant appears with a tray, opens the desk, places the tray upon it, and you sit down as if to write a confidential missive to an affectionate and far-away friend; and eat the bread and butter and soft boiled eggs, and drink the chocolate just as if you had taken nothing in the same house the evening before. The butter is saltless and never heard of ice, natural

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or artificial. The bread is after the French pattern, long, hard and heavy enough to brain an enemy, but it all goes. The floors are covered with tile, as are the entire bathrooms, which are large enough for public meetings. All is conducive to comfort and coolness, and much of both can philosophically be endured here.

THE LAND OF COFFEE.

SANTOS, Brazil, Feb. 12.—The Cubatoa River, by which Santos is approached from the sea, is about a mile wide measuring by the eye, deep enough for passage of the largest steamers, and in its meanderings reminds one of the crooked Hoogley River of India, upon which Calcutta is situated. The scenery along the Cubatoa is attractive by reason of the rich tropical vegetation luxuriating along its course and as far inland as the eye can reach. Small hamlets are seen, the humble dwellings of small farmers, the more pretentious ones of the planters, and an occasional grove of palms or banana trees, with a graceful pillar of smoke ascending, showing there is a human habitation there secluded from the gaze of the curious. Just before making the last turn in the river prior to pulling up to the dock we saw on the right the gaunt skeletons of two vessels which had been burned after their crews had died to a man from yellow fever, that scourge of the Western tropics. Local legends tell of vessels being delayed here for months, because crews could not survive long enough to take them away toward other shores. A little farther on is a huge iron structure resembling the Eiffel Tower towering skyward, which when finished will be a support for a cable for the transmission of power to the city from a waterfall some distance away. Thus does art harness Nature and make her a menial for the affairs of everyday life, a sort of unpaid servant girl, as it were. To the left and opposite the iron structure just alluded to is the nucleus of what once was a mountain or rock, which has been quarried from for the construction of the docks until only the core remains.

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The docks are superb, and ranged along them for about half a mile are fifteen ocean steamers, tied up so closely that stem and stern almost touch. In one instance they are two deep, where a Prince Line and Hamburg-American steamer stand amicably side by side. Both are being laden with coffee, and that intended for the latter's hold must be carried across the deck of the former. For this is the outlet for all the coffee of Brazil and one-sixth of the supply for the entire world, and to see the loading of it is a most interesting sight. Parallel with the docks are huge coffee warehouses, along which trainloads of the berry come at a time; the side of cars are let down like the leaf of a table, and the transfer takes place by aid of a swarm of laboring peons of all complexions. Warehouses on streets away from the docks send their coffee for shipment on carts, each drawn by two small but vigorous mules. A gang of men stands there ready, and the scene becomes an animated one, resembling in its bustling activity the coaling of a steamer, with one row of laden men moving toward the vessel and another returning empty-handed for new loads. Each sack of coffee weighs 60 kilos or 120 pounds English, a fraction more or less than American. The laborers are paid not by the day or hour, but by the number of sacks they carry, and about half of them carry two at a time. Photographs are on sale of peons having on their shoulders four and even five sacks, but it is more than probable that this is only posing for a special purpose.

Between decks on the steamers an inclined plane or slide is made of sacks of coffee, leading to the edge of the hold and with an angle of about 45 degrees. Two men are at the foot of the declivity to prevent the sacks from dropping down upon the heads of the laborers in the hold. The carrier upon reaching the edge of the declivity gives his shoulder a side hitch, and the sack goes down like a streak. The men in the hold are nude to the waist, with rivulets of perspiration running down their bodies, and how they endure the stifling heat is a problem to the looker-on. Occasionally a sack bursts in transit to the fiery depths below and quantities of loose coffee

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are lying around, but no attention is paid to the delinquent other than to cast the empty sack to one side. On the floors of the warehouses and on the ground outside coffee lies as abundantly almost as the sand upon the seashore.

All the coffee shipped here comes over the Sao Paulo railroad, named for the capital of the State, which is its interior terminal. It has been built 40 years, and in that time no accidents have occurred which involved a loss of human life. When in process of construction the workmen were attacked by savage tribes at different times, who did great havoc among them with their bows and arrows. There are vast inland areas of Brazil which have never been explored, and it is belived that in them are tribes of people living in the most primitive conditions. An American company sent a number of men to explore the source of the Orinoco under the command of some scientists, who collected a fine series of the flora and fauna, also some paleolithic specimens. But they were attacked by a band of natives, who handled them very roughly, took away their specimens and turned them about toward whence they had come. A new expedition is now forming, if it is not already in the field, better armed and equipped than the other, and should nothing be heard of it in 160 days from the time of starting inland a relief expedition is to be sent. Another American company is organizing for an expedition to the source of the Amazon. But to come back to our railroad, which is a marvel of engineering, going on viaducts across wide and deep chasms, where can be heard the voices of the puma and other large and savage fauna, through mountain tunnels, and in two places conducted up and down steep ascents and descents by cables so arranged that the weight of a descending car helps to pull up one on the other side.

Santos has 65,000 inhabitants, of which one-fourth are prostitutes, and it has the reputation of being the wickedest city of Latin America. It lies upon a low plain backed by high hills or low mountains of volcanic origin, and the streets are paved with large and irregular blocks of lava rock and granite. They are wider than those of Bahia,

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also much cleaner, but with considerable room for improvement. There are two public parks, and one of them is a beauty which would grace the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, and much improve Central Park in New York. In it are clumps of bamboos, the banyan tree, banana plants allowed to grow into trees of good size; the mimosa of Africa; something which strongly resembles the lantana of the Hawaiian Islands, and gorgeous flowering shrubs of all shades and sizes. There are artificial waterways and rustic bridges which look like real sure-enough wood, but are really of concrete upon frames of steel. I can remember no spot on earth where the grateful shade of this charming spot was more appreciated, for Aden, which has posed unchallenged as the hottest place on earth, is a refrigerator compared with Santos. Prices are so high here that the man of limited means is almost afraid to ask what they are. A pair of cotton socks which would cost half a dollar at home is more than twice as much here, and one ceases to wonder that so large a proportion of the population go barefoot, especially among the men. The soles of the feet of the laborers who carry coffee look as if half soles of leather could be tacked to them without causing the slightest inconvenience or pain.

On the top of the nearest hill to Santos is a small church called the Capello do Mont-Serrat, or the chapel of the serrated mountain. It is only 500 feet above the level of the river, and being one of the stock sights thither we bent our steps; for there is no railroad up there, no touching of buttons to allow trained electricity to do the rest, but real solid work by limb and lung. Before we were half way up we stopped to wonder if some mistake had not been made in taking the altitude, for it seemed more like five miles to us. Stone stairways extended the most of the distance, but the rest was the red mud of disintegrated granite, resembling the florid soil of New Jersey, and a recent rain had given it slippery qualities which did not contribute any ease in making the ascent. Three resting-places grace the distance, and we dropped into each of them to collect breath for a fresh trial and to mop away the

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PEONS LOADING COFFEE AT SANTOS

BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUENOS AIRES

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creeks of perspiration which were threatening to wash away our features. But, arrived at the summit, we did not begrudge the outlay of muscular and pulmonary force required, for Santos was at our feet with all its coffee, shipping and iniquities, and the surrounding country was fair to look upon. We found that we were almost surrounded by water, just as we were at Auckland just about a year ago.

The most picturesque figures of Santos are the mounted police, the splendor of whose uniforms would put to the blush that of a Major-General of our army. And despite the heat, they must be made of the very heaviest and thickest woollen fabrics, in addition to being trimmed in the most gorgeous colors. They have very good mounts and are better than average riders.

We saw a train of the Sao Paulo Railroad, and for the first time observed common day passenger coaches with inlaid woodwork on the outside. The coaches are longer than ours, open at the ends and with central aisles through them. A partition runs through the centre of each car, with a door in it. The seats look comfortable, and are covered with a cotton fabric; they are intended for two persons, and there is a supplementary arm in the middle of them. There are not many railroads in Brazil compared with its size, and it is said that on its longest lines the patriarchal system of traveling only in the daytime and stopping over night is in vogue, as in far-away Java and New Zealand.

IN URUGUAY.

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay, Feb. 15.—We left Brazil, the only country in the world which can rightfully boast of having had three Presidents since the dawn of the twentieth century, the day preceding St. Valentine's, and came down here over summer seas, which same we have journeyed over practically all the time since leaving the Madeira Islands on the fateful day when the attempt was made to obliterate the entire royel family of Portugal at one fell stroke.

Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, is situated on the

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north shore of an estuary of the Rio de la Plata (or silver river), 68 miles east of Buenos Aires. It is built upon a peninsula running west from the main land. On the west side of the entrance to the bay and opposite the city is a very poor imitation of a mountain called the Cerro—mountain only by courtesy, as its altitude does not approach the required 1000 feet; but from this hill and this very slight provocation the city derives its name. After gazing upon the flat coast of Uruguay, however, one can imagine that by contrast this might appear as a mountain, just as a poor little creek in Australia is given the dignity of a river. The peninsula has a central ridge upon which most of the city is built, giving it excellent natural drainage, which, supplemented by improved appliances, such as an excellent sewerage system, abundant supply of water and a certain degree of watchfulness on the part of the municipal officers, make it a pleasant and healthful place of residence. For a Latin-American city the streets are wide, most of them laid at right angles and well paved with large blocks of granite and lava rock.

The older part of the city, on the west end of the peninsula, is the chief commercial quarter, with buildings recalling some of the old European cities. The central portion contains the Cathedral and chief public buildings. From the base of the peninsula the new parts spread out like an open fan, with wide avenues radiating in all directions, where street railways run to all the suburbs. The principal and handsomest street is the Avenue Julio, said by the citizens to be the finest in the southern hemisphere, with fine residences and shade trees and running into the Plaza de la Independencia, very like the one of the same name in Florence, surrounded by public buildings and colonnades. Many of the streets are lined with shade trees, which would be much more beautiful and efficient if they had not been too vigorously trimmed. The beautiful pepper tree is occasionally seen, the poplar, rubber and sycamore, and the largest eucalyptus trees we have seen outside of Australia.

The parks are numerous but not as well kept as the

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beautiful ones at Rio, and of these the Prado, on the northwest edge of the city, is the largest and most popular breathing place and promenade.

The principal educational establishment is the University, with faculties of law, medicine, mathematics and pharmacy, with more than 600 students. There are also a seminary, normal school, several Catholic and foreign academies, a national museum and a public library of more than 30,000 volumes, and a large number of public schools. The manufacturing industries are not numerous and its chief importance consists in its being a commercial center of the country. As an outlet for the productions of the south-central part of the continent its position is more favorable than that of Buenos Aires. The bay is constantly filling with silt, and dredges are numerous and active. By reason of this large ocean steamers are obliged to anchor quite a distance out from the piers. The principal exports are hides, pressed beef and cattle. The population is given at between two and three hundred thousand.

Cowboys, fashioned and mounted very much like ours of the West, are frequently seen, for this is a great cattle country, and the boys are fond of coming to town occasionally to have a time, wherein they do not differ radically from their brethren of the North. Our own cowboys have been here more than once to take part in competitive exhibitions, and the records show that their fraternals of the South are about as skilful as they are in bringing to the ground half wild cattle. The annals of these exhibitions show that in many instances a steer will be pursued, thrown by the lasso or lariat tangling about its legs and have its feet securely tied in less than a minute. The lottery is a recognized institution here as in other Latin countries.

Montevideo is probably one of the noisiest cities in proportion to its size in the world, considering it is not a great manufacturing center. The street traffic is considerable; carts, carriages and light conveyances move at a good round gait, and as the paving blocks are irregular and rubber tires apparently unknown the racket at times and in thronged localities is almost deafening. It is said that the city is

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enjoying an interval of several months' commercial prosperity after about four years of great depression, during which time all men of the arm-bearing period of life were pressed into military service; for this is the land of revolutions, and we have been hearing ever since reaching Brazil that we are likely to land in one as soon as we shall reach Buenos Aires. There is a passenger on the Amazon who has a room right across from mine who tells me about a friend of his who went to Buenos Aires once upon a time, which turned out to be precisely the wrong one, inasmuch as he landed in a revolution and found himself in it so suddenly that he had not sufficient time to find out what the row was about, or to ascertain upon which side he was fighting; but he had to fight for all that. Imagine the faithful correspondent of The Dispatch trying to catch step in the awkward squad.

We were driven to two large bathing places very much like Coney Island and saw hundreds of men, women and children disporting in the surf and having a great time; but the water was discolored to a chrome yellow with clay or other impurities. There is some very good street dressing here, some of the feminine tailor-made suits implying the services of New York or Parisian artists. It speaks well for the city that mendicants are seldom seen. Mention should have been made earlier of the fact that the hillock which gives the city its name is surmounted by an ancient looking fortification, which any modern battleship could probably convert into a crumbling sandheap in about an hour and a half.

We saw here an interesting sight of a most humble kind. In most lands the honest laborer is content to take his mid-day meal cold; but here we saw the street workmen frying vegetables on the concave surface of a shovel, which rested on the curbstone with the fires burning merrily beneath on the paved street; recalling to mind the journey-cake (miscalled Johnnie-cake) of runaway slaves, who baked their cornmeal on their hoes in the ante-bellum days of the greatest country on earth. And speaking of culinary eccentricities brings to mind a

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method of producing butter in Uruguay which is supposed and believed to have been unique in its day; and some assert that it is still in vogue, but the fact can not be proved by us. As the story runs, when a farmer wants to take butter to town for sale he does not allow his plodding and patient wife to wear herself out by working any patent churn, but simply takes a quantity of new milk, empties it into a leather bag to which a lariat is attached, ties the bag tightly, mounts his horse and with the free end of the lariat fastened to the pommel of his saddle starts gaily for town on a good stiff gait, dragging the bag on the ground after him. It is said the constant motion segregates all the oil globules by the time he reaches the market, and he sells his product for what it will bring, unworked and unsalted, of course. The imagination may here take a flight and suggest occasional visits of the leather churn to the cobbler's shop for the purpose of being patched or half soled, with a suggestion or reminiscence of the wax end or new leather in the flavor of the next few manufactured products.

The estuary is full of ocean steamers and sea-going craft of all kinds, except those which are suggestive of strife. Along the docks are many beautiful river steamers, one of them a side-wheeler, and it is said the entire fleet of steamers plying between here and Buenos Aires are the property of one man. A few decades ago he came here without a shilling to his name, but he wooed and won a bride, who owned an old broken-down tug. He went to work repairing the old hulk, and in the course of time and labor had it restored to working order and went into business. He prospered, as industrious and brainy men are very apt to do, and to-day his income is reported as being 15,000,000 dollars a year.

A GREAT REPUBLIC.

BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 18.—The territory of the Argentine Republic extends from within the tropics to the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, a distance of more than 2000 miles

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as the crow flies. One-third of the area of the country is adapted to tillage, one-third to grazing, and the rest is barren mountains, forests, swamps and arid land, which latter must be irrigated before crops can be grown. This arable district lies chiefly between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels east of the sixty-fifth meridian. This rather limited area constitutes the grain zone of the Republic, a district which is capable of supporting many millions of people and growing 50,000,000 tons of wheat. The total population of Argentina at present is approximately 5,000,000, of which but 2,000,000 are engaged in agriculture. Last year there were 14,000,000 acres of wheat and 6,000,000 acres of maize.

A short run by rail takes one into the farming districts. What is called a station in New Zealand and Australia is an estancia here, meaning the same thing in Spanish, and a visit to one is particularly interesting. They are generally equipped with pleasant, rambling country houses in which comfort is more consulted than architectural effects; with the usual stables, outbuildings and kitchen gardens, lawn tennis grounds and shrubberies. The older estancias have fine plantations around them, of gum trees usually, but pine and deciduous timber are also seen. Coal being very high in Argentina wood is a necessity for fuel for cooking, and in the cold season for heating purposes. Even the railway engines in some parts of the country are fed with a hard red wood called quebracho.

The dimensions of an estancia would startle a stranger, for the land is not counted by acres, but by square miles, and flocks and herds by the thousand. With such a vast amount of stock, to say nothing of grain, wool, etc., to attend to, the owner of an estancia is really the head of a great meat and grain producing establishment, and requires an office with a clerical force, as in an extensive manufacutring concern. When the land was obtained years ago it was at low prices, and it is easy to understand, now that farm produce is so valuable, that many of the quondam Argentine farmers are now farm princes. No farms in any country I have seen can show better bred stock than

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these, and enormous prices are paid for imported registered animals to keep the standard up to the present high plane, if not to elevate it. There are no hedges nor wooden fences on the Argentine farms, the different lands being separated by wire fences. When plowing is done one would expect to see steam plows in operation, but horses, oxen and provender are so cheap that steam is superceded here. Most of the plows used to come from the United States, but we are told they are being supplanted by heavier and more substantial ones manufactured in New Zealand and Australia.

The great farm wagons are constructed on entirely different principles from those at home, most of them having only one pair of wheels about ten feet in diameter. The farm laborers live in detached collections of small houses, which look like hamlets or small villages, and their derivation is cosmopolitan: many from Italy and Spain, a few Russians, Germans and Indians. The wages are about 62½ cents a day of ten hours, with an upward tendency during the active harvest season as in other countries.

There is a market here filled exclusively with imported English live stock, horses, cattle, sheep, poultry and dogs. The sheep are rams of enormous size and price, and a man in charge told me some of the same kind sold for one thouand pounds a head; but that now the market is down, and they would not bring anything like that price. He was grooming one of the rams while giving information, said it would weigh 180 kilos on the hoof, its fleece at least 16 kilos, and that it stood nearly four feet high at the shoulder. He added that, like many others, he had come down here from England attracted by the brilliancy of the rumors about the Eldorado, and had not found it as it was painted. He said there are numbers of Oxford and Cambridge graduates working on the estancias, who would be glad enough to go back to England if they could produce the wherewithal by which to go. Some of them are working among the peons, doing the commonest kind of farm drudgery, while others have employment of a little higher grade. He was plucking impurities from the wool while talking, and when through with that part of the performance he patted down the

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fleece with a short, wide wooden paddle, and then clipped with shears the tufts of wool which projected out farther than the rest. A few of the rams were clipped all except a bunch on each flank and shoulder, to show the length and quality of the wool.

There was a huge draft stallion, which stood at least 17 hands high and would weigh much more than a ton; and there were enormous bulls with rings in their noses being groomed by having the hose turned upon them, a cleansing and at the same time cooling process which they seemed to enjoy.

This city, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is situated on the south bank of the La Plata River, 175 miles from its mouth.

It has several Romanist and Protestant churches and 20 theatres, of which the Teatro de la Opera is the most important. It has two superb race tracks in the suburbs of Palermo and Belgrano, and public gardens for games and athletic sports. There are six railroad companies connecting Buenos Aires with the north, south and west, and numerous steamships run to Montevideo and towns along the Parana and Uruguay rivers, as far as the border of Brazil. It is connected with foreign countries by cable, and has excellent telegraph and telephone systems. It has 220 primary schools with more than 60,000 pupils, four colleges and the National University, founded in 1821, among the finest of South America. The city publishes more than 100 newspapers, 25 dailies in Spanish, German, Italian and French, also a few English.

Water is supplied by the municipality from the La Plata, just north of the city, and is purified by filtration. There is a well organized system for police and fire protection. Formerly Buenos Aires was at a disadvantage commercially speaking by reason of lack of harbor facilities, the La Plata being so swift and shallow that sailing vessels were obliged to anchor 14 miles down the river, and transfer their cargoes by lighters. Now there is a large and complete system of basins allowing vessels of 22 feet draft to come up to the docks within a short distance of the

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principal business part of the city, and to connect at the water's edge with railroad terminals. There is considerable manufacturing, giving employment to more than 100,000 persons; principally furniture, carriages, machinery, leather, hats and woven goods, tobacco and liquor. It is the port of exit for more than one half the exports of the entire country. The leading exports are sheep, wool, cattle products and live stock, and notably grain.

It is not only a cosmopolitan city (of between one and two million population) as to the nationality of its citizens, but may be called a composite one, containing streets and sections which are constantly recalling by resemblance those in cities of other lands. Near here is a street called Florida, which is the Corso of Buenos Aires, not only because it resembles the famous Roman thoroughfare but because it is a popular drive and promenade for the late afternoon in fine weather, and also terminates at one end in a park. The fine equipages, the gaily gowned women and well-clad men, the crowd on the narrow pavement looking admiringly on, cause one to momentarily forget that the Piazza del Popolo and the adjoining Pincian Hill are not close at hand, but, so far to the contrary, almost half way around the world distant. Paris is recalled not only in dozens of splendid streets, but in the Park of Palermo, which is the Bois de Boulogne of Buenos Aires. Here are the same beautiful drives, hundreds of smart equipages and beautifully gowned women, plus something which Paris cannot boast, a double row of fine big palms on each side of each drive. Automobiles are not as numerous as the size of the city would seem to warrant. There are lakes and waterways, and the "city of magnificent sewers" (Venice) is recalled by real gondolas with picturesque and brigand-like gondoliers, who may have come from the Piazza of St. Mark's landing place at the Piazetta.

We reached here early on a Sunday morning, after paying an admission fee in the shape of a small tax on each piece of baggage, after a most superficial customs examination with no direful results. After anchoring in a good hotel (Phoenix) we learned there were to be some fine

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races in the afternoon, and after a more or less severe struggle with conscience in which the latter was defeated (as usual), we took a carriage and went. To have missed it would have been almost as bad as it would to shy at the Grand Prix races when in Paris. A great crowd was there, and there were seven very exciting races, of which we witnessed six and then started for home, to dodge the great crush which was imminent. There were splendid horses showing careful breeding and grooming, but in the first race was one which seemed to belong more to the farm than the course, and I remarked to my friends it would be easy to foresee at which end of the procession it would be for the finish. It really was at the end when the race finished, but it was the head!

The next contest had about a dozen still finer looking horses, among them a typical English thoroughbred with the lines of the greyhound and a powerful flank to make it a prize winner. To show my companions that I was not always wrong I remarked that in all probability that horse would win in a canter, and lo, it came in at the tag end. One beautiful animal fell at the end of a race, and its jockey came limping along in front of the grand stand on his way to the paddock. The horse was with much difficulty assisted to its feet, and led away hobbling on three legs. On the way home later we saw it surrounded by a crowd and were informed it was to be killed.

Nattily uniformed police are at the intersections of all the streets, and there are mounted police also. All residence streets without exception and some of the business thoroughfares have shade trees, with an attempt at uniformity, one being ornamented and shaded with sycamores, another with acacias, and so on. The parks are gorgeous with foliage, and each seems like a botanical garden, filled with palms, rubber trees and a multiplicity of specimens of arboreal life, and the shrubs are magnificent, the oleander becoming a tree in altitude and circumference.

There are no lofty buildings of the aptly named "skyscraper" kind, but there are miles of them five or six stories in height. A two story building here is as tall as a three-

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story one of our country. The nearest approach to a sky-scraper in the city is a steel building of ten stories, with two tower-like structures surmounting them, each of two stories. It is being erected by this hotel, facing a beautiful park at the end of the Florida drive, and is intended to be the finest thing of the kind in South America. A crowd is constantly there watching the process of construction. A group of citizens discuss it with admiration expressed in every look and gesture. A nurse points it out to the little ones she has in charge. Three peons from the estancias gaze upon it with wide-eyed and open-mouthed surprise mixed with admiration. An Auracanian Indian and his squaw stop to look at it with the stolid indifference of their race. The hotel is to be furnished by a prominent London dealer (Maple) which has a branch house here.

The coin of the realm is the dollar, which is worth about 96 cents of our money. It takes 100 centavos (cents) to make the dollar, and there are fractional coins representing 5, 10 and 20 centavos. The centavo is of copper or bronze, and of a greater circumference than our old-fashioned copper cent. There are many banks here which employ a larger clerical force than any bank in London except the Bank of England, and one can see in many of them hundreds of customers at a time transacting business. The methods impress the outsider as being slow. Being impressed with the sound advice of one of Shakespeare's character's to another, viz., "Put money in thy purse," I went to a bank and presented my letter of credit, mentioning how much I wanted and in what form. The letter was handed to a man who was smoking a cigarette, who looked as if he had never seen anything of the kind before. He took it behind a desk and showed it to three other men, who divided their attention between it and the owner. Finally it was taken into another room, and in about half an hour the first man appeared, and asked me if I had a book of advice, merely glancing at it without taking it from my hand, as he disappeared again. Later on another man appeared with the currency, and after looking at me until I felt like a fugitive from justice or a chevalier d'industrie,

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paid it to me just before leaving for another room. Some time after that the first man came in view and presented me three drafts to sign, and after another absence returned the letter of credit. He did not compare the signature on the drafts with that in the book of advice. As there was a cab waiting outside all this time my bill was not as small as it would have been had the transaction been after American methods.

IN THE SLIM COUNTRY.

SANTIAGO, Chile, Feb. 22.—The journey across the pampas and over the Cordilleras to this place is as interesting as it is varied and long, and as instructive as entertaining. The methods of railway travel differ in some ways from those in our country, where they have attained the zenith of perfection, as is conceded all over the world. It is quite possible to obtain tickets prior to the day of starting, but no man can know what his sleeping accommodations will be nor in what particular coach he may make himself at home until a few minutes before the train pulls out, when the agent comes along, consults a book and writes a number on your transportation ticket; after which the porter precedes you with your baggage and instals you in your temporary home.

All the transcontinental coaches are sleepers, and there is no additional expense incurred over the cost of transportation for the accommodations. The cars are made in England, and there is nothing about them to indicate in what particular part of the island they were fabricated; and after noticing the poor quality of the wood work one does not marvel at this apparent omission. The coaches are fashioned after the plan of the Mann Boudoir cars seen in our Southern States and in Europe, with a lateral passage from one end of the coach to the other, connecting with the rooms by narrow doors.

Each room contains four berths, and the upper ones are shelves similar to those in East Indian coaches, which are reached by the aid of a short ladder; the occupant must

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SCENE BETWEEN ARGENTINE AND CHILI

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take his chances of rolling off in the course of his slumbers, for there is nothing to prevent him from obeying the law of gravitation should he approach too near the edge of the precipice. This upper shelf is in the daytime the back of the seat; it does not reach the lower seat, and takes you in the back at precisely the wrong place, so that you are slightly tilted forward. Between the seats, which face each other, and on the window side of the room, is a washstand, which is like those on steamers most everywhere, folding into the wall when not in use. Below is a small compartment containing a copper vessel. The interior woodwork is of ash, and poorly joined. The floor is covered with oilcloth and the seats with imitation leather.

These are the luxurious coaches which we have heard and read of as being as fine and comfortable as those of the Northern transcontinental trains! About four times a day the porter comes through the coach with a large cotton duster, and slashes and beats the dust about, merely changing the location of the individual particles. A dining-car is attached to each train, and when you enter it you find table linen absolutely suffering for the laundry, the floor strewn with corks of bottles and fragments of former repasts. The food is better than would be expected from the environment, and I always make it a rule to speak as well as possible of anything described, most especially those which are accessory to comfort. The service is not as good as the food, and ice is almost as hard to get as in New Zealand. The price of the meals is about the same as in the United States.

The pampas look exactly as depicted by the geographies of our younger days, which by the way, have changed very materially since; so level that if the Titans were disposed to have a game of billiards or bowls there would be nothing in the way of roughness of surface to prevent, and the railroad runs just 206 miles before making the slightest curve. As soon as we were out of the city of Buenos Aires we began to see the ranches or estancias, which kept getting larger as we proceeded, until we were passing through some which were estimated by square miles or leagues. There

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were enormous fields of maize or indian corn, the most of which looked as if a rain would be a godsend, and some of which was actually drying up, for irrigation is not practiced in any region through which we passed. There were crops of linseed, potatoes, and stubble fields miles in size, which showed the wheat crop had been harvested. We saw teams of from five to eight horses with huge loads of wheat in sacks, ordinarily two horses to the pole and the rest in front abreast. The estancias have their specialties, some being principally dedicated to the raising of cattle, others of horses or sheep, and we saw four where ostriches appeared to be the leading stock, groups of hundreds of them being seen in numerous instances, with no other living thing in sight but a few horses. The fences are all of wire, the barbed kind being very popular.

During the entire journey across the pampas we were much impressed with the fact that Argentina has much to contend with in the line of climatic conditions and contingencies, the principal need being that of an adequate supply of water. It is related that last year one-half of the corn crop was a failure on this account, and the locusts descend upon the crops at times and consume everything in sight, leaving an area as nude as if swept by devastating fire. Only a short time ago a train was delayed a long time at a place over which we passed, by reason of the track being covered by these pests; their bodies when flattened out lubricating the track to such an extent that the wheels merely spun around without making any progress forward.

When the night came on we were still following the straight line, and not long after dinner all retired because we were to be awakened at the uncanny hour of 3:30 A. M. to transfer to a narrow-guage train, better adapted to mountain climbing. When this was done we found we were up in the Andes Mountains, with a crisp, cold air indicating the proximity of snow. This was at Mendoza, which we were surprised to find was a large place with electric street lights, situated in a famous fruit growing

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and wine producing district, made so by utilizing by irrigation the water of the melting snows above.

Soon after the transfer a repast of bread and butter, coffee and eggs (the latter in all the intermediate stages between the cackle and the cluck), were served, and while consuming them we feasted our eyes upon the royal splendor of snow-clad peaks, warmed into life and beauty by the ruddy flush of the sun's first rays. About 11 o'clock we came to a place where the track had a central cog line, and we began mountain climbing in real earnest, at times proceeding so slowly that it seemed as if we must surely stop. All this time we were beholding the most stupendous and beautiful mountain scenery, crossing many times a roaring stream, looking down into valleys and up mountain sides, stopping at intervals at small stations, as if to take breath for harder work. The stations are small one-story structures, usually built of the stone which abounds everywhere, often provided with sheet-iron roofs. Occasionally a small and rather apologetic vegetable or flower garden is seen, and the wayfarer wonders from whence the earth was obtained.

About one o'clock we reached the end of railway travel near a point where a tunnel is to be constructed through the mountain to connect with the line on the Chilean side. At this point the railroad company is going to build a million dollar (less than one-half that in United States currency) hotel, and Maple, of London, is going to furnish it. The present caravansary is of the one-story bungalow type, with a roof of corrugated iron which, useful as it is lacking in beauty, seems to be distributed all over the southern half of the world. We found many vehicles awaiting us here, which had been dignified with the pretentious name of diligences, conjuring up visions of pleasant and comfortable European travel in vehicles of the name. They were not exactly what our fancy had painted them, being like large store-boxes on wheels, with side seats facing each other, with an open back to facilitate getting in as well as looking out. The top, sides and front are closed with canvas as a feeble attempt to exclude dust, a most

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glaring failure; and the individual with the longest shanks suffers most by reason of scarcity of space in which to stretch them out. Each of these vehicles is pulled by four horses abreast, two to the pole, with the regulation number of traces or tugs. The outside horses have only one tug each and that a heavy chain, on the side next to the pole-horse. All the collars are of the breast variety, and there is, of course, a great disadvantage and loss of power suffered by the outside horses from pulling in such a lopsided manner.

After an animated argument in pantomime with our driver, who objected to taking on all our baggage, we started the sixth in the procession and began at once ascending a zigzag road up the mountain side, at every other turn looking down upon the station we had left, and apparently not making much progress away from it except in a vertical direction. After an hour or so of this work, and at a point where the gradients were becoming perceptibly steeper, we came to a place where mounted men were waiting for us, each with a large rope in hand ending in a hook which was attached to the pole, and the mounted horse assisted in pulling by its saddle. Not all availed themselves of this aid, it being evidently at the option of the drivers and a matter of private contract, but our vehicle was filled with heavy weights and we took it on with alacrity. About two-thirds of the way up all stopped, and a man mounted on a fine mule rode to each conveyance and collected the tickets for the mountain part of the journey. The drivers alighted, smoked cigarettes, shifted their ponchos of heavy woolen fabric, and allowed their panting animals to recover as much breath as possible for the time.

All the trunks and larger pieces of baggage were loaded on mules which we could often see taking short and steep cuts across the zigzags, at times coming to the road ahead of us and often being more or less in the way. We caught up with and passed an Indian and his wife, mounted on mules, the former with his swarthy little son behind him and hanging on for dear life, while a third mule carried their impedimenta.

We reached the summit of the pass in about two and one

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half hours, and gazed upon the bronze statue of the Saviour of mankind, of a size larger than heroic and smaller than colossal, upon a pedestal of concrete sextagonal in form. Why it was not made of the granite which abounded everywhere is past finding out. The statue holds in its left hand a large cross, and the right hand is raised as in benediction. It was erected at the expense of the two governments at the boundary line agreed upon, at a point where the water from melting snows of one side are tributary to the Atlantic, and on the other to the Pacific, making a natural and logical line of demarcation. At this point and below it on both sides were masses of snow discolored by the dust of the pass.

The road we had just come over was surprisingly good, fully as much so as those of the celebrated Swiss passes, and better than the one over the Tete Noire; but on the Chilean side, the farther we left the statue behind, the rougher and dustier did the way become. A mounted officer and a few soldiers met us soon after passing the frontier, and seemed to enjoy cutting down across the zigzags and appearing unto us at succeeding points farther down. The descent was made all the way on a smart trot and occasionally on a gallop, impressing one at the sudden turns with the sharpness of the turns, which fortunately for man and beast were protected with walls of loose stones about four feet high. When well down toward the valley we met mules laden with Portland cement going up toward a point where construction of some sort was going on, more than likely the tunnel of which we could see the opening far above us. Each mule carried a sack of cement fastened on each side of the pack-saddle, while upon them rested a barrel of the same, making a very heavy burden. And our baggage mules had troubles of their own when their loads would become overbalanced on one side or disarranged in some way. These mules travelled without bridles or head gear of any kind, and the method of stopping them and causing them to stand still was by throwing a poncho over their heads, causing them to instantly become as immovable as statues. We met many ox teams

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attached to huge wagons, upon each of which were three long steel rails destined for the tunnel. Although several yokes of them were attached to each load, their struggles were painful to behold, and we were glad to notice they were frequently allowed to stop and rest.

We finally reached the little custom house on the Chilean side, had our baggage inspected in the usual way without anyone in sight paying for anything, hustled it ourselves on the vehicles again, and took a last spurt of half a mile to the railroad station, to enter a car and wait an hour or more for the rest of the baggage to be brought on board. On the train and destined to ride in a freight car was a tribe of Spanish gypsies of the old-fashioned, orthodox, long-haired, swarthy, unwashed and unkempt type; the horse-trading, chicken-stealing and fortune-telling kind that one would rightfully expect to meet in historical Granada or some other Spanish city.

In the gloaming we left, and after a run of an hour or two, principally down grade, brought up at Los Andes, and put up at the only hotel in the town. In the course of a long journey it is quite possible to run up against disappointments of divers kinds, and here was one of them. During the mountain section of our journey when almost blinded and choked with the dust of our own producing, we had indulged in blissful anticipations of baths before retiring for the night, and that we all needed it badly enough goes without saying. The average bather expects or at least hopes that the water prior to use will be more clean than himself; but the sight of it in this hotel caused not only a recoil but the most melancholy farce of a bath I had ever experienced outside of the wilds of Abyssinia. The water not only looked as if it had been utilized many times before for various purposes, but was as cold as melting snows could make it, and the boniface informed me there would not be any hot water available until the following morning after early train time. At that hotel there were wooden ceilings and other indications that we were in an earthquake zone, and the dining room had the additional and unusual feature of a bar with all its equipments.

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Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chile, is situated on an elevated plateau 2,000 feet above sea level, between two ranges of the Andean system, attained by steep grades and multiplicity of engines. Its census was finished the other day, and showed a population of something over 480,000. It is an old Spanish city, full of narrow streets and a few wide ones, with all kinds of pavements, from the rough cobblestone and Belgian block to the asphalt and virgin soil unadorned. The asphalt is brought from Trinidad, and was put down by an American company. The dwellings and public buildings are generally of brick covered with stucco, and the earthquake afforded numberless facilities for showing the composition of the walls.

The city has several fine parks, the principal one being within a stone's throw of our hotel, called the Plaza des Armes. There is a music pavilion in the center, and evening concerts are frequent. The central area of the plaza is filled and made beautiful with a profusion of tropical trees, palms, pepper and magnolia trees. There for the very first time in South America have we seen the oak, our favorite of the forest. Outside the center of the park is a wide promenade paved with tile, and it is a brilliant and beautiful sight in the evening to see the hundreds of well dressed men, women and children promenading to the sound of beautiful music. There are always secret police there to prevent any objectionable characters from straying in, or to eject such as may have chanced to gain access. The rock of Santa Lucia, about 100 metres high, has been made a beautiful spot by art supplemented by large sums of money, and is one of the features to which the citizen points with commendable pride.

One of the substantial citizens of Santiago is an old school-mate whom I had not seen for 40 years, with whom I had one of my very first combats in the sunny days of boyhood. It happened at school in the short interim of study called recess, and was in full blast when the bell rang announcing its termination. If he was just half as glad to hear that welcome sound as was his adversary there was no fault-finding at that time. But it is the only in-

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stance in the archives of my memory when a school bell had any special attractions for me. In the course of active hostilities he made a specialty of one of my cheeks, and if it looked as it felt for a while afterward, it must have borne a striking resemblance to a good-sized ham. He had forgotten all about it, only to be accounted for on the hypothesis that he had not as much cause to remember it as I.

His career sounds like a romance. In its course he has visited and filled contracts for all sorts of constructive work in all the South American countries from above the equator down to the Straits of Magellan, and he has visited all the South American countries except Venezuela and the Guianas. His first acquaintance with this city was in the role of a prisoner of war, having been captured in the war between Peru and Chile many years ago, when he filled a contract for making torpedoes for the former government. This was bad for him, but not as much so as being caught *in flrgante delecto* when placing some of the explosives for the purpose of blowing the Chilean fleet out of the water. He was brought here and knew the inside of a prison for a protracted time. When in durance, and not knowing what day he would be led out and shot, he studied the Spanish language, and speaks it with the fluency of the Castilian born.

His life was saved through the intercession of our Government, he never having abandoned his citizenship. When liberated after the end of the war he was out of funds, having disbursed all his money in purchasing supplements to the prison fare. He took a contract in Peru to build a sugar mill, one clause of which stipulated that he was to manage it successfully a year after its completion. He asserts he knew nothing about sugar mills, but was always smart enough to employ artisans who knew more than he did. He hunted a place to get clay for brick, and trained Indians in the art of making them. He found a location for stone of the proper kind to burn and convert into lime. He built the mill, ran it a year to good effect and cleared something on his contract; after that he mar-

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ried a Chileno girl of Spanish descent. He has been a widower eight years and has four grown-up children, who cannot speak English. Individually he has attained to the dignified condition or estate of grandfathership of recent date. Long and often did we talk of things reminiscent, and I awakened within him a wish to see his native land once more before the long-haired and bearded patriarch with the scythe or sickle (or both) shall gently beckon him to follow elsewhere.

In Great Britain and continental Europe the haughty hotel clerk is as likely to be a woman as a man, and the taproom girls of the former country are more or less famous. In some European countries the gatekeepers at rural railway crossings are apt to be women who have passed the meridian of their usefulness and efficiency if they have not in other lines. In Germany we have seen husky and courageous women carrying hods of brick up ladders to be laid upon growing walls. They are also seen doing the roughest and heaviest farm drudgery in many lands, to say nothing of pulling loads with dogs. We have seen them coaling steamers in Japan with the men, and doing it fully as well as they if not a shade better. But here we find them assuming a new role as street car conductors, in which as usual they compete successfully with the men, although I have not yet ascertained whether their compensation is the same, with the chances somewhat against them. What they may lack in beauty of face or form they make up in efficiency, and the company employing them can not reasonably hope that enamored young men will squander their money in fares for the purpose of establishing flirtations. Their only attempt at a uniform consists in the wearing of sailor straw hats originally intended for the other sex. They are business-like and active, and much more trim and tidy in appearance than their masculine co-workers. The traction service is excellent all over the city, and there is a belt line.

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PROSPEROUS VALPARAISO.

VALPARAISO, Chile, Feb. 27.—The difference between Argentina and Chile as to their physical appearance is as well defined as if they were in different zones, and the contrast was apparent soon after crossing the divide, where we were 13,000 feet above sea level, or something like two and a half miles. On the divide and near the bronze statue of Christ already alluded to is one of the rest houses to be seen at intervals along the valleys and on both sides of the mountains, in which belated travelers and mail carriers find shelter over night in the winter, when travel is necessarily tedious and slow. These are of diminutive size, built of stone, and like the Dak bungalows of India, in case of filling up, the first arrival is expected to make way for the last, a contingency of very rare occurrence. On both sides of the mountains were cacti, those of the Argentine side unadorned, but on the Chilean side a blaze of color from the gorgeous blossoms. The only feature in which Chile was not an improvement upon Argentina existed in the very rough and dusty road of the descent. Long before reaching the valley were to be seen mountain homes with small areas of cultivated ground freshened by the mountain streams; for irrigation is elevated to the dignity of a high art, making the land a veritable Garden of Eden in appearance after the flat and semi-arid, dry and dusty Argentina. In dimensions Chile is very like two seas famed in history, both sacred and profane, having the length of the Mediterranean (2,500 miles), and a width in its greatest latitude of the Red Sea (200 miles), the average width of the narrow strip of a republic being less than 100 miles.

We have always considered Java as the banner country for orchids, but it must hide its diminished head in the presence of radiant Chile, for trees here are luminous with orchid blossoms. Even on the lower mountain slopes at such places as the mimosa flourishes, that poor apology to either beauty or shade producing power is made lovely by the presence of orchids bestowed by nature with lavish

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hand. In the earlier stage of its career the mimosa, until it attains a height of eight or ten feet, is to all intents and purposes a bush or shrub, not aspiring to arboreal dignity. We had always an idea that orchids appeared only upon old or at least fully grown trees; but here they apparently wait for it to appear above the ground and seize upon it without ceremony or loss of time.

The fruits of Chile, with some exceptions, are, if not a delusion and a snare, at least a disappointment to expectant gustatory nerves. The grapes, pears and figs are fine as can be found anywhere, but the peaches, apricots, apples and other fruits fail to make good the prophecy of their attractive appearance. Melons abound, and large wagon and cart loads can be seen coming into the city drawn by oxen, which do most of the heavy pulling. We saw at a railway station on the way here a long-legged black ox with horns like those of a Spanish fighting bull, yoked with a short-horn bull, working amicably together. As in the Argentine, the yoke is fastened by heavy thongs of raw-hide back of the horns, causing all of the weight to fall upon the neck. It is said that when the muscles become tired out the neck breaks, the unfortunate ox giving an expostulatory bellow just before it falls over dead.

The threshing of grain in Chile is after the honored though wayback method of the time of the great Hebrew lawgiver. The crop of grain in the straw is placed in a heap in the center of a circular space from which all vegetation has been removed, and the surface beaten hard. Just before use it is sprinkled, to obviate as much as possible the presence of dust. Oxen and horses are driven in a circle around the pile, gradually encroaching upon it more and more. The straw is removed gradually, and at last there only remains the chaff and grain in a heap, which are separated by tossing them in the air and letting the breeze carry away the chaff. It is a method as simple as effective, having certain disadvantages, and no doubt much of the grain is lost during the process.

Market gardeners come in early in the morning with their produce contained in huge hampers, one on each

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side of an animal. The hampers are often made of the rawhides of cattle with the hair on the outside, in many instances worn more or less bald in spots, according to the amount of friction sustained. Some of them are of basket work and occasionally are mere wooden boxes, but all of them are large. Milk-venders visit their customers on horse or mule back, with a wooden keg of the lacteal fluid swung on each side of the saddle, and provided with brass faucets. They ordinarily carry the measures in their hands.

The streets of Valparaiso were originally intended to be good, and were doubtless such before the earthquake, which came soon after the one at San Francisco. At present their billowy condition in some places would be trying to the nerves of some individuals who might be subject to seasickness. Some are paved with Belgian blocks, a few with asphalt and others with irregular stones. Large sections of sidewalk are paved with a purple slate, which we have never seen used for that purpose before. Both streets and sidewalks are narrow. There are several trolley lines, some with two-story cars and most of them provided with female conductors. The latter are faithful and efficient, but not beautiful, like their sisters of Santiago; and the constant vibration loosens their hair under their sailor hats so that they often have a bedraggled appearance. The trolley-rolling stock is very much down at the heels, and would be much improved by an infusion of new material.

The earthquake made sad havoc here, not only with property, but with human and animal life. We are told by the American consul that 5000 bodies have been accounted for, and they are still finding them in the course of clearing away debris preparatory to reconstruction. He says he came here two months after the tragedy, and that the stench in the devastated areas was simply terrible; also that in some places it still exists in a modified degree. Everywhere are seen buildings with cracked walls, many of them undergoing repairs. There is a very pretty plaza about five minutes' walk from this (The Royal) hotel, and on three sides of it are buildings more or less ruined,

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some of them mere heaps of masonry and dust. The ruined areas remind the spectator of those of Pompeii, though on a much diminished scale.

The people of this city are far above the average for personal appearance, and there are more well dressed individuals of both sexes than are usually seen in most cities of its size. Many of the women, with their olive complexions, oval faces and splendid teeth, are beautiful. Others with fairer complexions have the famed Andalusian characteristics. Unfortunately there are many among them who, in other respects fair, would look better after a visit to a dermatologist or barber; but in some countries this is considered a mark of distinction and something to be desired. There are venders of fruit at every corner and between them, old and young, on foot and horseback. The newsvenders are generally old women, who, seated on chairs or curbstones, while away the lonesome hours by smoking cigarettes. Intoxication upon the streets is rare, but it is no unusual thing to see women go into the barroom of this hotel, which is supposed to be the best in the city, and call for their favorite tipple, generally in the company of a male friend, who does the paying. The German must have his beer, the Frenchman his absinthe, the Anglo-Saxon race its tea and other beverages too numerous to mention; the warlike Jap his rice brandy (sake), but the Chileno cannot long endure without his matte, an infusion of the leaves of a plant, a native of Paraguay and Brazil. They are fond of taking it in freakish looking cups often made of nut shells, such as that of a small cocoanut, sometimes of pottery, and occasionally of pure silver. This cup is upheld by what looks like an old-fashioned and clumsy pewter candlestick, which, however, is apt to be of solid silver. A hollow tube of silver about eight inches long ending in an expanded portion provided with minute perforations completes the armamentarium. It is called bombilla, and serves the double purpose of suction tube and strainer to prevent particles from entering the mouth.

The unit of the Chilean monetary system is the peso, also called the dollar, with fractional divisions upon the decimal

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plan, 100 centavos making the peso. There are 5, 10, 20 and 40 peso pieces, the latter said to contain about four per cent of silver. The paper currency runs in one, two, five, ten, fifty and one hundred peso bills, made by the American Bank Note Company of New York. There seem to be more banking houses in Valparaiso than any other place on earth in proportion to its size, about every third or fourth building on some streets being a bank. In looking in one seldom sees a customer depositing or withdrawing the coin of the realm; but this is a season of financial depression, the city not yet having rallied from the horrors of the last earthquake. Store and shopkeepers lock their doors at lunch time to return later, and just now it seems as if it would be about as well if they would not return at all.

The Chilean railroads are well ballasted with stone and the rails well laid; the coaches of the trunk lines with standard gauges are built after the plan of those in the United States and were quite likely made there, but it is impossible to find the maker's name upon them. Most of the engines are of German and Belgian manufacture, and they seem to do the work well, though they look small and light as compared with the giants of the north. The street-cars have no trolley wheels, but connection overhead is made by an ellipse of metal; no wheels to fly the wire and be replaced, and consequently no delays from that source. The long axis of the ellipse is at a right angle with the long diameter of the car.

The census of Valparaiso has just been finished and shows something over 180,000, though the visitor would estimate it to be about half that. The streets are crooked and filthy in the lower and business portion of the city, which is connected with the elevated part not only by steep, narrow and crooked streets, but by numerous elevators, all of which are managed by women. You enter the office if about to ascend, the door is closed, and wireless communication is effected with the upper end by the young woman hammering upon a piece of iron with great vigor. At the top you pay for your transportation, and pass

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through a turnstile. There is a large market here, and most of the articles on sale seem to be of good quality and endless quantity; but it is kept in a perfectly filthy condition, and any guest of a hotel who wishes to enjoy his meals had better give the market-place a wide berth. This being the land of earthquakes, tidal waves and seismic and barometric phenomena of all kinds, we were not much surprised lately upon beholding a cluster of aerolites in broad daylight and apparently quite near to the earth. They seemed to be moving parallel to its surface up to the time they disappeared, though some of the observers thought there was a slight declination. Be this as it may, it disappeared as suddenly as it came, and was intensely brilliant.

There is to be a carnival here next week and a kind of prelude to it can be seen every morning in the principal plaza, as if the populace can hardly wait for the festivities to begin. Last evening there was a public concert in the plaza, and the music was fairly good, though after the popular school. About 8.30 gaily dressed ladies and well attired men began to pour in in a stream, and there was a continuous promenade until about midnight, which vividly recalled occurrences of the same kind in the Piazza of St. Mark, in Venice. Boys went about through the throng selling paper cylinders containing ribbons of vari-colored paper rolled up like tape. These were in great demand, and soon the ribbons were flying through the air in all directions, most frequently aimed so as to fall in front of the ladies and fall upon their gowns. Many of the latter, however, were provided with the same kind of ammunition and retorted in kind. The greatest good humor prevailed, and the ladies who were the most decorated with trailing and entangling ornaments were the most flattered.

Before leaving here, it would not be amiss to allude to the great strength of Chile as a producer of minerals, factors toward commercial importance and wealth. The yearly production of nitrate of soda is 1,750,000 tons, with a value of 225,000,000 pesos. The deposits are estimated to contain a sufficient quantity to last 100 years at this rate of

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extraction. The annual production of borax is 28,000 tons, valued at 4,000,000 pesos. It supplies the greater part of the world, and could easily furnish the rest. It has enough sulphur to supply the world for several decades, and the same may be said of the salt mines, those in the province of Tarapaca having horizontal veins of crystalline pure salt 20 meters thick. All the guano deposits are reserved for home consumption. There is also plenty of coal, iron, lime, clay, and some gold, silver, copper and zinc.

PERUVIAN SCENES.

CALLAO, Peru, March 11.—There was an earthquake in Valparaiso the day before we left, but we were only aware of it by seeing an account of it in the papers, and not by any unusual experiences nor sensations. But we were much impressed by a tale of our landlord, who purchased his hotel just a few hours before the terrible earthquake of more than a year ago, from the ravages of which the city is only approaching convalescence. The only injuries his real estate sustained were in the shape of cracked ceilings and the falling of stucco ornamentation, as the foundation of the building was solid rock. But almost immediately after the inhabitants recovered from their first fright looters and thieves began their nefarious work, and many of them were captured in the hotel. After they were removed he sat in a chair at the entrance three days and nights with a revolver in each hand and one in his pocket until conditions had quieted down to something approaching the normal, and was quite ready for protracted slumber as soon as its refreshing tendencies were available. Short shrift was made of the thieves caught in his hostlery, for they were marched across the street from it, ranged against a wall and shot by a squad of soldiers without any ceremony at all.

We left the city of woman street-car conductors and man hotel chambermaids on the leap day of the leap year, and boarded the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamship Chile as first-class passengers for Panama.

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Caldera, like the house of unstable foundation mentioned in the Bible, is built upon the sand and goes the scriptural residence one better by being surrounded by it. The name is derived from a Spanish word signifying kettle, a most clever idea and description as to environment and temperature. It is a seaport for the province of Atacama in Chile, has an excellent harbor protected by a breakwater, and exports silver and copper, being the port for the mining district centering at Coptapo, with which place it is connected by rail.

Antofogasta is the capital of a province of the same name and a seaport in Chile. It was founded in 1870, and increased rapidly in importance and dimensions, in spite of its poor harbor or rather lack of harbor facilities, owing to its proximity to rich nitrate deposits and to the rich silver mines of the Caracoles district, with rail connection between. Its population in 1900 was almost 20,000. It is supplied with water by a mountain stream which has its source 300 miles away, and crosses an arid plain in pipes most of that distance. It has two hotels, the principal one kept by an Englishman who pays the modest rent of two hundred pounds sterling per month.

The peons or workmen of the nitrate fields are from Bolivia, Chile, Peru and the Argentine, with what are said to be the worst representatives of all those countries, also of several of the Indian tribes. They are a lawless and turbulent body of laborers, and strikes have been known to occur. Of these, the last was about last Christmas, when 12,000 of the workers descended upon Iquique like a pack of ravenous wolves, bent upon attacking the town and looting it. They entered the plaza, without which no self-respecting South American hamlet, village, town or city would consent to be under any consideration, and there halted to talk with some of the town and government officials who confronted them, who offered them an increase of wages provided, they would disperse quietly and return to the field of their labors. This they declined to do, and then another proposition was made them, viz., to form a camp outside the town in which to live while ne-

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gotiations were going on for a peaceful solution of the problem. They would not agree to this, as they were bent upon rapine and plunder, and began hostile demonstrations without any further parley or loss of time. They had not noticed some gatling guns which had been concealed up to that time, and which instantly opened upon them with all the rage of war; and, it is related that about 600 of them were mowed down like ripe grain before a reaper in an incredibly short space of time, during which they suddenly discovered that after all they did not want higher wages, and broke for the country like a flock of sheep.

Pisagua is a town (pronounced pee-saw-ah) in the province of Tarapaca, Chile, forty-six miles north of Iquique, with railroad communication between. It is the second town in size of the province, is in a desert country, but has a fine harbor, doubtless the determining cause of its location. It has well constructed streets and modern houses. The leading industry is the shipping of nitrates, brought by rail from the interior. The population is about ten thousand. In April, 1879, it was bombarded and completely destroyed by the Chilean fleet, but after the cessation of hostilities it was quickly rebuilt. Near it in November, 1879, occurred a battle in which the Chileans defeated the combined forces of Peru and Bolivia, numbering eleven thousand.

We stopped at Arica on the frontier of Peru, and went through the farce of a medical inspection by an officer of the Peruvian government before being allowed to go ashore. It is in the province of Tacua, connected by rail with the capital of the same name. It has a safe roadstead, and is of importance to Bolivia owing to its communication with its capital (La Paz) by rail. It does considerable export business, chiefly in copper, silver, alpaca, wool and guano. The population in the Spanish regime was 30,000, now atrophied to about 4,000. It was founded more than 200 years ago and has suffered frequently from earthquakes; the one of 1868 being the most destructive to life and property. During the war it was bombarded by the Chilean forces, and was transferred to Chile along with the prov-

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ince of Tacua. It is called the Gibralter of Chile by reason of a huge rock near by resembling the Spanish one, and about one-third as large.

From Arica on a clear day, which is most of the time, can be seen the snow-clad peak of Mt. Sorata, 22,000 feet high, said to be one of the loftiest in South America. It is one of the very few towns to be seen on the west coast of South America coming thus far northward which is pleasing by reason of having something green upon which to rest and refresh the eye. It has a plaza with pepper trees around it and decorating its center, with pomegranates, palms, huge cotton plants in blossom and with bursting boles, also evergreens and acacias. Here also is the oleander, hibiscus and the poincettina, all of gigantic size and showing the general impulses contributed by climate, soil and water, the latter coming from a mountain far away. Many of the streets are shaded with huge pepper trees, some of them radiant with their clusters of blossoms. Benches which look like stone are set along the walks at frequent intervals, but they are made of adobe covered with stucco. The streets are paved with water-rolled pebbles gathered on the coast, commonly known as kidney stones, laid edgewise. The sidewalks are narrow, and if two individuals meet on them who are wide across the beam, it is considered good form if not necessary for one of them to step into the street.

Although Sunday, all the business places were in full blast, and some invested in vicuna rugs of large size and attractive appearance. The market was in active operation, and we purchased excellent fruits at very moderate prices. We saw a few groups of Indian women seated on the curbstones or ground with baskets of fruit beside them, perfectly willing to sell but not displaying any commercial activity by calling attention to their stocks in trade. In small general stores we noticed bundles of firewood piled upon the counters and in front of them. Very unattractive appearing slabs of dried beef were prominent among the food products on sale. A donkey moved sluggishly along the plaza with a pannier filled with fish on each side of it,

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followed by a frowsy looking squaw, both beings and merchandise for the adjoining market bent.

At Mollendo (mo-yen-doe), another port for La Paz, we were fumigated with sulphur, or the steamer was, and loud, frequent and long were the coughs, sneezes and exclamations inspired by the irritating fumes. It is the chief seaport for southern Peru, and exports alpaca, wool, cinchona bark, antimony, silver and copper ores. It is the seat of a United States consulate, and had a census at last report of 22,000. Here we took on several tons of crude rubber. This has traveled a long distance and by different methods in reaching the coast, being gathered in forests far inland along a river which is tributary to the Amazon, which, as everybody knows, flows east and empties into the Atlantic Ocean about a thousand miles or so above Pernambuco.

At Lomas we put in for one solitary passenger, and he had a time in getting on to the gangway, because the water was rough, and he was young in the noble art of stepping out of a small boat at precisely the right instant. At Carro Azul, a small Peruvian village, we stopped long enough to admire what little green was given it by the few palms of which it could boast. The habitations were of adobe without any stucco finish, and the whole effect was that of an Arab village of mud huts in Egypt.

IN THE CAPITAL OF PERU.

LIMA, Peru, March 8.—The electric line between Callao and this city is up grade the six miles of its length, the historical city being 500 feet above the level of the sea. It can be plainly seen from Callao, and is more attractive from that distance by reason of the buildings looking like marble when brightened by the rays of the sun. This impression is gradually dispelled upon a nearer approach to the city, and finally vanishes entirely upon entering it, as most of the structures are of adobe. The prevailing style of architecture is that established by the Moors in Spain during the time of their occupation of that country, one

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EL MORRO, ARICA

LIMA, PERU

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which has long survived their overthrow and expulsion; the taste for which was brought over and introduced here by Pizarro and his small army of ruthless invaders. The intervening country has the appearance of being in want of rain, and everything is covered with dust. Adobe walls about four feet high divide the fields, and many of them are crumbling. They and all the available wall spaces here and at Callao are covered with gorgeous representations of the American flag, upon which are printed in large letters, "Welcome to the American Fleet," and the citizens have not yet finished telling about the great event of the season. The marines and jacky boys spent their loose change in a lavish manner, to the great satisfaction and no small profit of the inhabitants, and disturbances of a serious nature did not occur. The police were instructed to be both blind and deaf to any irregularities among the visitors, who had with them their own patrol to deal with in case of need.

Most of the buildings of Lima (pronounced lee-mah), public and private, are of adobe, and one is often disappointed upon approaching a majestic and solid appearing structure to find it is of that material, as proved by the exfoliation of particles of stucco which veneers them all. There are some exceptions, however, as we notice buildings in course of construction which are of large and coarsely made brick. There are thousands of small buildings in the city which consist of only one room each, and in which whole families dwell. These are often in courts back of the most prominent business thoroughfares.

The streets of Lima are very narrow, some of them paved with large blocks of stone, and many with asphalt. We noticed cleansing operations going on in some of the latter streets, though all the rest needed them badly enough. There is a very good electric street-car service, and we noticed no cars run by horse or mule power, as in some other Latin American cities. Carriages for hire are numerous without being cheap. An ebony-hued driver of one of them, resting steeds and self in the shade across the street, with a top hat which once was new and *a la mode*, and from whom we might rightfully expect to hear some Span-

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ish lingo, accosts us in the excellent English of an Oxford graduate, to our no small surprise and satisfaction. Horseback riding is very common, even among business men in the active part of the day. The horses are trained to stand without being tied, and it is the exception to see a saddled horse with hobbles on the front legs or with a lariat lying on the sidewalk attached by one end to the saddle.

And here we see the llama for the first time outside of a menagerie, the burden-bearing analogue of the African or Asiatic camel or dromedary, but a more pleasing animal to see. The llama has a graceful and dignified gait as compared with the awkward shamble of the camel, and is also an improvement upon the latter in the item of disposition. It is not easily aroused to anger, but when it is shows its wrath by ejecting upon its object an acrid and irritating mucous secretion from its mouth. The camel has a cronic grouch against mankind for once and forever. The average load for the llama is said to be 100 pounds, and it will often carry an additional ten pounds without making any complaint; but it will not carry one ounce above this, and will lie down and starve rather than be taxed beyond its powers of endurance. A full-grown llama will stand about as high as a Jersey cow and has a woolly coat of grayish-brown long hair.

Lima has suffered severely and often from earthquakes, the most destructive one of which occurred in 1746; and since that time the plan of its architecture has been with a view to provide against similar contingencies. The most of the buildings erected since are low, the majority of them being not more than one story high, while those of more than two stories, excepting ecclesiastical structures, are very rare. A close inspection of many of them reveals the fact that bamboo poles enter largely in the material of the walls, and the woodwork is joined in a loose way so as to give way instead of breaking asunder under stress of certain conditions.

One of the principal streets runs in front of our hotel into the largest plaza, resuming its course beyond the latter and crossing the Rimac River, which is a rushing

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mountain stream having its genesis from the melting snows of the nearest Cordilleras, crossed by a majestic stone bridge and rushing madly seaward. But it abruptly ceases to be a prominent street beyond the bridge, degenerating into a thoroughfare in the Chinese quarter. As the stream does not fill its channel bed at this time, the latter contains numerous islets, upon which squatters are cultivating vegetables, like the islands of the Nile at low water, which are utilized by the fellaheen for raising melons and radishes. So large a percentage of the citizens of Lima have Indian facial and physical characteristics that the newcomer wonders if any escapes contagion. There are the high malar prominences, coarse black hair and varying degrees of coppery complexion to be seen in all grades and classes, to say nothing of short stature and stocky build.

The Cathedral, occupying more than half the south side of the principal plaza, consumed more time in its construction than did St. Peter's church in Rome, and was principally mud then. The visitor, regardless of creed, makes a pilgrimage there to gaze upon the mortal remains of Pizaro, founder of the city. Immediately upon entering the building we saw a man at the left carrying a ladder, and approaching him mentioned the name of Pizarro with a rising inflection, whereupon a gleam of intelligence illuminated his features, and upon attempting to follow him held up his hand admonishing us to stay where we were, after which he disappeared. We entertained ourselves by looking about the interior during the few minutes which elapsed before he returned minus the ladder and plus a key larger than the historic one of the Bastille, now one of the interesting sights of Mount Vernon, sent by LaFayette to the admired and beloved Washington.

We were standing near a screen before a lateral chapel, and he introduced his hand through it, inserting the key inside and unlocking the door hind side before, so to speak. We entered and saw to the left a sarcophagus covered with a black cloth, which on being raised from the side showed a large casket with a full length glass side toward us, and within it the bony framework of a large man with a parch-

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ment-like skin stretched over it. The hair and beard had fallen away, and only two lower incisor teeth occupied their normal location. Two small pieces of skin had been cut from the right side, probably for souvenirs. The strong and heavy lower jaw indicated determination, while the high and wide frontal development showed intellectual endowment of no mean grade. The pelvic cavity was stuffed with cotton, some of which protruded below. At the left side stood a glass jar containing a brown coarse powder resembling ground coffee. A label stated its contents represented the abdominal viscera, and we felt reasonably assured they had never been the bowels of compassion for a vanquished race.

On the opposite side of the plaza from the Cathedral is a part of the palace built and occupied by Pizarro, the one in which he was assassinated by his Spanish associates and officers. Like mighty Cæsar he was stabbed many times, and fell to the floor. Realizing he was done for he dipped a finger in his blood and traced upon the floor the figure of the cross. While endeavoring to turn over and kiss the symbol he was struck on the back of the head with a large vase in the hands of one of his former companions in crime, which gave him his quietus.

History tells us how not only he but most of his officers came to violent deaths, not at the hands of subjugated races of men, but by each others' hands, like thieves quarrelling over a division of plunder. And one can see in this act not poetic nor logical, but plain every-day justice upon a cruel, blood-thirsty, avaricious and treacherous band, who to-day would simply be called murderous ruffians. To realize this only one of the many crimes of Pizarro and his advisors need be recalled, the one which culminated in the base betrayal and cruel murder of the Inca Atahualpa. Prior to meeting him the Spaniards had had a strenuous and laborious time, and had suffered all sorts of vicissitudes, including hunger and thirst, in reaching the town of Caxamalca, near which they learned Atahualpa was encamped, after having defeated and imprisoned his brother Huascar. Pizarro sent a body of cavalry under his brother

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Hernando and Hernando de Soto to bear his friendly greetings to the potentate, which was done. They found Atahualpa seated on a throne of gold with his retainers about him, and refused food which was offered them, but drank a native liquor from gold vases. The Peruvians had never seen horses before, and de Soto, who was an accomplished equestrian, augmented their wonder and admiration by performing feats of horsemanship before the monarch, in the course of which he dashed toward some of his warriors, who made a precipitate retreat. The legend says the Inca remained apparently unmoved, but that he caused the warriors who had revealed such a lack of stoicism and courage to be executed that evening.

Upon their departure the Inca signified that he would visit their superior officer the following day at Caxamalca, and when this was reported to Pizarro he and his officers hatched out the treasonable plot of capturing the monarch among his own troops, thus obtaining possession of the country in a decisive and easy way. They agreed that an ambush should be prepared by concealing all their cavalry, infantry and what little artillery they had, at a place where Atahualpa had signified his intention of visiting them, and that an attack should be made as soon as they would be gathered at the spot indicated.

To show his confidence in the Spaniards, the Inca and his large retinue came unarmed, thus favoring the consummation of the diabolical and murderous plot. It was late in the afternoon when the Peruvians arrived, and the attack was made with great fury. Pizarro had given orders that the Inca should not be harmed. History tells that something like 2,000 of them were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles before the rest broke down a wall and escaped to the country, after Atahualpa was captured. He had not been a prisoner very long before he began shrewdly to suspect that the animus of his capture was a greed for the gold in which his country abounded. He made a proposition to Pizarro that for his liberty he would fill the room in which they were as high as he could reach with gold. He was a tall man, could reach about nine feet, and

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the room was of large size. Pizarro agreed to the terms and runners were sent through the country telling of the bargain and bearing the royal mandate that all articles of gold should be brought in the shortest possible time, and it began to appear very soon from the nearest provinces. In the meantime Atahualpa, fearful that his brother Huascar might escape from prison and attempt to wreak vengeance upon him in his fallen estate, gave orders that he should be drowned, which was done; the unfortunate Huascar predicting that his brother's career would also be a short one.

The gold which was the price of liberty came in rapidly at first; but more slowly later, and the royal captive explained it was because it would necessarily require a longer time to hear from the more remote corners of the kingdom; Peru then occupying the larger portion of the South American continent. Meanwhile Pizarro and his officers (excepting de Soto, who had conceived not only friendship but sympathy for Atahualpa) affected to believe that the slow arrival of the precious metal was by reason of an uprising which might consummate in a forcible abduction of the prisoner, and pretended they had heard an army was actually approaching. De Soto was incredulous, and Pizarro sent him away with an escort of cavalry to ascertain the truth or falsity of the report.

This was probably only a device to get him out of the way, inasmuch as by the time De Soto returned to report that the country was quietly awaiting the fulfilment of the bargain for their ruler's freedom, the unfortunate Atahualpa had been tried, found guilty of trumped up charges, sentenced and executed, all in the course of one day. According to the sentence he was to have been burned at the stake and was already fastened to it when it was explained to him that if he would embrace Christianity he would be gently and mercifully executed by the garrote, after the good old time-honored method of the Castillians. Finding this was really true, which was about the only true thing he did find in his intercourse with the invaders, he consented to be baptized at once, and then was immediately strangled.

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In a gallery are portraits of all the rulers of the Incan dynasty, ending with that of the unfortunate Atahualpa XIV, according to the number beneath. An artist present called attention to the fact that most of the Incas showed a well-defined Mongolian tendency, with oblique eyes, high malar prominences and sallow color of skin, with scant black hair upon lip or chin. Each portrait shows the borla, although historians affirm the decoration was first made and used by Atahualpa. Another series near by are portraits of the Inca Queens, which, if faithful ones, demonstrate that they were not wooed, won and wedded for beauty, but for other qualifications.

There is a permanent exhibition in Lima open to the public twice a week and with free admission. The student of the Inca period will find there much to entertain and enlighten him. He will see their costumes, and when examining with admiration and interest the ones made with feathers will think of what he has read of or seen in the Hawaiian Islands, the royal mantles of a vanishing race. He will see their arms, weapons and pottery, mummies and ornaments. He will see a product of an earlier industry, now extinct, that of drying human heads after the bones of the skull have been removed by some mysterious and skilful procedure. Strangely enough, the features retain their symmetry, though on a diminished scale. The industry has died out, and the government has prohibited the purchase or sale of any specimens outside of public collections. They look ghastly enough, especially when provided with luxuriant quantities of coarse black hair, which is usually the case.

Lima is the chief commercial city of Peru, with an estimated population of between two and three hundred thousand people. In many cities of South America a census is not taken, but an estimate made instead. A trans-Andean railroad runs from its port of Callao across the Cordilleras and beyond, and is here intersected by another road running north. The chief manufactures are of furniture, iron and copper articles, pottery and dye stuffs. It was founded in 1535 by Pizarro, who called it "Ciudad de los Reyes,"

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in plain English, City of the Kings. In the Spanish colonial times it was the capital of the vice-royalty of Peru, which then included the greater part of South America. In 1880-1 it was occupied by the Chilean army, which destroyed many of its finest monuments and treasures.

Peru has the gold monetary standard, the unit being the sol, equivalent to a fraction less than half a dollar of our money. A gold coin of a few sol's value has upon it the profile of Atahualpa, and for some reason the government has recently issued a dictum that it is no longer to be coined, since which time it has been much sought after by numismatists for their collections.

WE GO TO ECUADOR.

GUAYAQUIL, Ecuador, March 21.—We came here from Callao by way of Salaverra, Pacasmaya, Eten and Paita, all Peruvian coast towns, and occupied about a week in so doing. At Salaverra we took on 500 tons of sugar, the crude product in the shape of yellow crystals about half the size of a grain of wheat. It and the old town of Truxillo (pronounced True-he-yo) near by is at the coast end of a fertile valley showing the beneficial effects of irrigating from mountain streams, the source of large crops of sugar cane, corn and fruits. Pacasmaya does not present any more attractive features than the rank and file of the Peruvian coast towns, which is saying as much in its praise as conditions will admit. The Paitans sell Panama hats, which are not, never have been, and most likely never will be made on any part of the Isthmus of Darien. Indians came alongside in dugouts, canoes and upon rafts, the latter composed of small logs about twelve feet long and provided with sails. They are constructed with the butts of the logs at the stern end of the unweildy craft, making them narrow in front, a style of marine architecture dating from the Noachian period and much in vogue ever since. The logs are held together by cross-pieces of wood, secured by ropes or thongs. They would be difficult to capsize, but the water splashes up between the logs in a manner

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calculated to dampen the enthusiasm of any but the most enthusiastic sailor.

But to come back to our hats, which are of all shapes, sizes and degrees of fineness and coarseness, with a corresponding range in price. The best ones are made inland, not far from Paita, and it is said many of the artists are Indians. The name of the town is Catacayo. The Indians swarmed the decks all day long, and he was a man with force of character who had sufficient power of resistance to escape from buying a hat or two. Some of the passengers invested in as many as half a dozen each, with an eye to future evasion of customs duty in New York and subsequent commercial transactions to be attended with large profits. I bargained for one with a bandy-legged red man for thirty shillings, of as fine texture as I had lately seen in London ranging in price from ten to fifteen pounds.

Ecuador is so named by reason of the fact that the equator traverses it from east to west in the northern portion and Guayaquil (wy-ah-keel) is its principal port, situated on an estuary of the Guayas (wy-as) River, about forty miles from its mouth. It is very tortuous in its course, is in places from one to two miles wide, has two tides a day with a very rapid current, and probably contains more floating material than any other river in the world in proportion to its size. There are large and small bamboo trees, palms and sawed pieces of lumber, and large and small islands of vegetation which seem to have become detached from along shores and adopted a fluvatile life. Heavy forests grow right down to the water's edge most of the way, a charming contrast to the interminable dulness and desolation of the Peruvian coast. The foliage is of the deepest green, and in its shadowy depths are the jaguar or South American leopard (sometimes erroneously called the tiger), the monkey, sloth, marmoset and a small deer, also birds of brilliant plumage and of great variety, prominent among them parrots. Vines creep up the trunks of the trees, crawl out on the limbs and keep on growing until they descend to the ground. The python is at home

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there and on the alert for some ill-fated animal to seize in its powerful bone-crushing coils.

Clearings for plantations are seen at wide intervals erected on tall posts, in order to keep above the high-water line in the rainy season. They are provided with heavy thatches of grass or palm leaves, and are most picturesque except in the few instances where the irrepressible and ubiquitous corrugated iron covering has crept in, seeming quite out of place, a sort of architectural solecism. In the river lurks the alligator, and the giant saurians are said to be quite numerous and aggressive in some localities farther up the river, but we did not happen to see any of them. A citizen of this place told of seeing two lately captured ones shipped in boxes to New York and London, one of which was 18 and the other 22 feet long. He said that up the river beyond here they are so numerous and ferocious that they have been known to attack and upset the narrow little dugouts and canoes, in order to banquet upon the people turned out of them. He said the natives do not seem to fear them though, and often for a small sum of money one of them will enter the water in pursuit of them, knife in hand, and rip one wide open on the underside, where the skin is thin. He had seen it done repeatedly and in no instance was the alligator a match for the armed man. When we anchored here the natives came alongside in canoes with python skins to sell, some of which looked to be from 15 to 20 feet long. Leopard skins are on sale, and ingeniously woven grass mats, which are so durable that they are said to last a lifetime.

We saw a sloth, the most peculiar product of nature's ingenuity ever seen, fashioned upon lines strictly its own; a veritable sui generis. It is the nondescript animal which that witty British divine, Sydney Smith, said lives in a state of chronic suspense by reason of putting in most of its time hanging on the under side of a limb. It is of phlegmatic temperament, and this specimen was about two and one half feet long with a coarse grayish fur, each foot provided with long curved claws of great prehensile power. With a lever it was pryed away from a post to which it

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had been clinging, and a good deal of force was necessary to detach it. It was dragged away by a rope about its neck and incidentally picked up a heavy coil of rope and a large mat as it moved along. Its front legs, which are more like arms, are twice as long and muscular as the hind ones, which latter seem to have only one joint and to be minus a tibia and fibula. The head is small and the lower jaw small and poorly developed, showing a lack of decision of character. The face resembles that of a monkey, with the markings of the raccoon of our country. An accusation of being beautiful could not rightfully be lodged against it, and in fact it makes a very narrow escape from being grotesque. It does not bite nor resent familiarities in any way, but when annoyed by being touched on the head, raises an arm to brush away the cause with the slow uncertain movement of an intoxicated man.

He who journeys this way and wishes to preserve a pleasant remembrance of Guayaquil should be content with the impression produced upon his mind when contemplating it from the deck of a steamer, from whence it is a beautiful picture. The buildings look cleaner and much more attractive than on a nearer approach, having as a background three large hills which might almost aspire to be mountains, and clad with verdure to the summit.

It lies upon a low plain, and is divided into old and new parts, the former with very narrow and ill-paved streets; the newer portion better and more regularly laid out, but with the charge of untidiness against it. The paving is of irregular stone blocks worn into holes and ruts, and much in need of repairs. Electricity is used for lighting the streets, but not as a motor power, for the street-cars are drawn by the smallest mules ever seen. There is a paid fire department, which is said to be very efficient and which was performing its function in a negative way when we anchored in the stream, by reason of a most unusual emergency. We were told at first that the old market place was being destroyed on account of being a home for innumerable rats, which were held under suspicion as being propagators of the bubonic plague. Later on we found

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this was all true as far as the rodents were concerned, but it was the old municipal building which was being dedicated to the flames.

The police are both numerous and efficient, with uniforms which recall the Kaiser and the German army, especially by the shape of their caps. The commander-in-chief of the Chilean army is a German, and consequently a strict martinet. He has caused all the garments to be cut after the tudesque pattern, and all the countries of west South America have literally followed suit. The buildings are like those of Lima, lately described.

We are taking on 500 tons of cocoa beans, contained in large sacks weighing twelve to the ton. In the hold a platform of them is made about the size of the average man, from which it is comparatively easy for two sailor men or peons to shove a sack upon the waiting shoulders of the man below. It is going on at four different hatches simultaneously, and they work very rapidly and systematically considering it is performed in a land where the keynote of time is manana (pronounced man-yan-na), the Spanish for to-morrow. I have had the good fortune to meet the owner of one of the largest cocoa plantations in Ecuador. It contains 120 square miles, and is a royal land grant from Philip IV. of Spain to an ancestor of his wife.

Twenty years ago it was badly run down as a result of the manana system of cultivation, and a proposition was being considered for selling it for $600,000, when he took the helm of management. He began his stewardship in a very careful and systematic way, and has succeeded in bringing it up to its present high grade of excellence, with an enormous annual revenue. He employs 550 peons, who with their families live in villages distributed about the estate. He provides for them and their families churches, schools and physicians. Pay day comes every Saturday, and each peon when he presents himself for his stipend must have on clean clothes, hat and shoes, and make a respectable appearance. He allows them to take small areas of the plantation upon which to raise cocoa, which he buys of them at a certain fixed price; so that some of the thrifty

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ones are becoming prosperous in a small way, inasmuch as the cultivation of their areas with free leases does not interfere with their wage-earning possibilities if they make good use of time and opportunity.

He gave me a good deal of information about the cultivation of rubber and tobacco, two other very prominent and important Ecuadrean productions; he informed me that 200 miles further up the Guayas river there is that combination of soil, climate and otehr requisite conditions which produce the very best tobacco in the world. He said it is not only the peer of the Cuban leaf, but its superior; that the finest cigars in the world are made there by the Indian women, who make each cigar from a single lear, twisting the ends to prevent them from unrolling. They do not use a board or machinery of any kind, but roll them on the thigh; that the cigars do not compare in beauty and symmetry with the much more famous ones of the West Indies, but that they throw them in the shade in every other respect.

The population of Guayaquil is about 60,000, and it is almost as cosmopolitan as London in proportion to its size. Most of the South American republics are represented by all sorts and conditions of men, and of all colors and shades. There are North Americans and Mexicans, Germans, Italians and a few French, also wild looking Indians from over Amazon country way, who have come to town and forgotten to bring their wardrobes with them. Chimborazo Mountain can be plainly seen from here when atmospheric and barometric conditions are favorable, which unfortunately for us is not now, this being the rainy season; the sky is overcast with watery-looking clouds, and everything must be done between showers if not torrential rains.

Ecuador contains 118,500 square miles. The flora are very like those of Colombia on the north and Peru to the south, and purely tropical in the lower portions, with heavy forests containing cabinet and medicinal trees and plants. Above an altitude of 6,000 feet the flora resemble those of the north, and above 10,000 feet only shrubs and coarse grasses are found.

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Very little has been done to develop the mineral possibilities of Ecuador as compared with those of other Latin-American countries, and their extent and value are comparatively unknown. In the province of Esmeralda are deposits of gold along some of the streams, and in the province of Oro, near Zaruma, are mines of auriferous quartz which are operated by an American company, but the output is quite limited. Copper, iron, petroleum and coal have been found, but not developed to any extent. The manufacturing industries of Ecuador are quite limited in number and extent, consisting principally of coarse textile fabrics for domestic use, and a straw braid. The misnamed Panama hats are also made in several villages near here, somewhat higher priced than those of apparently the same quality from Peru. The exports are chiefly cocoa, coffee, sugar, ivory-nuts and some gold. Imports are principally textiles and iron wares, and most of its trade is with the United States, Great Britain, Germany and France.

The history of Ecuador prior to the Spanish invasion is lost in obscurity. The Indians have a tradition that a powerful tribe occupied the country about Quito until the tenth century of the Christian era, but were finally overthrown by a coast tribe called Caras. Their kings occupied the country until 1475, when they were conquered by the Inca forces under Huana Capac the Great, after a long resistance. He was the sire of two most unfortunate sons, Atahualpa and Huascar. There is no obscurity about the history of the country since the fateful day of the Spanish advent.

AT PANAMA.

PANAMA, March 27.—Dr. Samuel Johnson, foster father of the English language by reason of having compiled its first complete vocabulary, used to say that he did not aspire to go down to the sea in ships for the (to him) good and sufficient reason that it was equivalent to being in prison, with a reasonable chance for being drowned. According to his indefatigable and admiring biographer, his exper-

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ience in sea travel was limited to one short journey to the Hebrides or some other islands not very far from Great Britain. Had he lived sufficiently long and wandered away from his moorings in his beloved London far enough to have sailed along the west coast of South America, he would no doubt have added one more contingency to his list of possibilities, that of being subjected to a light diet to the verge of inanition. We had not advanced far from our starting point before becoming aware that our long journey northward was not destined to be a beautiful coasting cruise interspersed with banquets replete with gastronic triumphs.

Two Englishmen who joined us up coast came to grief the first night, when one had two suits of clothes stolen from his stateroom and the other a pair of shoes and half a pound of "baccy," as he called it. An American citizen from Massachusetts had a cabin mate who came on at Guayaquil, who was a young man of somnambulistic tendencies, and awakened one night to find him wandering aimlessly about in the stateroom. He shouted to awake him, and also aroused an English colonel two rooms away, who found a thief in his room and made a dash after him, but was too late, as the marauder escaped through the window, taking a valise with him. He notified the first officer at once, who went below and found the article in the boiler of a donkey engine, where it had been hastily thrust by the thief, its contents intact. A young American who was going third class had his trunk stolen, and never saw it again. A collection of nine pounds was taken up for him, and he came ashore happy. An Englishman who had been with us all the way from Southampton had a steamer chair stolen the first week of the voyage. A printed notice in Spanish is in each room admonishing the occupant to lock his window before going out, the presumption being that he will lock the door without any instruction.

A bullock was slaughtered each day right in plain sight of all who cared to see. One died of thirst when we were anchored in a port, was skinned and one of its flanks cut

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away, causing the passengers to wonder by whom it was consumed. The aroma of the barnyard was wafted into staterooms and dining-saloon at all hours without extra charge. The moaning and bellowing of cattle starving for water was heard day and night. We were told that many of them had been driven more than 50 miles through a hot and dry country before being shipped. An Iquique we parted with the last of them, except such as were required for the steamer's use.

The baths were impossible to many. One day an English lady after bathing found she could not get out of the room because there was no knob on the inside of the door. She hammered lustily upon it until a steward came along and liberated her, explaining that she should have removed the knob from the outside and taken it in with her.

The Chilean code of table etiquette is evidently based upon the axiomatic truth that the short pole will not reach as many persimmons as the long one; hence one of that nationality will reach past one or two of his fellow trenchermen to obtain a desired article, even should it be necessary to stand up in order to accomplish the feat. The table linen was far from being immaculate, and we often reregretted the plates were not larger in order to cover more spots. The butter had upon it a hectic flush suggestive of liberal supplies of coloring matter, and he who hesitated to thrust his own knife in it was lost, and so was the butter.

The cooking left much to be desired not only in quantity and quality, but in cleanliness. One day I was telling Professor Branner, of Stanford University, of seeing cockroaches in my room, whereupon he remarked that was nothing at all, as he had found one in his coffee on one occasion. An Argentine lady at table set aside for her parrot a dish of rice and other articles, including a spoon. A steward whisked it away, and she hastily pursued him to the culinary department, which she reached just in time to see the contents of the plate dumped into the soup kettle, spoon and all. Teaspoons were at a premium, and some one ascertained there were only nineteen on board,

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so that dessert and table spoons were used with tea and coffee. My room-mate, who is a captain of a Northern lake steamer, often left the table without eating anything but raw Spanish onions with oil and vinegar, with bread and butter. Having early acquired the useful art of taking on most anything subject to mastication and deglutition, I generally went cheerfully through the bill of fare.

Conviviality in an acute form was frequent among the officers. An infant died of pneumonia when the surgeon was wrestling with an alcoholic storm, was taken ashore by a health officer of a port on the frontier of Peru and buried in the sand. It was reported as an extenuating circumstance that the surgeon's spree originated on shore in a dentist's office, where he was given some narcotic preparatory to having a tooth extracted. It is but fair to say, however, that this apparent sin of omission was not accessory to the fatal termination of the case. The captain, first officer and some others were men of strictly temperate habits.

The last night on board there was a meeting in the smoking-saloon, and Professor J. C. Branner read by request a document prepared by him which was an arraignment in detail of ship and service, among numerous other items mentioning the insolence of the stewards and nuisances he had seen committed by them, mentioning that his napkin had not been changed for four days, and so forth. When the reading was finished a Chicago man arose and said he moved to have changed the number of days, as he had used the same napkin two weeks; and I remarked upon the spirit of moderation which pervaded the document, which was to be mailed to the head office of the company. Twenty-seven first cabin passengers unsolicited wrote their names at the foot of the document. The English colonel said that while it was all true he could not consistently sign it, because he was indebted to the captain for special favors. A Canadian life insurance agent said he would have signed it if he had not just written up the captain for life insurance, with a good premium looming up in the foreground. Next morning there was a superb

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breakfast with immaculate table linen, ice on the butter and everything else including the service, reconstructed, so that everyone regretted that the meeting had not been held sooner. Our English friends called it a "swagger" breakfast, and so it was compared with what we had been having, but it came too late to eradicate the memory of the past three weeks.

This voyage was remarkable also in pleasant and instructive ways, the marine fauna being varied and abundant the entire distance. Most everywhere were huge sealions and seals, cousins in the zoological scale. Porpoises were seen almost every day, and when anchored at Iquique there were thousands of them swimming in a circle of more than a mile in circumference, spouting like whales and jumping out of the water hundreds at a time. At the mouth of the Guayas River in Ecuador were the largest porpoises ever seen by us, more so than the huge ones spotted like leopards which seem to make their home almost exclusively in the Read Sea. We were treated one night in that latitude with a phosphorescent exhibition which far excelled anything seen of the kind by the oldest and best seasoned wanderers present. The water was like liquid fire, and the outline of every denizen of the sea nearby could be plainly seen. When the big flat fishes, or porpoises came within range, the effect was startling, as they scuttled away into the depths startled by the sight of the steamer and the commotion caused by the propeller. There was a luminous track behind us a mile long or more, and the entire experience recalled a similar one of a little more than a year ago between New Zealand and the Samoan Islands. Early in the morning of the last day out, and when the outlying islands near Panama were in plain sight, we passed alongside a convention of whales, and can conscientiously say there were hundreds of them, with dozens spouting at a time. They were playing, and quite frequently a huge dark body would arise almost out of the water, a most impressive and fascinating sight.

The Isthmus of Darien is a connecting link between the active volcanic region of Central America and the northern

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THE SLOTH

STEAM SHOVEL EMPTYING

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terminus of the Andes Mountain range. The average width is 70 miles, reduced to 31 miles between the Bays of Panama and San Blas. There is no well defined coastal plain, though occasionally there are stretches of beach exposed at low tide as at Panama. The boundary is limited on the east by the Atrato River, on the west by the southeastern portion of Costa Rica. The surface is mostly covered with low mountains and hills covered with forests and jungles, not in regular chains, but in irregular formation, except near San Blas. There are a number of extinct volcanoes in the western section. There is no well defined divide, and the drainage is about equal between the two oceans. The large streams receive many tributaries, and reach sea level so far inland that there are tidal rivers half way across the isthmus. The Atrato River rises in Colombia, about four degrees north, and flows about 600 miles due north to empty into the Gulf of Darien, with a fall of one foot to the mile. The Tuyra River drains most of the country north of Atrato as far as the Gulf of Panama, and empties into the Pacific Ocean. This is the largest drainage basin of the isthmus.

The mean average temperature of the isthmus is from 78 to 80 degrees F., the latter in the north, due to the warm waters of the Caribbean Sea. The entire region is under the influence of the northeast trade winds between December and April, the rest of the year replaced by the southeast winds. The rainfall is very heavy, and formerly the country was considered very unhealthful. Vegetation is less exuberant on the Pacific side by reason of the smaller rainfall which there obtains, and the Caribbean and Pacific fauna vary also. Igneous rocks are exposed, but volcanic fires, which still exist in Colombia and Costa Rica, are extinct in Panama.

The Panama railroad is the means of transportation for commerce of other nations, free of duty, but freight and transportation rates are high. We anchored a mile or two out in the shallow harbor, transferred to a lighter and went past this city to the canal town of La Boca, Spanish for "the mouth." We passed close to where the masts and

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spars of the Colombian warship Lantoro protruded above the surface of the water, sunk in the course of a naval battle in 1902, exploding her magazines as she went down. Before reaching the dock at La Boca we saw several large derricks and other French machinery oxidizing along the water's edge, first mute evidence of the colossal waste which impoverished thousands of the hard-working peasants of France. Our baggage was landed by an electric crane, which did the work with neatness if not with dispatch. We entered very dirty cars, almost as bad as those of India, and in a few minutes were at the Panama railway station, an unimposing structure of corrugated iron. Here a scramble to the baggage car took place, many wishing to take an early train to Colon to catch the steamer for New York.

Carriages for hire are as numerous as they are cheap, and almost everybody rides. The conveyances are all two-seated, large and heavy. Naturally the visitor would expect to see horses and mules in proportion, but if so he is doomed to disappointment, for both horses and mules are diminutive and have not the appearance of being overfed. Many of the carriages have rubber tires and are kept fairly clean, but the animals look unkempt and the harnesses untidy. A carriage with driver and a patron or two constitute a load worthy of two horses in our country, but here one poor, skinny little beast must take the contract and fill it to the letter, or suffer the consequences.

This hotel (Grand Central) is pleasantly located on the principal plaza, facing the cathedral on the opposite side. It is a hostlery of magnificent distances like the one at Lima, and a walk to one's room is an expedition involving mountain climbing, as the staircases are long and elevators only heard of. Each outside room has a balcony, from whence the guest may watch the street scenes below. The plaza has fountains, foliage and pleasant walks adorned at intervals with benches for the meditative ones or the restfully inclined. Mention should have been earlier made that the original name of this city of 25,000 souls was Nombre di Dios, Name of God.

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THE PANAMA CANAL.

COLON, March 30.—A glance at the map of Panama will convey to the mind of the observer the impression that the great water causeway which is to divide a continent into two equal parts is already constructed from the inland terminus of Limon Bay on the north to the northwest end of Panama Bay in the south, with a peripheral extension inland from the latter to the Chagres River, which at about two-fifths of the distance across, makes an abrupt turn to the north. The two bays just mentioned reach approximately one-fourth of the way across, as if nature had kindly lent her aid toward the completion of the great waterway, which when completed is going to revolutionize water travel and traffic in the western world. The Chagres River and its estuary-like prolongation seem favorably disposed toward assisting to do the rest.

We arose at an unearthly and uncanny hour one morning at Panama, and after a breakfast which was both poor and insufficient by reason of being too early for the arrival of supplies which were essential, took a carriage for the railway station, with Bas Obispo in the Culebra Cut as an objective point. The station was swarming with laborers and employees of the canal, and we were duly impressed with the large percentage of blacks among the whites. Duck and khaki suits were numerous, and the blacks were not overburdened with clothing, easily following the fashion of their home people in neighboring Jamaica. The laborers had special cars and sometimes special trains, with many nationalities represented among them; to say nothing of the chromatic effect produced by all the shades that the human integument is called upon to bear. There were descendants of Ham from other countries and islands beside that of Jamaica. Most of the whites appear to be from the United States, and physically speaking, look to be the best in the collection. Although very early in the day it was quite warm, and our coats and collars were off before reaching the place where our tramp was to begin. As we approached it we noticed two men in conversation,

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and one of them accosted us as we passed, asking if we had heard anything about the shooting; to which a negative reply was given, imagining some tragedy had recently occurred in the vicinity.

He then explained that it was the shooting of explosives to which he had alluded, and gave us instructons to the effect that at any time we should hear a whistle, bell or call of any kind to lose no time in getting behind or under some protecting object, and should nothing of that description be at hand to look up and see if anything unusual might be coming down upon us, in which event to dodge or duck. We thanked him with a warmth to which climatic conditions did not contribute, and resumed our pedestrian journey just begun. We had not proceeded half a mile when some one called to us, and looking back found our kind-hearted informant was making an effort to catch up with us, and awaited his arrival with pleasant anticipations, which soon proved not to be groundless. The conversation turned very naturally upon explosives and blasting operations, and this is what he said:

"Yes, some very large quantities are often exploded at one time. For instance, look back upon the notch through which we have just passed. You will observe that a deep cut was made in that large hill, and the most of it was produced in an instant with 24 tons of dynamite. Just think of practically changing a whole landscape in an atom of time. It moved and loosened thousands of tons of earth and rock, and at that point, and in fact all through this cut, which is one of the largest propositions with which we have to contend, we have still something like 75 feet to go down before reaching the canal bottom. Look at that rock, almost as hard as adamant. In the United States we would get about two dollars per cubic yard for taking it away, and here we get 45 cents. Yes, there is a wide mineralogical range here. Do you see those men boring there with a steam drill? The mud-like substance worked up by the drill has been examined by mineralogists and found to contain both gold and silver; the former in such quantity that one of the high grade employees offered his

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service gratis to the government provided he would be allowed to work the removed rock for gold. This proposition was at once declined, as the Commission has its eye steadfastly fixed upon the bright star of finishing the canal in a specified time, and will take no account of any side issue, at least until after the canal shall have been finished. That drilling is preparatory to putting in a charge for blasting.

"As there is nothing near to protect us, watch the explosion, and above all, notice if anything comes our way. That was a small one, comparatively speaking, probably not more than 1500 pounds of powder being used. No, we can not utilize the French machinery, although it is of the very best material and construction, because it is too light for our purpose. A few of the engines are used in Panama and Colon for shifters, but their steam shovels are mere playthings compared with ours. Here is one of their steam pumps, however, which we dug out of a mass of vines and vegetation in the jungle not far from here, and after cleaning and starting it found it was a superb piece of mechanism, which has been doing good work for us ever since. That steam shovel will take up at one bite five cubic yards of earth and rock just about as easily as you would make a semilunar impression on a slice of bread and butter. The man running it has worked for us many years, and the laborers have such confidence in him that as soon as it is lifted they go right under it and resume work. That huge piece of rock which is balanced on the edges or rim of the shovel because it is much too large to go into it, will weigh at least ten tons; you will notice it is being handled by the shovel as if it had intelligence as well as strength. It deposits it carefully on the flat car, and then pushes it into position with its nose. A wonderful piece of mechanism is that same shovel, and if you will take the trouble you will find it often picks up and deposits a load in considerably less than a minute. This puddle is what we call our sink-hole, with a track across it, as you see, and you will also notice that it bends in the middle. We have already placed under that track at dif-

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ferent times seven strata of large railroad ties, and it still keeps sinking. If you were to take this long pole and thrust it down in some places you would doubtless find it would not reach the bottom.

"This thing to the left is what we call a dry slide, and it is one of the many knotty problems which we are often called upon to solve. You will notice that some of the dry earth has already partially covered the track, which was cleared of it before we began work this morning. The motion is almost imperceptible, but it is there all the same, and it is constant. We keep a man above constantly on guard during working hours to notify us if anything new should develop in its rate of motion. If you will crush some of it between your fingers you will discover it is very like coarsely powdered steatite or soapstone. One of the high officials came to see it, and formulated a theory which, like others, did not prove satisfactory; and he has ordered us to go on just as we began, clearing it away as it comes, laying and extending our track for the steam shovel, and trusting to Providence for the sequel. When the men return to work after dinner they always have an accumulated mass of earth to remove from before and behind the shovel, and our progress is necessarily slow. We hope to find rock farther down, and may be obliged to wall the sides of the canal at this point, but hope not, as the labor and expense would be immense.

"Occasionally we come to places where we find it less difficult to do things than we had expected, and they help to average up things like this. Do you notice that trainload of rock and earth with many huge rocks upon it? It reminds me of what was said through a telephone not long since, when just such a load as that passed beneath the notice of one of the chiefs of construction, followed by others of the same kind. He said, 'For God's sake, don't try to dig the entire Panama Canal in one day.' There is a great spirit of emulation here among the different gangs of laborers, and it is very seldom necessary for me to say anything more to them than I just did to that man. Often one gang will joke another about their rate of progress

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and suggest they follow them to see how the thing is properly done. This same spirit is going to be a very important and potent factor toward the completion of the canal within a specified time, the expectation being it will be finished by January 1, 1915, unless it should turn out to be a sea-level canal, in which event it would require a considerably longer time. This dry slide is going to be the ruination of that peaceful little home up there, because the crumbling e'ge is approaching quite near it. The natives will probably not move until the hut begins to, as they are an improvident lot, and do not bestir themselves until they have to. I am unable to say whether they will expect compensation for the involuntary change of location or not; but the probability is they will, unless they happen to be squatters."

This walk was from Bas Obispo to Los Cascados, both stations on the Panama Railway and in the Culebra Cut. In its course we clambered up and slid down steep banks, crossed narrow chasms on narrower planks and performed all sorts of pedestrian feats of a kind out of our ordinary routine. My fellow tramp was an Englishman who had journeyed with me all the way from Southampton, and who was a most companionable and sociable person. We agreed fully that we had been most fortunate in meeting the friend who had just left us, but it was only in accordance with the usual good luck of at least one of us, who in numberless instances has stumbled upon precisely the right person for imparting reliable and useful information.

At Los Cascados we waited quite a while for a train back to Panama, and employed the time both profitably and pleasantly in visiting fruit and vegetable stands near by, presi'ed over by the dusky daughters of the isthmus. We found there fruits and vegetables we had never dreamed of before, and regretted that some of the latter were not cooked and ready for consumption. They suggested beginning culinary operations at once, but the railway schedule would not admit of any experiments in that direction, and we wanted to reach our hotel and be the beneficiaries of a bath apiece.

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The journey across the isthmus was most interesting, and the jungle was so dense at some places and so much like India that we should not have been surprised if a royal Bengal tiger had walked out and confronted us. Its cousin, the jaguar, is hunted there, and we have seen a young one in captivity as playful as a kitten. The isthmian fauna seem to recognize the fact that they are about midway between north and south, so there are monkeys, marmosets, armadillas, bears, raccoons, rabbits and squirrels. A small deer is much sought by huntsmen along the proposed canal. The boa constrictor haunts the jungle, cousin to the python of the southern continent. Of the feathered tribe parrots are numerous, and birds of most gorgeous hues abound, but the more brilliantly colored they are the less endowed with musical notes, perhaps in obedience to the law of compensation. But what impressed us more than anything else in coming through the jungle, and in a most depressive way, was the sight of hundreds of French machines oxidizing slowly and gradually, being covered by kindly nature with vines and cryptogamous plants, as if intent to hide from the world the memory of what still rankles in thousands of honest hearts in France. Dredges, steam-shovels and pumps, engines and piles of steel or iron rails could not be counted, and many of them are so located that they must be moved with great labor and expense, simply because they are in the way of the present operations. And this is not all, for shiploads of machinery and colliers laden with coal arrived here after the bubble had burst, and there being no authorized agent to receive them they were dumped into the water to save time for the skippers, the transportation having been prepaid, as the story runs. This used to be an island, but now has a connecting link with the mainland, and there are those who intimate that machinery and coal enter into the composition of the peninsula, though we are disposed to be skeptical as to that.

The U. S. Commissary Department Hotel is worthy of mention for more reasons than one. It is not fashioned on classic lines, and has not entering into its construction

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Ionic or Doric columns, carved capitals nor aught else suggestive of storied Greece nor mystic India. My comrades of Hart Post and many others would recognize in its severely plain lines the school of architecture of our Uncle Samuel at the time of the late unpleasantness, severely practical to the utter elimination of the beautiful. It could be defined as the saw and hatchet style of architecture, and in it lathe and plaster do not appear. The partitions between rooms extend only to within two feet of the ceilings, allowing a free circulation of air as well as conversation of other guests by day or night. At this season a stiff northeast wind is constantly blowing, so that when doors or windows are open light articles like jute or fiber mats are wont to change location with a facility and rapidity almost annoying. There are no glazed windows, but shutters with movable slats. The drinking water is of a color suggestive of weak coffee or tea, and you quaff it on trust. The waiter assures you it has passed through the process of ebullition, but maintains an injured silence when asked what was boiled in it.

The lights do not recall the stormy bellum days, being of the electric kind. As in most hot climates, the stories are high but the prices still more so, being $5 per diem gold, and as you get almost as much trade wind as anything else, you are apt to imagine that some of it must be for that. Each bed is provided with one sheet, believed to be an oversight, until notes are compared with other guests. A man who came up the coast with us, and who has more firmness and decision of character than the rest, stormed around until he actually obtained a second sheet. He being a fellow survivor of recent hardships, we did not reflect with too great degree of severity for this exhibition of pampered taste.

Yesterday in the gloaming, while seated in front of the hotel, along came a procession of figures like specters in the night, marching in long single file. They were darkskinned men with coarse black hair, of stocky build, and no mother's son of them could have been more than five feet tall, as they passed solemnly into the shades. A

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citizen answered my interrogation as to what they were, and gave additional information concerning them. They were San Blas Indians. They had come up the coast in one of their long canoes for tobacco and other supplies. They are bold and successful fishermen. Their country is below, along the cliffs of Porto Bello, near the remains of that town, with its ruins of a fortress and cathedral built by the Dons before the good old buccaneering days of Drake, Morgan and other bold spirits, about eight degrees above the equator. Their country is governed by a Cacique, and each village has a sub-chief, medicine man, teacher and priest. They live under an oath to kill wives and children should they be attacked by an invading horde of overwhelming numbers.

This Spartan-like policy has resulted in preserving their race, language and customs in their primitive purity, and at the same time has kept up a quickening interest in them. When an infant is born and is but a few days old one of its nostrils is pierced and a slender hoop of gold inserted as a tribal mark, analogue of the totem. When a maiden attains the marriageable age her long hair is cut off, and she is immured in her father's hut of bamboo until a suitable young man is negotiated for. When found and all preliminaries arranged he must build a dugout before the ceremony shall take place, and the young couple abide with and serve the bride's parents until such time as a daughter may be born to them, when they are liberated from their vassalage and establish a home for themselves. A wedding is a festive occasion extending through six days.

The Isthmian natives of all colors, sorts and conditions equal the Malays of the Phillippine group in their fondness for cock-fighting. In either country it is not an unusual thing to see young men sauntering about with pugnacious fowls under their arms, exercising them and seeking matches with consequent bets. Adjoining this hotel is a sort of jobbing house for game cocks, which are tied by one leg to stakes driven in the ground, for inspection or sale. To keep them in exercise and good trim a young man

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A VEGETABLE AND FRUIT MARKET, CULEBRA

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

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goes among them with a veteran of many battles in his hands, and holding it securely allows it and the others in turn to make passes at each other, which they invariably do with great earnestness. The one handicapped by being held has already dedicated an eye for the benefit of the others, and stands a reasonable chance for losing the other.

A shrewd guess or useful hint as to the attractiveness and beauty of Colon may be gathered from a book of poems called "Panama Patchwork," written by one Gilbert who went to his reward in 1906, for the poems are good, local in scope and descriptive of some of the idiosyncracies of people and place.

UNFORTUNATE JAMAICA.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, April 2.—The island of Jamaica is the largest of the British West India islands, and one of the group of four which compose the Greater Antilles. It is 144 miles long, 49 miles in its greatest width, with a coast line of about 500 miles, indented with numerous beautiful harbors and inlets. It is in the north central portion of the Carribbean Sea, sometimes called the Mediterranean of the West. It is no doubt a stretch of the imagination to give it such a name, but a glance at the map will show it really approximates in shape that classic and historic inland sea.

The entymology of Jamaica finds its root in the native name Xamaca, signifying "island of fountains," well and appropriately named, for the interior abounds in springs, some of them hot, and many possessing medicinal properties. Several inland streams disappear mysteriously in caves or in the ground, while most of those originating in the mountains flow into the sea.

The island population of something over 700,000 is of a conglomerate and cosmopolitan quality, of British, Israelites, Spanish, Chinese, blacks and colored people descended from African slaves, and an amalgamation of all these, making all sorts and conditions of people as to physique, color, disposition and degrees of intellectuality. It is thought

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here that any of the crosses containing an admixture of British blood is the most desirable for citizenship and general utility. It should be mentioned that there are several thousand East Indian coolies in the island, but we have heard nothing of a mingling of their blood with that of any of the aliens. It is more than likely that their pronounced consideration of caste will protect them from contamination. The moral code is especially lax, and there are large families of children under the disadvantage of the bar sinister, something which troubles them little as we are informed. The women, as in too many other lands, perform most of the drudgery, and some with families do not care to marry because they would only have a man to provide for in addition to other cares and responsibilities, with the added inconvenience of interference in the management of the children.

The Jamaicans, pure black and colored (a distinction made here), are fully as improvident as in other countries, and will abstain from manual effort of any kind until the exchequer shall be exhausted, when they reluctantly resume work. In 1807 the British Government abolished the importation of slaves, and in 1833 freed them, allowing the former owners liberal compensation. This resulted in confusion, as in our country after the Civil War, for the freedmen were not content to labor on the sugar plantations longer, but showed a disposition to strike out for themselves in other lines of industry, so that planters returned to England and left their estates in charge of agents or overseers where they could not sell outright.

The temperature of the island about here during the past ten years showed a maximum of 89.7 degrees, with 67.8 minimum. The annual rainfall here is 44 inches, while on the north side of the island it is 88 inches, reaching 100 on the mountain slopes, where precipitation is augmented. The average rainfall for the entire island is 66 inches. While once a breeding place for all the tropical maladies, the Engish have enforced the law for sanitation to such an extent that the island is almost considered a health resort, with a death rate of 20.9 per thousand. Jamaica

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has 180 miles of railroad built and maintained by the Government, 3600 miles of macadamized highways, well built, graded and drained, with good bridges, culverts and stone walls. It has a good telegraph and telephone system. Arboreally it has an extensive scope, with the wild orange, mango, palm and plantation trees among many others. There are not many of the majestic royal palms, but as an adequate compensation it has the pimento or allspice tree, the giant cebi or silk-cotton tree, the Jamaica cedar, logwood and justic. The pimento is a volunteer planted by the birds so thickly in some places that it is necessary to thin them out for commercial possibilities.

The island cannot boast a single native mammal, but has the mongoose introduced from India to exterminate other immigrants; and the Norway rat, which had been brought here to destroy field ticks and other nuisances. As in the Hawaiian Islands, the mongoose feeds upon poultry and small domestic animals, with an occasional piccaninny according to rumor, paying no attention to the rat which simply changed habitat and dietary, living in the tops of trees and subsisting on birds and eggs, also reptiles which preyed upon insects injurious to vegetation. Prior to the advent of the mongoose its favorite food was the young and tender sugar-cane plants. Of late the field tick has attacked the mongoose with such virulence and activity that it is beginning to succumb, and herein may lie the solution of at least part of a complex problem.

The manatee or dugong inhabits the rivers, estuaries and lagoons, feasting upon fluvatile and marine grasses and plants. A full-grown one will attain a length of 12 feet and weigh more than a ton. It is of the genus *Manatus Americanus,* and was discovered by the early Spanish settlers. They are approaching extermination, being hunted for their skins, flesh and oil. They have a thick, wrinkled hide, free from hair or bristles, of a dark bluish-gray color. The eyes are small and deeply sunken in the orbits, and the nostrils are rudimentary, consisting of valved slits at the end of the snout.

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In approaching this island we first saw projecting above the clouds a peak of the Blue Mountains, pointed out by a keen-eyed mariner. Shortly before reaching the coast we made a sharp turn to port to avoid a coral reef, which runs parallel with it for some distance. Near by were the wrecks of two fine steamers as the same line as this (Prinz Joachim of the Hamburg-American Line).

We pulled up to a new dock not far from the mouth of the Cobre River, and found a motley crowd awaiting us, the arrival and departure of a steamer always being fraught with interest. Just before the earthquake Kingston had something less than 50,000 inhabitants, but many perished in it, and in clearing away the debris of fallen buildings, which has been going on ever since, they still find bodies of the unfortunates. It has been called beautiful by some, but in order to do so one must needs mount his winged Pegasus and take an extraordinary flight in the realms of fancy, for it is concentrated desolation. San Francisco in its worst days following earthquake and fire never looked as terribly as this.

The pavements are covered with debris, and the people walk in the streets. The work of clearing up and rebuilding is advancing very slowly, partly by reason of native inertia and partly because there have been manifold difficulties about adjusting and settling with the insurance companies. In cases of litigation the courts have decided in favor of policyholders, but the companies have carried the cases to the higher courts of England, involving delay as well as uncertainty, both hostile to progress of the right sort. Most of the buildings were of light-colored brick, and they tumbled into heaps of rubbish. The post-office is of wood, and is one of the few survivors. The only available hostlery now available is the Constant Springs Hotel, six miles out at the foothills of the mountains, accessible by the sole surviving electric line. We are told regretfully that Kingston had fine public buildings, government and ecclesiastic, libraries, museums and schools. The estimated loss of real estate, exclusive of government and church property, was $8,000,000. Everywhere are piles of rubbish, twisted water

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and gas pipes, electric and telephone wires in extricable confusion. The few buildings erected since are mostly of wood, and one story high. The military and many citizens are dwellers in tents like the Bedouins of the desert, and well out of town toward the foothills. These were not the first tribulations for unhappy Kingston, which suffered from a subsidence in 1693, practically all the town disappearing beneath the waves. There are beautiful villas between here and the mountains which escaped the general calamity, and the Hope Gardens run riot with the splendor of tropical vegetation. One especially great loss caused by the earthquake was the Institute of Jamaica which was located here. It was a public lyceum and museum, maintained at the expense of the colony. The library was rich in the bibliography of the islands, old and modern, and the museum represented all the flora and fauna of the entire group, with archæological specimens chronologically and scientifically arranged. Education is compulsory, and there are about 1000 schools on the island.

From here can be seen some of the coffee plantations on the south slopes of the mountains, some of them being from 3000 to 5000 feet above the sea. We are informed that the very best coffee of Jamaica is cultivated there, and that every grain of it goes to England, not even the overseer or laborers being allowed to consume any of it. The supply is quite limited in proportion to the demand, and the price is from $15 to $40 per hundred pounds, the second grade bringing only about half that price. Tobacco was never cultivated in the island until 1886, when a family of exiles came to it from Cuba after a revolution, planted it and manufactured cigars. Other families followed and pursued the same vocation, and now there are small colonies of Cubans scattered all over the island. Bananas are grown extensively, and fine large bunches can be purchased here for 20 cents each. This steamer took on 31,000 bunches of them at Port Limon, destined for New York.

We have with us a veritable ancient mariner who looks after the fruit cargo, who transfixes whole groups with reminiscent eye as he holds forth about his eventful past.

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He was asked if he had ever been shipwrecked, and thus he spake, with a preliminary shifting of his cud, a constant companion: "Oh, yes! I have been shipwrecked more than once, but the first time made the greatest impression upon me, no doubt because the experience was new. In 1868 I was on a sailing vessel which we had loaded with guano at one of the small islands on the South American coast. Our destination was Baltimore by way of Cape Horn, and a few days after sailing we sprung a leak in a gale and the water came pouring in much faster than we could pump it out. Soon after the pumps became disabled we saw and signalled a French vessel, which drew near and then suddenly took to its heels, followed by our imprecations. When our gunwales were pretty near the water we sighted an Italian vessel, which stood by and took us on just as we were about to take to our boats. You may consider it a rather tame affair, but our troubles had only begun, as the sequel proved, for that night we had a worse gale, the Italian vessel was old and crazy and toward morning foundered when we were making for the coast as hard as we could to beach her. Several of us threw off our clothes just before she went down, as there were not enough boats to hold us all, and of course the latest comers had the poorest chance and plunged into the water shoreward. I was just on the point of sinking with exhaustion when I came upon a mast sticking up out of the water and clung to it like grim death until I obtained a footing on a cross-tree, after which I burst into tears, bellowing like a bull. After recovering composure and breath I called loudly for my companions, saying they would all be saved if they could get there, and a few of them appeared, pretty well used up. They began to bellow as soon as they got a footing, and I asked them what the devil they meant by bawling like that when they were saved, not mentioning how recently I had done the same thing myself. When the gray of morning came and we saw how near we were to land we plunged in and were fortunate enough to reach it.

We have had "sound of revelry by night" caused by music and dancing on the promenade deck, not as extensive as the

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famous ball in Brussels the night before Waterloo, but more enjoyable no doubt. There is an uncertain quality about dancing at sea by reason of the shifting angles of the deck; so that no man can foretell with certainty whether he will land in the lap of a fat dowager, who is thinking of younger and spryer days, or against the abdomen of a magnate, who is standing by looking approvingly upon his beautiful daughters enjoying themselves, and fine dancers are they.

IN CONCLUSION.

In taking a retrospect of this long journey I feel disposed to recommend to Pittsburghers and others who have followed its story, to go to South America, and read the chapter of revelations which will be spread out before them there. Most of them no doubt will be content to peruse it only once, but it would be worth anyone's time and expense to go down and see beautiful Rio de Janeiro and its environs, in order to truthfully say that he has seen Paradise. It is no longer necessary to go to England for a good steamer for Spanish America, as the Lamport-Holt Line has fine new steamers direct from New York to all ports along the East coast. We saw the Verdi of this line at the dock in Buenos Ayres, and she appeared a good ship of about ten thousand tons. My West coast cabin-mate went down on her, and pronounces her very good. His judgment can be relied upon, as he commands a steamer himself.

In addition to being a supplementary education and widening one's geographical horizon, travel accomplishes other things which are good. It makes one more optimistic, and consequently less pessimistic, more tolerant of the shortcomings of others as well as more perceptive of his own, and augments that which exists enshrined in every heart, the love for human kind.

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